ELLINOR;

OR,

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

MARY ANN HANWAY.

" Your hearts, ye fair, does *modeſt Merit* claim?
" Tho' ſmall his fortune, feed his gentle flame;
" For genuine Love's ſoft raptures would you know,
" Theſe raptures Merit can alone beſtow:
" The ſons of opulence are Folly's care,
" But Want's rough child is *Senſe* and *Honour's heir.*"

GRANGER'S TIBULLUS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

ELLINOR.

CHAP. I.

CONFESSIONS OF MARTHA WILMOT.

"ELLINOR, my ſoul ſhrinks from a review of my paſt life, as my pen delineates it from my too faithful memory: to do juſtice to thoſe I have injured is now all that is left me, to ſave *that ſoul* from everlaſting puniſhment.

"I gain courage to proceed, as I reflect that when you have peruſed theſe confeſ-

ſions, the heart that dictated, and the hand that wrote them, will be alike unconſcious of the ſenſations they excite at the atrocious conduct they muſt expoſe: I feel a gleam of comfort break in on my benighted reaſon, as I think my eyes will never behold the look of indignant horror, my ears never hear the curſes, not loud but deep, that my crimes and your ſufferings muſt extort, even from you, whom I now believe to be good and innocent.

"But let me haſten to develope the train of cauſes that led to events, from which you have ſuffered, and which I ſhall never ceaſe to deplore. Driven to diſtraction for ſome weeks paſt, I appear now to be reſtored to reaſon by the Almighty, to enable me to make a confeſſion of my crimes, and retribution if poſſible for my numerous offences. I ſit down to the taſk, convinced by my preſent feelings, that the time allotted me will be of a ſhort duration;—I muſt therefore be brief.

"Your

"Your mother's father was the younger brother of a good family, with a handſome perſon, and a ſmall patrimony. Having the choice of a profeſſion given him, vain, high-ſpirited, and ambitious, he fixed on a military life; and at the age of twenty-two went with his regiment to the Eaſt Indies. It was there his good fortune to charm the eyes, and gain the heart of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman, one of the Council at Bengal; who, from being originally a Scotch adventurer, had now acquired both riches and honours. He had but two children to inherit his great wealth; he was enraged when he found that his Ellinor, from whom he had formed ſuch high hopes of aggrandizing his family, had fixed her affections on a *ſoldier of fortune*. Convinced that ſhe was determined at all events to marry him, he was induced to give an unwilling conſent, and with her hand your grandfather received a portion of fifty thouſand pounds; a part of that ſum was ſettled on his wife and the offſpring of their marriage, her father inform-

ing them that they muſt never expect to receive any thing more from him, as his ſon, who was younger than his ſiſter, he determined ſhould have the entire reſidue of his fortune, to enable him to return to his native country, raiſe his drooping family, and enrich the land that gave birth to his anceſtors.

"Your grandfather ſome years before he left England, had an amour with his mother's maid; I was the fruit of that connexion. When he returned to Britain with his young rich wife, and ſhe was made acquainted with my exiſtence, by her orders I was brought home to be educated with her own children, nor did ſhe ever make the leaſt difference in her treatment of us; her heart was the ſeat of kindneſs, candour, and unſuſpecting integrity. With ſuch a diſpoſition ſhe was an eaſy dupe to the artful, deſigning, ſpecious hypocrite; I was, alas! of the latter deſcription—never experiencing any pleaſure in carrying a point by direct overtures, but glorying in what I gained by low chicane

and

and tricking deceptions; added to this, I was vain, envious, and unforgiving. When once I was determined to ſucceed in a favourite point, I never heſitated at any means, however nefarious, by which it might be accompliſhed, if I could gratify my revenge, my avarice, or my pleaſure. The miſeries that ſuch propenſities indulged might bring on thoſe to whom I owed duty, love, and gratitude, made not the leaſt impreſſion on the calouſneſs of a ſoul like mine, hardened againſt the ſenſations of love and friendſhip, by the ſeven-fold ſhield of frigid indifference to the joys, ſorrows, or intereſt of any mortal but *myſelf*.

"This aſſertion, that, when you read it, will make my character appear deteſtable in your eyes, appeared to me in a very different point of view. My duplicity was dignified by the name of cautious wiſdom; my unbridled paſſions were conſtrued energetic perſeverance; my ardour for revenge, retributive juſtice; my avarice, prudence; and the unfeeling and ſtoical apathy with which

I looked on the evils my diſpoſition cauſed to others, was by me denominated philoſophical ſtoiciſm.

"Though I have thus ingenuouſly confeſſed to you the cauſes of my crimes, eſtimating it a proper puniſhment for my fault; yet the reaſons that urged me to their commiſſion I muſt, in juſtice to myſelf explain; for though it cannot exculpate, it may in a ſmall degree extenuate their atrocity. The conduct of my father was the occaſion which firſt rouſed thoſe bad propenſities of my nature into action, plunged me in guilt, and him in ſorrow.

"When taken into his houſe I was four years of age, and was taught to ſuppoſe myſelf a foundling, ſupported by his charity, whoſe duty it was to be grateful to my benefactors, for favours conferred on one who had no claims but on their humanity. In the firſt five years that I became an inmate of the houſe of a parent by whom I was not acknowledged, he had two ſons and one daughter, who was your mother: from her birth

birth ſhe was a beautiful child, the pride and admiration of her exulting parents, who, in her budding charms looked forward to ſeeing her in poſſeſſion of rank, ſplendour, and fortune. From this baleful moment I, who had been ſometimes careſſed by my father, found myſelf totally neglected, or obliged conſtantly to hear odious compariſons made, from which my pride revolted, between her delicate, elegant form, and mine, that was called vulgar and robuſt; her tranſparent ſkin was ever oppoſed to my bronzed complexion.

"In ſhort, I was not only condemned to ſee this young rival rob me of all the attentions and kindneſs I had been uſed to receive, but whenever your grandfather meant to gratify his own vanity, it was always at the expence of my feelings, by calling on the company preſent to obſerve the contraſt between ſturdy Martha, and his beauteous Amelia.

"Thus in early life, a mind, where the evil paſſions that deform humanity were thick

ſown, was by ſuch impolitic conduct in my parent allowed to take root, and hourly gain ſtrength till to eradicate them became impoſſible.

"My bad propenſities firſt diſplayed themſelves in my feeling a mortal hatred to the object of my jealouſy, the cauſe of my frequent mortifications, the highly careſſed Amelia. As I dared not ſhew this openly, for fear of being turned out of doors, (for I was conſtantly reminded, that I only lived there on ſufferance) I ſmothered my reſentment, and profeſſed to be very fond of my rival, while I cheriſhed in my boſom the moſt deadly enmity.

"I had been permitted ſometimes to ſee the perſon whom I ſuppoſed to be my nurſe, but who was in reality my mother: after my father's return from India, ſhe had been given a ſmall ſum, and married to one of his ſervants, who had lived with him many years, and been an active agent in all his intrigues. To her then I opened my mind, and recounted all the ſlights and inſults that the

the birth of this deteſtable Amelia occaſioned me to ſuffer: the complaints I uttered were accompanied by tears of mortified agony, which rouſed her wrath to a height that overflowed the bounds of prudence, and in the paroxyſms of her rage ſhe called down the vengeance of eternal juſtice on him as the worſt of deceivers, and the moſt cruel and unnatural of fathers, thus to forget the duty and affection he owed to his firſt-born, and laviſh all his fondneſs on the ſecond, only becauſe her birth, ſanctioned by matrimony, enabled him unbluſhingly to produce her to the world, and vaunt her beauties. From this paſſionate exclamation that maternal feelings had wrung from my mother, ſhe expoſed to me what claims of relationſhip I had on my benefactor and herſelf.

"I eagerly caught at what had fallen from her lips, and inſiſted on immediately going home to aſſert my rights of conſanguinity. This threat brought her to a ſenſe of the folly ſhe had juſt committed: ſhe told me

I muſt not think of doing this, for I ſhould ruin both myſelf and her; that ſhe had now other children to provide for; that her huſband would never maintain me—he was avaricious and moroſe, and would murder her if he knew that ſhe had broke the oath made when he married her, never to divulge to me the ſecret of my birth; that if I did not mean to be an alien to my father's houſe, I muſt never let any perſon know what ſhe had then told me, but when I came to ſee her, if I was ſecret, ſhe would adviſe me how to act beſt for my own intereſt. Frightened by the threat of impending poverty, and comforted to think that I had ſome perſon to whom I could utter my complaints, I promiſed to keep to myſelf the knowledge I had that day acquired.

"I paſs over all the ſlights, chilling coldneſs, unkind neglect, and ſatyrical compariſons, that your grandfather was conſtantly making between Amelia and myſelf, till ſhe attained her fifteenth year, and I my twenty-third. My mother, with whom I kept up a con-

a conſtant intercourſe, aided me by her counſel, inſtructing me how to impoſe on the eaſy credulity of your grandmother, who had been always very attentive to me; therefore I found it no trouble to dupe her by the appearance of virtues, to the reality of which I never had the moſt diſtant pretenſions.

"By long practice I had brought all my paſſions, violent as they were, under the moſt rigid ſubordination. I never let the bad propenſities, by which my whole conduct was actuated, appear to the moſt attentive obſerver. I lived in a conſtant warfare with my *feelings*, but I was ultimately the conqueror; making them ſubſervient to my intereſt, my revenge, or my pleaſures: my whole life has been paſſed in weaving a tiſſue of artful deception, by which I have been enabled to make my moſt prominent vices aſſume the appearance of virtues.

"My father's conduct was moſt aſſuredly cruel in the extreme; receiving every attention of mine with haughty reſerve, and repelling *hauteur*, while his whole ſoul was

bound up in Amelia; he doated on her to diſtraction; to ſee her eſtabliſhed equal to his ambitious expectations, and her wondrous merits, employed his waking thoughts, his nightly dreams! But this was not ſo eaſy to accompliſh as his ſanguine hopes flattered him with.

"In the years I have paſſed over, he was the father of ſeveral children, all of whom had died in their infancy; except one boy, who was at that period about ten years of age, to whom his mother's jointure would of courſe devolve, for at this æra there was little more remaining of all her great fortune; as the ſupine inattention of the wife to all domeſtic concerns, and the laviſh ſplendour of the huſband, that was exhibited in fine houſes, ſuperb equipages, and high living, keeping a ſumptuous table, for the accommodation of his numerous quality friends, covered with Aſiatic profuſion, had nearly diſſipated the whole of his large property.

"When your mother became ſixteen, ſhe was a moſt beautiful and accompliſhed girl,

for

for no expence had been ſpared by her doating father to aſſiſt the gifts which Nature had been moſt laviſh in beſtowing, flattering himſelf that ſuch uncommon attractions muſt enforce univerſal admiration; that ſhe would be ſighed for by Right Honourables, toaſted by Earls, and kneeling Dukes would ſolicit the hand of his *admirable Amelia*. He was doomed to experience bitter diſappointment in thoſe glittering expectations that had dazzled his eyes from her early childhood. All praiſed her beauty, and did juſtice to her poliſhed manners, but no man of rank and fortune profeſſed himſelf ſeriouſly her lover; nor had ſhe *one* offer of marriage for the next two years, though her charms were aided by the moſt taſteful and ſplendid ornaments. She was conſtantly exhibited at all the elegant amuſements in London, produced for admiration in the Bath ſeaſons, dragged from one faſhionable watering-place to another, evidently to be diſpoſed of to the *higheſt* bidder.

"Amelia ſhrunk from what ſhe juſtly called ſo indelicate a procedure; but her fa-

ther was not to be moved by her gentle remonſtrances, to renounce a ſcheme that had ſo long been the firſt wiſh of his heart, on the accompliſhment of which depended the aggrandizement of his family. At this period the real ſituation of his finances was firſt whiſpered in the private circles of his very dear friends, who had partook of and aided all his extravagances, through whoſe medium they ſoon became publicly known, and conſequently that he could not give his daughter a fortune. This effectually prevented any ſerious propoſals of marriage being made her; and he began to ſee his errors, and to perceive that a woman, however highly gifted by nature, and improved by education, may remain in ſingle bleſſedneſs, if without a portion; while men will match themſelves to ignorance, age, and uglineſs, if there is but *gold* ſufficient to counterbalance ſuch glaring defects.

"At this time we were at our country reſidence, which had been purchaſed

ſoon after your grandfather's return to England, where we uſually remained till after Chriſtmas. Our neareſt neighbour was a Baronet of an ancient family. He was rich, avaricious, and vindictive; he had an only ſon, who was in every reſpect the reverſe of his father—generous, humane, and handſome. We had lived for ſeveral years on terms of intimacy; Amelia and the young man had grown up together, till childiſh intercourſe ripened into mutual affection: I perceived the progreſs of their paſſion; for what is ſo quick-ſighted as jealous hatred? and to the deteſtation that I felt towards your mother, was now ſuperadded the green-eyed monſter. I had long loved the object of her choice, but now, hopeleſs of a return, mine was a tempeſtuous rage, glowing with pride, mortified by neglect, and thirſting for vengeance. This commanding paſſion of our ſouls was in mine a deſolating whirlwind;

A fire which every ſtormy paſſion blow'd,
With pride it mounted, with revenge it glow'd.

CHAP. II.

"THE conſtant command I had with ſuch difficulty acquired over my ſenſations, enabled me to conceal within my boſom the contending emotions that agonized my frame. But when night, black as my gloomy ſoul, allowed me to vent without witneſſes the bitter gall with which my heart overflowed, I exclaimed, 'Shall this idol of my father's worſhip, who has, like Jacob, robbed me of my birth-right, rendered me a baſiliſk in his eyes, an alien to his affections, on whom I am only permitted to attend as the child of his bondſwoman, produced only as a foil to the

the goddeſs of his idolatry; ſhall ſhe always triumph over, ſtill look down on me even from the envied arms of the man whom I adore? Every way my ſuperior, my rival, and my torment, ſhall I ſupinely, quietly behold her ſupremely bleſſed, while I am condemned, by unrelenting fate, to look upon her happineſs? The elder child of the ſame father doomed to drag on a hated exiſtence, unloving and unloved; condemned, like Prometheus, to preſs the never-dying vulture to my boſom, that feeds on the warm blood that guſhes from my lacerated heart?—No, periſh all then to whom I am related; rather with my own hand will I let it flow: but firſt this hated rival, this beauteous Amelia's future comfort, ſhall be immolated at the ſhrine of my juſt vengeance.'

"Having made this reſolution, I watched every opportunity to put in execution the miſchief planned by my fertile imagination. To make this ſure, I loſt no time in ingratiating myſelf into the confidence of Amelia. I artfully hinted, that I had perceived the growing

growing paſſion between her and the amiable Celadon, that being a ſignature uſed by him when he addreſſed to her his poetical effuſions. I pretended to pity the lovers, as the avarice and ambitious views of both their fathers afforded ſmall expectation of their conſenting to their children being united. By this artful management Amelia was induced to open her whole heart, and make me the depoſitary of all its ſecrets.

"I had now the ſame game to play with Celadon. I threw myſelf in his way, and offered him my friendſhip. Thus I blinded and impoſed on the unhappy objects of my direful hate, and meditated revenge; their hearts innocent and good, they eaſily fell into the ſnare I prepared for them; amiable themſelves, they ſuſpected not that I was leſs ſo. I perceived, in the conſtant interviews I witneſſed, that the boſoms of Celadon and Amelia were both actuated by a paſſion of ſuch a powerful kind, that it muſt form the miſery or happineſs of their future lives: I determined that it ſhould be the former, reſolving

ſolving they ſhould feel ſome of thoſe excruciating torments that I endured in witneſſing their raptures; to make them ſuffer was, in my opinion, but retributive juſtice.

"At this period the father of Celadon had received what he deemed an affront, at a county meeting, from your grandfather; they having had a diſpute about *politics*, that eternal ſource of argument, quarrels, and contentions. As they were violent advocates of their reſpective parties, they were equally vehement in their contention, and ſeparated the moſt bitter and irreconcileable enemies.

"In conſequence of this *fracas*, Celadon was forbidden, on pain of his father's eternal diſpleaſure, to viſit again at our houſe. This was a death-blow to the hopes of the lovers, which I viewed with malignant ſatisfaction. I was now courted by both, as it was only by my management they could have ſtolen interviews; through me alone could they correſpond. A part of thoſe letters you will find with this manuſcript in the ebony box. This then was

was the time for me effectually to divide thoſe cooing turtles, and render them equally wretched as myſelf.

"In conſequence of this determination, I wrote an anonymous letter to Celadon's father, informing him of the paſſion his ſon entertained for the daughter of his hated neighbour, whoſe ſituation was equally deſperate as his principles—of courſe ſhe would only have pride and beauty for her portion; that the writer of this letter knew that he meant to raiſe his ruined fortunes by the powerful charms of his daughter; that his money would go to prop his ſinking finances, if he did not directly prevent it, by ſending his ſon from the ſyren who would charm him to his ruin.

"I deſired that he would convince himſelf of the truth of this information, by taking his ſtation in the wood, the following night, at twelve o'clock, behind the building called the Root-Houſe, when he might hear the diſcourſe of the lovers, as that was the place and hour of their conſtant meeting. When

Amelia

Amelia retired for the night to her own chamber, ſhe was let out through the garden-door by her mother's *eleve*, Martha Wilmot. I mentioned this, to prevent my being ſuſpected as the informer, ſhould he in his rage be tempted to ſhew the letter to his ſon; though I deſired, as it was wrote by a friend to his family, that he would never ſay how he arrived at the knowledge of their interviews.

"All happened as I ſuppoſed: in conſequence of this plan, the lovers met, and the father had taken care to place himſelf near enough to hear their converſation. Amelia acquainted Celadon that her father had that day informed her, that he had received the moſt ſplendid propoſals for her hand from the Earl of Wintercaſtle, who had ſeen and admired her the laſt ſeaſon at Bath, and he expected ſhe would prepare to receive him as her future huſband in the courſe of the next week. It was in vain ſhe had pleaded that the Earl was an old debauchee of ſixty years

years of age, and a martyr to the gout—ſhe not quite eighteen. Her father would not liſten to any arguments ſhe could urge againſt her being a Counteſs, or allow any procraſtination on her part. This ſhe told Celadon, accompanied by a flood of tears, which ſhe poured on his boſom as he folded her in his arms, while ſhe mourned her inevitable doom, and portrayed in the moſt impreſſive language, the deſtruction of their mutual happineſs, that was now ſealed by the fiat of this ambitious parent.

"Celadon ſoothed her agonies with the moſt affectionate ſolicitude, and entreated her to put it out of the power of fate to part them, by conſenting to the only reſource now left— the going to Scotland directly, where, after the knot was irrevocably tied, he dared hope that his father would receive and forgive them; that his anger was at preſent ſo violent againſt her parent, he could not flatter himſelf with the moſt diſtant proſpect of his conſenting to their union, was he now to ſolicit it.

"Before

"Before Amelia could anſwer this generous offer, the exaſperated father of Celadon ruſhed into the Root-Houſe; and after having loaded both her and his ſon with the moſt virulent abuſe, beſtowing on them the moſt opprobrious epithets, and hurling on his head the moſt dreadful anathemas, if he ever dared think of marrying that beggar's brat, whoſe whole race he deteſted. He now dragged his ſon half dead through the wood, where his carriage was in waiting, into which he forced him.

"Amelia had fainted on his firſt appearance, and when by me ſhe was recovered (who was preſent to witneſs the ſucceſs of my machinations), to feel the extent of her miſery, her ſorrows were heightened by deſpair, while I enjoyed her diſtreſs with a fiend-like ſatisfaction. This was but a prelude to the misfortunes in ſtore for her. The next day, by my emiſſaries, I heard that Celadon was kept a cloſe priſoner in his father's houſe; that he was to be ſent abroad on his travels immediately; and, to prevent his returning to

marry

marry Amelia, his father took care that he ſhould be accompanied by a rigid ſpy on all his actions, one to whom he promiſed a living of four hundred pounds per annum, if he took care to encloſe to him all the letters he wrote to Amelia, and alſo to intercept thoſe ſhe might ſend his ſon. This was a bribe of magnitude, ſufficient to inſure a punctual compliance with his orders.

"With this intelligence I haſtened to Amelia, who I informed at the ſame time, that if ſhe would write a letter to her lover, I had found out a ſafe method of conveying it. Of this offer ſhe was moſt happy to avail herſelf, while ſhe thanked me a thouſand times for my friendly commiſeration. In this epiſtle ſhe requeſted him, that as in all human probability they ſhould meet no more, that he would return her thoſe tranſcripts of her heart ſhe had wrote to him at a ſeaſon when brighter tints enlivened their proſpects. This was the laſt he ever received, and his anſwer to it you will find with the reſt of their correſpondence;

reſpondence; in that he requeſted a farewell interview, which, in deſpite of the Argus eyes of his watchful father, was accompliſhed by the united plans of his favourite ſervant and myſelf the night before he was to ſet out for the continent.

"With bitter ſhame and now too late repentance, to you, the innocent ſufferer, in conſequence of my diabolical plots, let me confeſs, that my revenge was not yet fully glutted by the ſight of thoſe miſeries I had occaſioned; it appeared

——— "To thrive on what it fed on."

"Nothing could ſatisfy me, ſhort of the eternal ruin of all my father's flattering hopes in his idolized Amelia; to behold his proſpects deſtroyed, and this proud beauty humbled to the duſt, even by the man ſhe adored, was yet wanting to complete my triumph. To haſten this, I perſuaded her to let me introduce Celadon to her bed-room, as more ſafe than running the riſk of being again interrupted by his father, and there could be no impropriety, as I ſhould be preſent

at the interview. Driven to deſpair at the thought of his departure, innocent of intentional evil, and madly in love, ſhe was eaſily induced to acquieſce in a plan ſo fraught with danger.

"I had often read, that diſcretion was but a weak ſhield to guard a too ſuſceptible heart; to that aſſertion I truſted for the ruin of the devoted Amelia: for, if ſhe preſerved her honour, I had too well laid my plan to prevent her retaining her reputation. But I feel I muſt ſhorten this account as much as the nature of my guilt will admit, as this confeſſion is meant to exculpate your mother. The mental agony I ſuffer in retracing the ſcenes of my early iniquity, will again I fear ſhake the ſeat of reaſon, hurry on that death I dread to meet, and may prevent my finiſhing this recital, of ſo much conſequence for you to know.

"Every thing happened as I wiſhed.—Soon after I had admitted Celadon to your mother's chamber, when love and ſorrow ſtrove for pre-eminence, and thoſe contend-

ing emotions ſhook their ſympathetic boſoms, as they thought they met for the *laſt* time, while abſorbed in their preſent woes, they were inattentive to all other objects. I took that opportunity to ſteal out of the room, with an intention to go to your grandfather, and ſhew him a ſight that would annihilate all his high-raiſed expectations, and rend his very heart-ſtrings; even his beloved daughter in the arms of a lover, that lover the ſon of his determined enemy.

My heart exulted at the thought; the moment was at laſt arrived ſo long, ſo ardently deſired, of wrecking my vengeance on the authors of all my wrongs and frequent mortifications; when I ſhould be enabled to ſay to my haughty unfeeling father, 'Behold, Sir, your doating piece, the highly-eſtimated Amelia, from the hour of whoſe birth every claim of paternal love that I, your *firſt-born* child, had a right to ſhare with this proud beauty, has been ſacrificed. Goaded by conſcience as you muſt be at my injuries, ſtung by diſappointment and ſhame

at the conduct of my rival, I see my triumph in your defeat.'

"As thoughts so direful filled my brain, which throbbed convulsively, my legs could scarce sustain my trembling body;—shook by the violent paroxysms of contending passions, I entered your grandmother's dressing-room, where, throwing myself into a chair, I poured what I thought were lavender drops into a glass of water, to enable me to finish the last act of the tragedy. What I swallowed proved to be laudanum, and as I laid my head upon the table to still my agitated nerves, I fell into a profound stupor. When I awoke I found myself in my own bed, and Amelia sitting beside me. It was some time ere I could recollect the occurrences of the last night, but when I did, my first grief was, that through my own inattention, the victims of my revenge had escaped the *worst* part of the punishment I meditated for them.

"Turning

" Turning to Amelia, I requeſt an explanation of my being there, and what was become of Celadon. Claſping my hands, her eyes ſuffuſed with tears, ſhe ſaid, 'Why, Oh! why, my dear Wilmot, did you leave a fond, weak creature to fall a prey to the ſenſations of her own boſom, and the blandiſhments of the man upon whom ſhe doated? Your fatal abſence has ruined me! ever-regretted moments of folly, that muſt be atoned for by a life of ſorrowful contrition!

" Her heart-rending complaints fully acquainted me with the humiliating ſituation to which this exalted beauty was now humbled. Pretending not to underſtand her, I inquired by what means Celadon had eſcaped obſervation? ſhe told me, at four o'clock, when they found that I did not return, and unable to account for my abſence, ſhe not daring to come in ſearch of me, they were diſtracted to know how Celadon was to eſcape. In this dilemma, they perceived I had left the key of the garden-door upon the table; in conſequence of her entreaties, as ſhe

dreaded his being ſeen by any of the ſervants, he had riſked the letting himſelf out, but not till he had knelt, and taken the moſt ſolemn oaths, that as ſoon as he became of age, which would be in another year, he would return to England, and marry her, in deſpite of all oppoſition.

"To hear this was daggers to my heart; but I determined to counteract that intention It would have anſwered no purpoſe to acquaint her father with the ruin of his daughter; ſhe might have denied it, and I had no means of proving the fact.

"Amelia was now conſtantly in tears; the roſes of her cheeks faded—her eyes loſt their brilliancy—her vivacity was no more. This drew on her the anger of her father, who ſtormed at her loſs of beauty, telling her, ſhe would be quite a fright before her intended huſband arrived, whoſe viſit had been delayed by an attack of the gout. This was a reſpite to Amelia, who was determined never to marry him, or any other man but Celadon.

"At

"At length the Earl of Wintercaſtle arrived, ſwathed in flannel like an Egyptian mummy:

"Sans teeth, ſans fleſh, ſans every thing,"

except title and fortune, that could induce a young girl to marry him. Even I, whoſe face laughter ſeldom viſited, could not reſtrain a propenſity towards it, when the Earl, at his firſt introduction to Amelia, hobbled up to her with the help of a crutched ſtick, and mumbled out his *hopes* and *wiſhes*, while ſhe turned from him with evident diſguſt: even her father appeared aſhamed of the huſband he offered to her acceptance. When the ridiculous ſcene was over, ſhe returned to her own room, and, throwing herſelf into my *faithleſs* arms, ſaid—

'My dear Wilmot, what will become of me?—Was there no ſuch perſon as Celadon in the world, I would not be the wife of this emaciated Peer; but thus ſituated, how am I to act?' Almoſt ſuffocated with her ſobs, ſhe added, 'one fatal moment has undone me! How can I wound the tender virtuous heart

of a mother with my ſad ſtory? How meet the ſtern eye of a juſtly incenſed father, when he ſhall be told that all his high-raiſed expectations of my future eſtabliſhment in life, are crumbled into duſt; that with my honour periſhed his hopes and my happineſs for ever?'

" Convinced now of what I had before more than ſuſpected, the malignant joy I felt was extreme, though from the conſtant command I had over my ſenſations, I did not let it appear, but expreſſed my ſorrow and commiſeration for the melancholy ſituation her paſſion for Celadon had reduced her to. He had now been gone two months, and ſhe had not heard from him. I adviſed her to acquaint her father with the whole of her conduct, as ſhe could not now, in honour, accept the hand of the Earl of Wintercaſtle; and muſt give her *real* reaſons for refuſing his offers, or they muſt ſoon be divulged. —' I cannot, my dear Wilmot, repay his long proved fondneſs, by telling him how

unworthy I have been of his love and confidence. Oh! that it was not a crime to lay down this life, when, like mine, it is become a burthen to its poſſeſſor, and a diſgrace to all with whom I am connected.'

" I offered myſelf to unfold the tale of her love, and its conſequent circumſtances, to her father;—it was agreed between us, that ſhe ſhould relate the ſtory to her mother, from whoſe eaſy nature, and tender heart, ſhe expected commiſeration and forgiveneſs. Before I undertook my miſſion, I obliged her to take a ſolemn oath, that, whatever might be the conſequences of it to herſelf, ſhe would never give me up, as having been an agent in the buſineſs; for I told her, that in my dependant ſituation in the family, it muſt ruin me for ever. To the truth of this, ſhe readily aſſented, fervently thanking me for *all* my kindneſs, and for the diſagreeable taſk I was about to undertake through friendſhip for her.

" How was ſhe miſtaken in her ideas! it was the *moment* of my *life* from which I

promiſed to myſelf the moſt exquiſite delight, to behold my father writhe in agonies, when he heard, that ſhe, whom he denominated his *angelic* daughter, had proved herſelf a mere *mortal* woman, and had fallen, in the world's opinion, below even the deſpiſed and neglected Martha Wilmot;—to ſee this was a banquet, fitted for a gloomy ſoul like mine to feed upon. It was a feaſt for which I had panted for years, to glut my great revenge. Like Zanga, I ſhould have miſſed *half* my triumph, had the blow I meditated been ſtruck by any hand but *mine*. I flew directly to his dreſſing-room, and, with little prelude, told my tale, but with none of thoſe extenuating circumſtances it would have admitted.

" As I force myſelf to recount this horrid narrative of my paſt deceptions, the icy fingers of Death ſeem to encircle my heart, till it is pained even to agony. I think I ſee my father's eye-balls darting from their ſockets, as I told the ſtory of his Amelia's diſhonour. Again I hear the dreadfully appalling

appalling groan, which eſcaped from his burſting boſom. When I finiſhed, he dropped on the floor—I thought him dead—he was ſtiff and cold—I was ſhocked, but not repentant; I called aloud for aſſiſtance—he was removed to his bed, where a fever on the brain confined him for a month; during which period the Earl of Wintercaſtle took his leave, to uſe his own words, to wait for a time more congenial to the delights of love, when he ſhould with *ardour* return to claim his affianced bride.

"Amelia, who was extremely ill, lay in the next room to her father, in equal danger of dying; but her ſufferings were, if poſſible, more acute than his, as ſhe was *ſenſible* of all the miſeries that her family were threatened with through her indiſcretion. As ſhe echoed back the piercing ſighs of her afflicted parent, which ſhe heard diſtinctly, for their rooms were divided only by a thin partition, ſhe prayed moſt ardently for Death; but he heard not her petition; they *both* recovered. Her father, who from the time

he regained his ſenſes, had made no inquiries after her, appearing loſt in a gloomy reverie, one morning ſent for his wife to his ſtudy, from whence, after a long converſation, ſhe returned, her eyes drowned in tears.

"She entered her daughter's apartment, who, though reſtored to bodily health, was mentally ſick with ſorrow and contrition, informing Amelia that ſhe was come to acquaint her with the reſolution of her father, that ſhe muſt prepare to go early the next morning to a place provided for her, where ſhe was to ſtay till ſhe was delivered of that *burthen* that had brought ſhame and affliction on all connected with her. After that period, ſhe ſhould be informed what was to be her future deſtination.

Amelia replied, that ſhe was ready to obey his commands; then kiſſing her mother's hands, ſhe kneeling, begged for her bleſſing and forgiveneſs, both of which this tender parent granted as ſhe raiſed and embraced her. This greatly relieved her overcharged heart, and re-aſſured her enough to ſolicit

that

that I might accompany her in her retirement—that in an hour ſo dreadful, ſhe might not be left to the mercy of ſtrangers. Her mother promiſed to uſe her intereſt with my father, that this requeſt might be complied with. She found no difficulty in carrying this point, and I was ordered to attend her. His former cool contempt of me, was now changed to a mortal antipathy; for he hated the ſight of a *child* to whom he was conſcious he had never done his *duty*, and who had *dared* to tell him ſo, at the very moment ſhe became the ill-fated meſſenger of *all* his misfortunes.

CHAP. III.

"IN a ſmall recluſe houſe, hired for the purpoſe, Amelia was delivered of *you*; who, from your great likeneſs to what your mother was when an infant, I began to hate the moment you ſaw the light. Your grandmother came to ſee her daughter, and with that indeſcribable fondneſs we view ourſelves in the ſecond generation, ſhe claſped you to her boſom, while tears of mingled joy and ſorrow bedewed your ſmiling face. She vowed that you ſhould be brought up properly, though ſecretly; this declaration increaſed my growing diſlike; in you, I thought I ſaw a *ſecond* rival to my hopes. The maternal ſighs which

which heaved your mother's boſom, as ſhe embraced you—the bleſſings ſhe called down on your head—the agonies ſhe ſuffered when you were taken from her arms, to be given to a nurſe that had been provided for you by your grandmother, called forth pity in every boſom preſent but *mine*, whoſe revenge was not to be appeaſed, whoſe hardened heart could not be ſoftened by all the miſeries I ſaw my victim endure.

" At the end of five weeks, every thing having been previouſly provided for the occaſion, as I was ſitting with Amelia, your grandfather entered the room. It was their *firſt* interview ſince I had acquainted him with her ſtory; weak, low, and terrified at his appearance, ſhe fainted in my arms; I ſaw in his eyes as he beheld her, who looked more intereſtingly beautiful than ever, that the rigid *judge* was loſt in the *tender* father. My ſoul ſickened, when I obſerved that, in ſpite of all my machinations, ſhe was ſtill my rival, ſtill dear to his heart. After recovering from the fit into which his unex-

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pected preſence had thrown her, he thus addreſſed your mother:—

'Amelia, I come not to upbraid you for all the ſorrows you have made me ſuffer, but to inform you how alone you can bury them in oblivion;—regain my love, and receive my forgiveneſs for your paſt offences.' Throwing herſelf on her knees, ſhe felt ſo rejoiced at a behaviour ſhe was conſcious ſhe did not merit, that, thanking him for his lenity, ſhe vowed moſt ſolemnly to do every thing he could exact, on condition of being reſtored to his affection. Having raiſed her, he ſaid—'Hear, then, what I expect: you muſt immediately conſent to embark with me in a ſhip that is ready to weigh anchor, and bound for the Eaſt Indies. All your clothes and mine are already on board, and every thing is provided for your reception.

'You have there an uncle rich and honourable, who will do nothing for your eſtabliſhment in England. Indeed it is no place for you longer to reſide in; for in deſpite of all mine and your mother's precautions, your character

character has been *whiſpered* away. It is not poſſible for me to ſtay in this kingdom, where my debts are ſo immenſe, that if I do not fly, I muſt ſpend the remainder of my days in a priſon; for, to match you equal to your merits, I have for many years kept up a ſplendid appearance, to which my fortune was very inadequate. How your folly has rendered my plans abortive, it is unneceſſary to repeat.

" I have, from the general wreck, ſaved for your poor mother five hundred pounds a year; the reſt of her fortune that was ſettled on her, ſhe long ſince yielded up to alleviate my embarraſſments With that ſum ſhe is determined to remain in England, to protect the *being* you muſt leave behind." Perceiving Amelia about to ſpeak, he added—'I expect from you a ready acquieſcence to my will; for my determination is not to be ſhaken by any arguments. Perhaps you will tell me, the villain that has robbed you of honour, and me of happineſs, will make you his wife. Be aſſured he ſhall never call you

you by that name, while I have life to prevent it. Like Virginius, I would firſt plunge my dagger into your heart, rather than yield you up to him who, by his artful ſeductions, has embittered every moment of my future exiſtence, and made me a wretched wanderer for life. Never, no never, ſhall *you* be *his!*'

"The thought of his daughter's diſhonour had worked up his mind to a frenzy that awed Amelia into ſilence. She ſaw that her fate was inevitably fixed;—that nothing ſhe could urge, would change the cruel reſolution of her father, whom ſhe had ſolemnly ſworn to *obey*; that he would tear her from all hopes of ſeeing again the man for whom Love ſtill pleaded powerfully, that ſhe could not believe to be a premeditated deceiver. Her brain maddened as ſhe reflected on her baniſhment from the embraces of a tender mother, robbed of the fond idea with which ſhe had flattered herſelf, of being ſometimes permitted to fold her infant Ellinor to her throbbing heart, and

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in ſecret watch the progreſs of her expanding charms.

" Thus ſhe murmured out her woes, as ſhe hugged to her boſom the *ſnake* who had there infuſed her deadly venom, while ſhe exclaimed, ' My dear Wilmot, you ſee all the joys I promiſed myſelf, in early youth, are vaniſhed; I am, for *one* unguarded moment, a wretched exile from my country, mother, child, and huſband, for as ſuch I muſt ever look on Celadon. In the eyes of a juſt God, who heard our mutual vows, he is ſo. Left alone, and unprotected, I am too feeble to oppoſe the torrent that is about to overwhelm me; therefore I will yield to my deſtiny. But let me entreat you, by the claims of our early friendſhip, to transfer that affection to my child that you have hitherto beſtowed on its unhappy mother, and as you act by that, may God reward you!

' In the ebony box are all the letters that have paſſed between her father and me; alſo a locket preſented to me by him at the moment

moment of our parting, as a pledge of his faith and truth. I leave it with you for his infant, with the correſpondence of her ill-fated parents. Let her, when arrived at years of diſcretion, conſtantly wear it; ſhould it ever meet the eyes of Celadon, I truſt he will recogniſe it, and acknowledge Ellinor for his daughter.'

" All this I promiſed moſt faithfully to perform; full well *you* know how I have kept my word. At ſix o'clock in the morning, in a hack chaiſe, arrived Amelia's father and mother; the latter came to take a laſt adieu of her daughter, who, while ſtrained to her maternal boſom, whiſpered, ' Deareſt Madam, ſhall I not be permitted once more to ſee my little Ellinor?' ſhe replied, " Your father will not allow it;—be comforted—I will never forſake her."—This was all there was time for either to ſay, before they were torn from each other's arms by your grandfather, who coldly informed me, I was to be left to attend on his wife, who, if I behaved properly, would continue to ſupport me; then,

then, without one ſenſation of regret, *one* humane thought for the welfare of a being to whom he had contributed to give exiſtence, neither ſaluting my cheek, nor preſſing my hand, he threw himſelf into the carriage by the ſide of that dear object of his affection, in whom all others were abſorbed.

" The unnatural behaviour of my father is all I have to adduce in extenuation of the crimes ſuch a conduct gave me a colour for committing. We received letters from the Cape in due time, acquainting us, that Amelia, and her father, were arrived there in health and ſafety.—Her ſon being placed at a public ſchool, your grandmother retired to live in a county diſtant from that where ſhe had reſided ſince her arrival in England, her huſband having extorted an oath from her, that ſhe would moſt ſedulouſly avoid Celadon, on his return to Europe; and ſhould he trace her abode, never acquaint him to what part of the world Amelia and himſelf had retired; and particularly to conceal from him, that he was a *father*. On theſe terms alone was ſhe to be permitted

permitted to have you under her care, who was placed at nurſe with a woman in a village near our new reſidence, and was often taken to viſit your grandmother; who, I ſaw with regret, was become very fond of you.

" My reſtleſs and perturbed mind, the ſeat of carking care, diſappointed love, and jealous hate, that felt a gloomy joy in ſeeing others equally miſerable with myſelf, impelled me to write to your grandfather, acquainting him that the fondneſs of his wife for you was ſuch, that if he did not order you to be taken from the nurſe, and placed at a ſchool at a diſtance, the ſecret of your birth would be known, that had hitherto been with ſuch caution concealed, as Celadon had traced out our reſidence, and had ſpies conſtantly on the watch:—this was a truth, for as ſoon as he came of age, he haſtened to England, being determined to marry Amelia. To his aſtoniſhment he found our late habitation in the poſſeſſion of another family, who could give him no account of thoſe he ſought. This threw him into deſpair; at length, by perſevering

perſevering induſtry, he diſcovered our reſidence, and flew to it on the wings of love. Alighting at a ſmall inn in the village, he ſent for me, whom *he* ſuppoſed the friend of his Amelia, and naturally expected that I would give him every information.

" He was much deceived; for after I had recovered from the ſurpriſe, into which his ſudden appearance had thrown me, inſtead of anſwering his tender and earneſt inquiries, or liſtening to the exculpation for his ſilence, owing to the letters having been detained by the order of his cruel father, I keenly reproached him with the vile uſe he had made of thoſe meetings with Amelia, that my kindneſs and unſuſpecting confidence had procured him. I expreſſed my ſorrow and contrition for having being, though innocent, acceſſary to the *ruin* of a family, to whom I owed ſuch numerous obligations.

" I painted with the higheſt exaggeration the ſufferings of his Amelia, the rage of her father, the ſcandal of the world, and, finally, her being forced to embark, accompanied by

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an incenſed parent, by whom ſhe was condemned to become an exile from Britain for ever—a ſlight puniſhment, as he deemed it, for her crime.

" Celadon kneeled, and entreated me to inform him, to what part of the world ſhe was gone, and vowed that he would make the circuit of the globe, to be enabled to call her his wife. I beheld his ſufferings with a malignant pleaſure, fully determined before we parted, to render them more exquiſite, and to deſtroy all hopes of his *ever* marrying Amelia—an event which I had ſworn never to behold; for I could endure life while gratified by the conviction that thoſe who embittered my exiſtence, were themſelves ſupremely miſerable: for to have ſeen their mutual happineſs, would to me have been ſuffering, in this world, the puniſhment the damned are ſuppoſed to endure in another.

" To effectually prevent what I ſo much dreaded would have defeated all the ſchemes that I had plunged myſelf ſo deep in ſin to hinder, my prolific brain engendered

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an inſtantaneous thought that would give Celadon more exquiſite torture, by deſtroying every proſpect of his being the huſband of my deteſted rival. This was the tale I told:—

"That Amelia and her father had ſailed for America, with all that he could ſave from the wreck of his ſhattered fortune; that when he was ſettled, it was his plan to have ſent for her mother, brother, and myſelf; that they had embarked on board a ſhip under feigned names, that was loſt in a ſtorm in the Bay of Biſcay, and every ſoul on board periſhed. I knew this ſtory would be corroborated by facts; as at the time I had named for their leaving England, a veſſel bound for Boſton had foundered at ſea. I paſs over his deſpair and ſorrow—it was of a kind that would not admit of comfort, had I been diſpoſed to offer any. But I have before obſerved, I only derived pleaſure in beholding him ſuffering from thoſe deſtructive ſoul-harrowing paſſions, that were the inmates of my own boſom. He glanced his eyes over me, he ſhuddered with horror,

as if ſome inviſible agent had whiſpered, That is the ill-fated being who has been the cauſe of *all* your miſery. He ruſhed out of the houſe, and inſtantly mounted his horſe, ſaying, ' Never can I again behold the woman, who, with ſuch unfeeling apathy, could recite an event ſo direful, that would have drawn " Iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

" He ſoon after wrote to your grandmother, ſaying, as he had been prevented, by the death of his ever to be regretted Amelia, from doing her that juſtice it was his intention to have performed the moment he found himſelf at liberty; he intreated to know if her beloved daughter, and his affianced wife, had left him a *pledge* of their ill-fated love, requeſting her, by that tender affection ſhe once bore its angel mother, that ſhe would yield it up to him—it ſhould be the heir to his fortune, the child of his affections, for whoſe ſake he would never make a ſecond choice.

" Before this letter arrived, I told your grandmother the falſe information I had

had given Celadon, the turpitude of which I excuſed, by averring it was the only way to end his hopes at *once*. This good woman's tender heart induced her to pity moſt ſincerely both him and her daughter. Nothing but the oath ſhe had been compelled to take would have prevented her from inſtantly undeceiving him, and relinquiſhing you to his care. At laſt I wrung from her an unwilling conſent that I ſhould anſwer his letter, in which I informed him that Amelia's father had forced both her mother and myſelf, to take a ſacred vow not to acquaint him whether the ſhame he intended to bring on his family had left a living witneſs to proclaim their diſhonour.

" Celadon, after having received this information, fell into a ſpecies of melancholy madneſs which extremely diſtreſſed his father, who expected, by means of his ſon, an heir to his title, and an addition to his fortune:—to attain theſe ends, he was continually teaſing him to marry. To rid himſelf of his importunities, he informed him, that

to prove his duty, and gratify his wiſhes, when he had ſelected the woman he wiſhed to call daughter, he would make her his wife; the whole ſex being now equally indifferent to him, for the affections of his heart were buried in the watery grave of his beloved Amelia.

" His father rejoiced at this aſſertion, as he had a lady in his eye for him. He loſt no time to hurry on the match, fearful that this acquieſcence to his wiſhes, that was wrung from him by deſpair, he might repent in the lucid intervals of reaſon. The newſpapers ſoon announced his wedding, and relieved me from my apprehenſions of his ever marrying your mother, to whom I wrote an account of it immediately, exaggerating what I denominated his perfidy and cruelty to her, aſſerting that he had made no inquiries after her, or the fruit of their mutual love.

" Your grandfather, who had received from me a ſimilar account, joyfully availed himſelf of it, to preſs Amelia to give her hand in marriage to a gentleman who had offered

offered himſelf to her acceptance immediately on her being introduced in public by her uncle, who promiſed, on condition that ſhe accepted his friend, to give her a handſome fortune, enable her father to return to England, diſcharge his debts, and bring his family to Bengal. Your mother, conſcious that her imprudence had reduced them to their preſent diſtreſs, and occaſioned the ſeparation of her parents, felt it a duty incumbent on her to ſacrifice her own ſenſations to re-unite them. But before ſhe acceded to this, ſhe made terms that her dear Ellinor ſhould be properly taken care of; that ſome perſon that could be confided in, ſhould be employed to ſee that the ſums ſhe meant to remit for her education, were employed to her ſole advantage, till a future period arrived when ſhe might adopt her as a foundling, if ſhe ſhould be precluded the felicity of acknowledging her as her child.

" Finding ſhe could be induced upon no other terms to conſent to marry, her father agreed to thoſe; ſolemnly promiſing all ſhe

deſired ſhould be moſt religiouſly complied with on his return to Britain; at the ſame time naming *me* as a proper perſon to undertake the charge, being acquainted with the whole tranſaction.

This propoſal your mother eagerly cloſed with, as I had ſo well deceived her, that ſhe always thought me a ſincere friend wedded to her intereſt, who of courſe would pay every tender attention to her child. This ſettled, as ſoon as he had ſeen his daughter married, your father returned to England to fetch his family; when I found, in conſequence of the above arrangement, that I was to be left behind to take care of *you*. I whiſpered to my mortified pride, Martha Wilmot was born to be an attendant planet on thoſe luminaries in whoſe ſuperior brightneſs ſhe is loſt in total obſcurity. Yes, moſt aſſuredly, I will take care of this *ſcion*, ſprung from the *root* I deteſt.

Having inſtantly formed my plans, without letting any appearance of reluctance be ſeen in my countenance, I accepted the charge. It was agreed that you ſhould be placed

placed at a ſchool a conſiderable diſtance from our preſent reſidence, where I was often to ſee you, and take care that you received every attention and comfort that the *ſecrecy*, ſo neceſſary to be obſerved, would admit of. I was to be allowed two hundred pounds a year at preſent; out of which ſum I was to diſcharge your ſchooling, &c. and as you advanced in life, when your education would be more expenſive, it was to be increaſed.

" The family now embarked for the ſhores of India, and I commenced my guardianſhip. You will recollect that you was not permitted to leave Mrs. Auſtin's, or never known, while you reſided there, by any name but Ellinor, which was that of your grandmother, and given you at the requeſt of your mother. I only ſaw you once a year, when I came to pay for your board and clothes: being a cheap ſchool it took but *little* from the handſome allowance made me.

" It was neceſſary to my avarice that you ſhould *live*; for on that alone depended my own eaſe and affluence. With what rage

did I hear your attack on me, when you requeſted to know who your parents were! Aſtoniſhed at your temerity, I was neither prepared to parry or anſwer your queſtions. This determined me in my next letter, for I conſtantly correſponded with your mother, to recommend it to her, to permit me to take you to France to finiſh your education, giving for a reaſon, your inquiſitive diſpoſition, that would, as you increaſed in years, enable you to trace out the ſecret of your birth. My advice was taken; and as I had offered to reſide there that you might be more immediately under my own care, another hundred pounds a year was generouſly added for our united ſupport, though nothing was farther from my thoughts than your living with *me*, to whom I had unjuſtly transferred the hatred and antipathy I had ſo long nouriſhed againſt your mother; and your budding beauties of mind and perſon were become moſt baleful to my ſight.

"It was my intention to bury you in obſcurity, while I appropriated the ſums to my

my own emolument, that I meant to draw from the eaſily deceived Amelia. This plan it was very eaſy for me to accompliſh, as your mother correſponded with none of her former friends, nor had ſhe done ſo, dared ſhe make any inquiries after you. She therefore contented herſelf with my accounts, which ſpoke of your perſonal charms, but deſcribed your mind haughty, vindictive, and unmanageable, while I avowed nothing but my early and conſtant affection for her could have induced me to take the charge of a child of ſuch a diſagreeable diſpoſition. Thus I poiſoned the mind of your mother, and weakened that ſtrong affection that ſhe had ever expreſſed for you in her letters. If, as I moſt heartily pray, that God I have ſo grievouſly offended permits you to meet, all thoſe prejudices will vaniſh, and your merits and virtues claim that place in her heart, that my artifices have ſo baſely precluded you from enjoying.

" After I had placed you in the convent, I travelled to the ſouth of France with a lady

who was going there for her health. She was ſo much impoſed upon by my ſpecious wiles, as to believe me one of the beſt of women. Before I left Calais, I placed a ſum of money in the hands of the merchant who, afterwards, took you to his houſe to pay for your penſion, &c. In the courſe of thoſe years I did not ſee you. I was ſtill with my friend, who was kept alive by a conſtant change of air. As ſhe made me a very handſome allowance for my attention and care, I was enabled to lay by that ſum, and the whole of your mother's annuity, except the very ſmall part that I had allotted for your board; being determined to ſave money enough to make myſelf a deſirable acquiſition, to ſome man who had worldly wiſdom ſufficient to prefer me and independence, to mere youth and beauty, neither of which I poſſeſſed.

" It now ſtruck me, that to enjoy all the *douceurs* intended for you by your mother, I had nothing to do but to frighten you into taking the veil. For this purpoſe I wrote to

the Abbeſs, deſiring her to inform you that it was the intention of your friends, that you ſhould become one of the ſiſterhood. When, through my correſpondent at Calais, I was informed of your poſitive refuſal, I reſolved to ſee you myſelf, and try if threatening you with being thrown on the world to ſupport yourſelf, would not terrify you into compliance. But I found you firm in your determinations to combat every difficulty, rather than conſent to a life of ſecluſion. I dared not uſe my authority to enforce obedience to my commands, fearing the clamour that would be raiſed by ſuch a procedure, would lead to an elucidation of my myſterious conduct. I had therefore nothing for it, but to leave you another year to the zealous perſecution of the holy ſiſterhood, who, I truſted, would either coax or terrify you into their meaſures; vexed and mortified at your obſtinacy, I quitted Calais.

" My ſick friend, with whom I had been travelling ſince your reſidence in the convent, died that year, and left me a legacy of

a thouſand pounds, her trinkets, clothes, &c. This bequeſt, inſtead of ſatisfying my avarice, increaſed it; and I reviſited England with the intention, if you ſtill refuſed to become a nun, to ſeek a ſituation for you in ſome family where you might be received as a governeſs or companion. Not chuſing to appear in this buſineſs myſelf, I therefore wrote to a lady of faſhion, who was a near relation to my deceaſed friend, requeſting that ſhe would exert her intereſt to procure either of thoſe ſituations for a young girl, who was the orphan daughter of an officer, who, with his wife, died in America; that I had, from the love I bore her mother, ſupported and educated her in a convent at my own expence; as ſhe was now capable, by her acquirements, of providing for herſelf, I meant to ſend for the orphan as ſoon as I could eſtabliſh her properly.

" This lady ſoon acquainted me ſhe had procured for my young *protegée* a very eligible ſituation in the family of a worthy Baronet, as companion to his daughter, by whom

whom ſhe would be treated with much kindneſs. I readily gave my aſſent before ſhe named Sir James Lavington as the perſon—to *him* I had my objections; but on mature conſideration I waved them, begging her to ſpeak to Lady Lavington in your favour, and to recommend you as from *herſelf*, I having *very* particular reaſons for wiſhing not to appear in the buſineſs. This ſhe promiſed, and every thing was in train for your reception, when I wrote to the merchant at Calais to take you from the convent;—you know the reſt.

"The conſtant remittances that were made me from your mother; the preſents of muſlins, ſhawls, &c. ſhe frequently ſent *you*, were appropriated to my *own* uſe. I had no fear, active and intelligent as you were, that you would be able to trace out your parents; or Amelia ever be informed of my atrocious conduct, while ſhe continued to reſide in India; and I had taken good care to provide againſt contingencies, ſhould ſhe return to England, having ſafely ſecured all

my ill-acquired wealth, in my own name, in bank-ſtock. I had nothing therefore to do, ſhould ſuch an event happen, but to retire into another country, enjoy the fruits of my duplicity, and terminate a life marked by crimes and deceptions.

"I kept a watch over all your actions; for in deſpite of my deep-laid plots, I was conſtantly apprehenſive of being diſcovered. I heard of your leaving the Lavington family; for that I was not *ſorry*; I was told you had made a good exchange, and was happy under the protection of the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought. I now felt myſelf in perfect ſecurity, and went to Bath with an intention of reſiding there.

"At that place it was my misfortune to meet a Mr. M'Cormick, whom retributive juſtice permitted to be the inſtrument of puniſhment to me in this world, for all the ſorrows my artifices had occaſioned your father, mother, and yourſelf to ſuffer, through my hatred and envious jealouſy; for he retorted my own arts upon me, and finally *deceived* the *deceiver*.

"I met

"I met him often at the rooms, and in private parties. Being informed that I was a maiden lady, poſſeſſed of a good fortune, he offered himſelf to my acceptance, as a man of a large eſtate, and ſtill greater expectations, in the county of Tipperary, in the kingdom of Ireland. On my expreſſing ſome doubts that a young man could not be *ſerious* in propoſing to marry a woman ſo much older than himſelf, he anſwered—'Oh! deareſt honey, you know it is quite and *clane* the faſhion to prefer the ripe fruit to the green, and I always paid more attention to the mind than the perſon." At this period, while Mr. M'Cormick haunted me like my ſhadow, and my knowledge of the world allowed me to give but little credit to his *diſintereſted* affection, a letter was ſent me from town, that occaſioned my inſtant deciſion.

"It was from your mother, ſaying that ſhe was a widow; the ſame fever that had robbed her of a huſband, had ſnatched from her arms her only ſon, aged fifteen; by their deaths

deaths ſhe became poſſeſſed of an immenſe fortune; that having no perſon now left in that country to whom ſhe was attached, ſhe had arranged all her buſineſs, and ſhould leave it within a week from the date of that letter, to return to her native land, and beſtow her whole fortune and attention on her long-neglected Ellinor; meaning to atone as much as in her power, for the crime of her birth, which had robbed her of a *legal* claim to the poſſeſſions of her father, and the countenance of the world.

"This information at once decided my *fate*, which was to loſe the name of Wilmot in that of M'Cormick, and to bid adieu for ever to the ſcenes of my paſt enormities. In conſequence of this reſolution, I told him, that if he made me a proper ſettlement adequate to my fortune, I would conſent to marry him directly, with this proviſo—that we were to reſide wholly in his country; for as I ſhould by this ſtep diſoblige all my relations and friends, in not conſulting them, I did not chuſe to encounter their reproaches.

To

To theſe terms he readily aſſented, ſaying he had juſt then come to acquaint me he muſt return to Ireland, his mother being dying."

Here ſhe recounts all the conſequences of this imprudent match, that our readers are already acquainted with, and then proceeds—

"When I found myſelf thus forſaken, pennyleſs, and miſerable, with no means left to trace the villain who had defrauded me of all the accumulated ſavings of a long life of treachery, acquired by atrocious *vices*, and loſt by conſummate *folly*, I was diſtracted. Reflection was the bane of reaſon; to look back on the paſt was the extreme of horror; the fiends of a guilty conſcience goaded me on to madneſs; I could not *live*, and dared not *die*.

"The proſpect before me preſented poverty, and public ſhame whenever your mother returned, and called me to an account for my baſe conduct to herſelf and child; and obliged me to refund the ſums of which my

my avarice had defrauded them;—the whole of it had been ſwindled from me by a wretch, whoſe duplicity placed him on an *equality* even with myſelf.

"What were my ſenſations when all my crimes appeared in their true colours! Frenzy, naturally to be expected from the fermentation of a brain like mine, ſhook by ſuch a complication of horrors, took poſſeſſion of me for ſome weeks. As my body grew weaker by theſe convulſive ſhocks, Reaſon again reaſſumed her ſeat; when on taking a retroſpect of my paſt life, and the impelling principles that had actuated my conduct, I ſhrunk, appalled at my own enormities. As the only expiation for my offences, I came to the reſolution to make this voluntary *confeſſion* of all my crimes, and the motives that urged me to commit them.

"If they *can* meet with any extenuation, it muſt be in the cruelty of a father, who could draw ſuch a line of diſtance between children whoſe claims were *equal* in the eyes of God and Nature. Though I am willing to allow the

the civil inſtitution of marriage is politically right, and ſhould be rigidly adhered to in a well-governed ſtate, as forming a legal barrier to preſerve in families the property of their progenitors; it cannot exonerate a parent for unfeeling neglect, or careleſs inattention, to his illegitimate offspring, nor ought it to preclude them from receiving an equal diſtribution of his parental affection with his more fortunate children, to whoſe birth, ſanctioned by marriage, the *world* gives conſequence, and the *laws* ſupport.

"Had your grandfather acted thus liberally, and beſtowed on me a *ſmall* portion of that tender love, the *whole* of which, from the firſt hour of her exiſtence, he transferred to my ſiſter, at that period of life when the human mind may be faſhioned to *any* form, my rigid heart might have been ſoftened by kindneſs; the gnawing jealouſy that feltered in my boſom, and gave a colour to my life, might have been expelled. Had the aſperities of my temper been corrected by parental admonition, had I been excited to good

actions

actions by the *hope* of approbation, or ſoothed into confidence by a father who would have heard my complaints, and redreſſed my grievances, I might now have been a reſpectable member of ſociety, not a wretched outcaſt, who will be execrated as a monſter, whenever theſe *confeſſions* meet the eyes of the good and virtuous.

"I have, Ellinor, carefully avoided, through this long narrative, mentioning the names of the perſons concerned, fearing it ſhould be read by any but *yourſelf*. I ſhall place it in a private drawer at the bottom of the ebony box, as I wiſh it not to be peruſed till after I am gone to my great account; the dreadful moment will be haſtened by the mental agony I have ſuffered in being obliged to review my paſt life, which has employed my whole time for the laſt fortnight, that I might be enabled to do *one* act of juſtice before I meet my Creator—in reſtoring you to your parents, and accounting to them for the *motives* of a conduct which *none* but myſelf could explain. When I feel the approach

proach of that awful moment, I ſhall ſend for you, as nothing is wanting to this manuſcript but the names of thoſe concerned, to render it perfectly clear and ſatisfactory. I will *then* declare them to you.

" I feel an univerſal ſtupor pervade my ſenſes; I will carefully lock up theſe *Confeſſions*, retire to my wretched bed, and encourage that ſleep which has ſo long refuſed to weigh down my heavy eyelids. Adieu! forgive and pray for the forlorn, wretched, and deſpairing

" MARTHA WILMOT."

We have given our readers the ſtory of Martha Wilmot, without any of thoſe breaks in the manuſcript, that the ſenſations it excited in the boſom of our heroine obliged her to make. Frequently was ſhe compelled to lay it down, and wipe away the tears that flowed for the ſorrows of her mother, the cruel diſappointment of her father, the devaſtating ruin of her whole family, occaſioned by the direful machinations of the deteſtable

deteſtable Wilmot, who, as ſhe unfolded her crimes, and confeſſed the diſpoſition that induced her to commit them, Ellinor's blood curdled with horror. How ardently did ſhe long to be embraced by parents who, even by the account of their inexorable enemy, were ſo truly amiable! Alas! how ſlender was the hope of her ever attaining ſuch happineſs, when the manuſcript gave her no clue to guide her even to the county in England where her grandfather inhabited. That *wary* caution that had through life actuated her treacherous guardian, had prevented her from giving the names of thoſe to whom ſhe owed her birth, till her expiring moments; and the *opera*, that had in ſo many different ways been *fatal* to her peace, had precluded Ellinor from ſeeing the dying Wilmot while ſpeech was permitted her to make the promiſed communication.

CHAP. IV.

ELLINOR carefully folded up theſe Confeſſions, and depoſited them with the correſpondence of Celadon and Amelia in the ebony-box; a hope again reviving in her breaſt, that through their means ſhe might one day be enabled to trace out their authors. This gleam of ſunſhine darted a ray of comfort on the dreary proſpect before her, and helped to brace up her nerves to that tenſion ſo neceſſary to enable her, alone and unprotected, to once more ſtruggle for exiſtence in a prejudiced world. She had received, on Mr. Foſter's going to the White Horſe Cellar, all her clothes and harp, and with them the following note from the Dutcheſs:—

"My

"My dear Ellinor,

"I was truly rejoiced at receiving your letter, as it exculpated you from the charge of forgetting me, to whom you will be ever dear. It was with real ſorrow I read that the appearance of your neglect was occaſioned by diſappointment and ſickneſs. What, my poor girl, muſt you have ſuffered in witneſſing the death of all your flattering hopes, in the exit of your abominable old guardian! Full well I can divine the reaſon that prevents you from making my houſe your future aſylum; though from motives moſt honourable to *yourſelf*, and with feelings for *me* the moſt friendly, and a greatneſs of ſoul all your own, you forbear to avow them, and are willing to appear the aggreſſor, rather than do yourſelf juſtice by committing the culprit to that puniſhment due to his temerity.

"I muſt honour your conduct and admire your ſpirit, though it deprives me of the only woman with whom I could ever converſe, with pleaſure to myſelf, for a ſingle half-

half-hour. To thoſe good people who have afforded you ſhelter, whoſe kind attentions have nurſed you into health, I ſhall ever feel myſelf indebted; till you will introduce me to them, that I may make my perſonal acknowledgments, you muſt not refuſe to be my almoner; for that purpoſe I encloſe a draft on my banker for one hundred pounds; with it I requeſt you to diſcharge my pecuniary obligations to thoſe good ſouls.

" If I am as you profeſs, ſtill dear to your remembrance, you will not refuſe me the gratification of ſaying where I ſhall ſend you a bill of the ſame amount every ſix months. I do not, by naming this trifling ſum, act according to my wiſhes for your comfort, but with a view not to ſhock your high ſenſe of obligation, and give you an opportunity of mortifying me by a refuſal, truſting that you are not ſo deep read in the romance of the preſent times, to abſurdly reject, on falſe principles, what may

ward diſtreſs from you, and cannot be miſſed by

" Your ever affectionate

" DREADNOUGHT."

On the receipt of this letter, Ellinor's heart bounded with joy, convinced by it that her beloved friend exculpated her from blame; ſhe felt that to reject her kind preſent, would, in her ſituation, be folly in the extreme, and that her refuſal would be deemed ſo by the Dutcheſs; ſhe therefore determined gratefully to accept it. Thus enabled to look around her, and take time to provide for herſelf, ſhe meant not in future, unleſs urged by neceſſity, to draw again on her generoſity. She wrote to thank the Dutcheſs for her munificent bounty, and to acquaint her, that ſince her laſt letter ſhe had found a manuſcript of her guardian's, containing the whole hiſtory of her parents; but what was moſt eſſential for her to *know*, their names and place of abode, had been omitted. It had once more raiſed

the

the fabric of hope in her boſom, and, if ever there was a proſpect of its being realized, her Grace ſhould be informed of it.

She now employed herſelf in appropriating the donation of the Dutcheſs to the purpoſes for which it was intended—the diſcharging thoſe debts that illneſs had obliged her to contract, and in grateful preſents to Mrs. Foſter for her kind attention. But as Ellinor never loſt ſight of her conſtant end and aim, to live dependent ſolely on her own talents; and as ſhe perceived a repugnance in the worthy Needham to part with her, ſhe took an opportunity to expreſs her wiſhes to the philanthropic Richardſon, when he made one of his friendly calls; requeſting that he would inquire among his numerous patients, if any of them wanted either a companion or a governeſs; that he would confer an added obligation to thoſe ſhe had already received, if he would recommend *her* as a young woman who ſhunned ſociety, and would dedicate her whole time and acquirements to the pleaſure and improvement of her employers;

only ſtipulating for kind treatment, leaving her reward to be guided by what they thought her conduct merited.

He heard the requeſt with pity, and grieved that ſhe was compelled to make it; promiſed to have it in view, and that he would exert all his intereſt for her ſervice.

On the day following this converſation, Mr. Richardſon called in a great hurry, to aſk if Mrs. Needham's apartments were vacant, and whether ſhe could accommodate a family that he expected from Briſtol the next evening, having received a letter from his friend, a phyſician at the Wells, recommending them to his medical, and friendly care.

Thanking him for his attention to her intereſt, ſhe promiſed they ſhould be ready againſt their arrival; but on talking over the accommodations that would be wanted, a demur aroſe about a bed-chamber on the ſecond

ſecond floor. Ellinor inſiſted on giving up that ſhe occupied, ſaying it was very uncertain how ſhort a time ſhe might have occaſion for it, therefore ſhe would not prevent her friend from letting her lodgings upon the preſent advantageous terms, at a period of the year, when the heat and duſt of London were driving all the great and little world of faſhionable idlers, to green fields and a clearer atmoſphere.

Mrs. Needham, with all her powers of rhetoric, could not prevail upon Ellinor to retain her room, who inſiſted on being permitted to remove to one of the attics, or ſhe would quit the houſe directly. This threat effectually ſilenced her kind hoſteſs, who dreaded nothing ſo much as parting with her favourite.

At the appointed time her new lodgers arrived in a poſt coach, out of which was helped a lady who appeared to be very ill, and was ſupported into the houſe by a gen-

tleman about fifty years of age, and an elegant young woman, whoſe face Ellinor thought ſhe had before ſeen, as ſhe beheld them from the parlour window. The invalid appearing much fatigued and faint, Mrs. Needham recommended her ſitting down to reſt herſelf, before ſhe was taken up ſtairs. Our heroine now advanced to offer her aſſiſtance; when the younger lady turning to thank her, their eyes met, and in an inſtant they were in each other's arms, exclaiming, "My dear Ellinor, is it once more given me to embrace you?" "My dear Clara, how happy I am to ſee again the friend of my youth, my kind preceptreſs, to whoſe diſcriminating judgment I owe all the knowledge of a world that, without it, I ſhould never have been able to combat!"

Lady O'Neil, who was in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, being put to bed, Mr. Richardſon having ordered her a compoſing draught, the young friends ſat down to renew in converſation the innocent pleaſures and avocations of their

their early youth. Miſs O'Neil inſiſted on Ellinor's partaking that bed which ſhe found by their civil landlady had been given up for her accommodation. Ellinor cheerfully accepted her offer, and felt in the ſociety of her *firſt* friend, a pleaſure to which her care-worn boſom had long been a ſtranger. At her requeſt ſhe recounted, without reſervation, all the joys and ſorrows ſhe had experienced ſince they parted in the convent, to the preſent moment; and concluded by ſaying that her preſent intentions were to procure herſelf a maintenance by an exertion of her talents.

This confidence was repaid by Miſs O'Neil's acquainting her with all that had occurred to herſelf ſince their ſeparation; but in the calm repoſe in which ſhe had happily paſſed her hours, "with friends, with eaſe, with plenty and health bleſſed," aided by the protection of fond parents, thoſe eventful changes that had marked the life of the leſs fortunate Ellinor, Clara had totally eſcaped. There was

nothing in her tale but what occurs to the favoured few that ſlide through life without a *rub*; we will therefore paſs on to thoſe ſcenes in which our heroine was fated to take an active part.

Soon after Miſs O'Neil wrote the laſt letter to her friend, ſhe embarked with her parents for Briſtol. Of that letter truth compels us to acknowledge, Ellinor, from the trying ſituations in which ſhe had been engaged ſince the receipt of it, had not again thought, till a week ſince, when opening her writing box ſent by the Dutcheſs, both that and Howard's met her eyes, and made her feel a ſenſation of ingratitude to their writers, for having neglected to anſwer them. Yet ſhe reſolved to defer doing ſo a little longer, that ſhe might be enabled to inform them in what manner wayward fate meant to diſpoſe of her.

Lady O'Neil, who had for ſome weeks tried the Briſtol Waters without receiving any benefit

benefit, began to feel that reſtleſs wiſh for change of place, that with conſumptive patients ever precedes their diſſolution. She entreated Sir Dennis that ſhe might be directly removed to London for Dr. W—n's advice, of whoſe profeſſional ſkill fame ſpoke ſo loudly, that ſhe felt confident he could *cure* her. The phyſician, who had attended her at the Wells, being conſulted by Sir Dennis, whether ſhe could with ſafety undertake the journey, ingenuouſly confeſſed that her caſe was deſperate, that neither himſelf nor the whole conclave of Warwick-Lane aſſembled, could ſave her life, which was now ebbing faſt away; that thoſe who laboured under pulmonary complaints like her ladyſhip's, would, when they ſet their hearts upon being gratified in any fancy that occupied their minds, make wonderful exertions, and endure fatigue, even in the laſt ſtage of the diſeaſe, that had often aſtoniſhed the faculty.

He therefore recommended the complying with Lady O'Neil's requeſt, to take

the journey, travelling not more than twenty miles a day, or even leſs if ſhe could not bear that exertion: he alſo offered to write to a medical friend in town to procure accommodation for them, that ſhould be ready on their arrival. This civility was thankfully accepted, and by a chain of fortunate events, Ellinor found herſelf once more in the arms of an affectionate friend, who vowed that ſhe would not again *part* with her.

The next day Dr. W—n was ſent for. Mr. Richardſon met him; the apothecary was in waiting, the nurſe attended with pen, ink, and paper, and Miſs O'Neil held the *fee* ready to drop into the ever-open palm of this health-reſtoring Eſculapius; but what, alas! could profound knowledge or great experience preſcribe, to retain that mortal whoſe days were numbered on earth, and who, by the fiat of the Moſt High, was about to be recalled to the manſions of eternity!

been unpacked, nor the harp, my *whole* fortune, taken out of its packing-caſe."

Ellinor was rejoiced at the thoughts of quitting a kingdom, in which her ſorrows had ſo overbalanced her joys, and that too with her earlieſt friend, in whoſe ſociety ſhe promiſed herſelf the happineſs of being able to unburthen her heart; Clara's advice and kindneſs would enable her to ſtruggle againſt her griefs, and teach her how to conquer her weakneſs. Before ſhe left England, ſhe wrote to Mr. Howard, acquainting him that ſhe was going to Ireland with a daughter of Sir Dennis O'Neil's; whom he had often heard her mention with affection, as her choſen companion in the convent. She ſpoke not of the various afflictions ſhe had endured ſince his departure for Italy, nor of the cauſes from which they aroſe; for we have before obſerved that ſhe dreaded nothing ſo much as his calling Campley to an account for the baſeneſs of his conduct.

Our

Our heroine was not of that order of modern fine ladies, who would have thought it a charming event in the annals of fame, to have had it recorded that a duel had been fought, to juſtify their honour, by two dear friends, and one of them *killed*; for after ſuch an ordeal trial, their characters muſt appear immaculate, no one having hardihood enough to diſpute that they were not as chaſte as Diana. To prevent gaining *eclat* by ſuch ſanguinary means, ſhe never complained of her wrongs to the man, who ſhe felt convinced would have eagerly flown to redreſs them. From equally prudent motives, Ellinor made Mrs. Needham promiſe that through her affectionate zeal to ſerve her, ſhe would not repeat to Mr. Howard any part of the ſtory that ſhe had confidentially communicated.

She wrote alſo to the Dutcheſs to take leave, and mentioned her fortunate meeting with Miſs O'Neil—the invitation Sir Dennis had given her to accompany his daughter to the Hibernian ſhores: ſhe concluded

cluded by ſaying that ſhe muſt entreat the place of her retirement might be concealed from *all* except her Grace, who was well acquainted how eſſential it was to her happineſs, that her reſidence ſhould remain unknown; or the malice of her perſecutors, not wearied by the *chaſe*, would ſtill purſue her even into the arms of friendſhip. She ſaid that ſhe ſhould often do herſelf the honour of writing, and dared hope that the Dutcheſs, with her accuſtomed condeſcenſion, would ſometimes favour her with an anſwer; deſiring that ſhe would preſent her reſpects to Sir James Lavington, to whom the dread of the world's cenſure had rendered it impoſſible for her to addreſs the ebullitions of a grateful heart.

CHAP. V.

ON the day appointed by Sir Dennis, at an early hour his travelling-coach was at the door, where, after having taken an affectionate leave of the good Mrs. Needham, and the friendly Mrs. Foſter, who were both almoſt drowned in tears, and called down a profuſion of bleſſings on her head, Ellinor took a place by her friend Clara, while the other ſide of the carriage was occupied by Sir Dennis, and Miſs O'Neil's maid. They poſted with four good horſes on the turnpike roads through England, without fear or hindrance. The weather was fine, and the good air ſhe inhaled, the attentions of Clara, and the civility

civility of Sir Dennis, ſo exhilerated her ſpirits, that ſhe made an exertion to amuſe her kind entertainers, and found a recompence in perceiving her efforts were ſucceſsful.

Her pertinent remarks on the places through which they paſſed, and of their inhabitants on a curſory view, amuſed and drew off the minds of her fellow-travellers from conſtantly reverting to their late misfortunes. By the time Ellinor reached Shrewſbury, ſhe appeared to have ſhaken off the debility of body, and langour of mind, that ſickneſs and ſorrow had occaſioned her to labour under ever ſince ſhe had quitted the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought. Each receding mile brought health and comfort; ſhe thought all her cares were left behind.

We think at this period we hear all our love-lorn readers, from fifteen to fifty, exclaim, "What is become of Ellinor's paſſion for the Marquis, of whom ſhe talks not, does

does not even appear to think about? Had ſhe been really in *love*, ſhe could not have ſo eaſily conquered her feelings, would not have been able to gain her own conſent to quit the land he inhabited; ſhe could not have voluntarily deprived herſelf of the hope of ever ſeeing him again:—and if this Ellinor was not *bona fide* moſt deſperately in love with the handſome Marquis, why blot ſo many ſheets of paper to perſuade your readers that ſhe was far gone in *la belle paſſion?*"

To theſe interrogations thus we anſwer:

To the ſenſitive wife, gay widow, ſighing young, and deſpairing old maids—to our female *carpers* of every denomination; that as far as we *know* of the paſſion, whoſe riſe and progreſs in the boſom of our fair heroine we have attempted to delineate, ſhe was a true votary of the blind deity; felt the *genuine* attributes of love in all their force; but as there are ſpecies and degrees

of

of that diſeaſe which are appretiated by every one, though alone underſtood by the *few elect*, we feel it therefore incumbent on us to explain thoſe ſenſations, which actuated the heart of Ellinor.

Her's was a pure and lambent flame, whoſe baſis was gratitude, honour, and diſintereſted affection. When ſhe diſcovered that the object of her choice was unworthy her tenderneſs; when ſhe ſaw the betrayer of innocence in the inſidious lover, who was ever ready to take advantage of her partiality for *him*, to *ruin* her peace of mind; who, to gratify his over-weening pride and ambition, could coolly plan the debaſement and deſtruction of her whom he profeſſed to adore; then it was, that, ſhocked at the deformity of a character which to be "hated needs but to be ſeen," ſhe inſtantly determined to avoid an object who had proved himſelf unworthy the preference of a woman of honour and ſentiment; reſolving not to

ſpeak of him, write about him, or if poſſible *think* of him.

Hard was the ſtruggle ſhe had to maintain with her rebel heart, that would have fain quitted its liege lady, and gone over to the enemy; the conflict between prudence and inclination was long and obſtinately maintained, but ultimately the former gained ground, though ſlow, yet ſure; ſhe perſeveringly kept her advantage, and with a few more efforts, obliged the latter to march off and leave her in full poſſeſſion of the citadel.

Now having, we hope, exculpated ourſelves from the ſtrictures of our fair readers, we have but to recommend to their conſideration the trying Ellinor's *obſolete* recipe to cure love, if it ſhould ever be their fate to be placed in a ſimilar ſituation of truſting more to their eyes, than their judgment in the choice of a lover. While we, like juſt hiſtorians, are not only accounting for the actions of our heroine, but for the thoughts that gave

birth

birth to them, ſhe is purſuing her road through North-Wales, where the ſublime and beautiful of nature charms in the pictureſque valleys, and frowns majeſtically grand from cloud-capped Snowden.

Ellinor, at the age of vivid enthuſiaſm, ſoared in thought into the "Heaven of Heavens, and looked from Nature up to Nature's God." As the landſcape rapidly changed, now travelling through cultivated dells, then aſcending mighty mountains, with the ſea a thouſand feet below, daſhing the white foam of its proud waves over the black and craggy rocks, that ſtruck her imagination as coeval with eternity; the *white ſails*, fluttering to the gale, caught the glittering ſun-beam, as they preſſed the boſom of old Ocean; the view quickly varied, and they purſued a road cut through the rock with incredible labour by the *poor*, to enable the *rich*, with luxuriant eaſe, to ſkirt the baſe of a hill that was too tremendous, to have been

climbed by any thing but the *Welch chamois*, whoſe milk-white beards floated to the wind as they hung ſuſpended on the pointed cliff. At the bottom roſe a grove of Druidical oaks, intermixed with larch and pine, that appeared to have grown from the rifted mountain, forming a ſhelter from the noon-day ſun; the left ſide preſented a valley rich in corn fields, and luxuriant paſturage, covered with lowing herds, and thoſe beautiful ſmall ſheep, whoſe meat is ſo much coveted by the *epicurean*; the whole interſperſed with the neat white-waſhed cottages of the ſhepherds.

At the termination of this *real*, though in deſcription, romantic landſcape, riſes a rock that appears to have been rent aſunder by ſome violent convulſion of nature; the ſtones thrown acroſs the top, like thoſe of Stonehenge, make the inhabitants call it a bridge. Its immenſe height from the valley over which, Coloſſus-like, it ſeems to ſtride in proud pre-eminence, from which it appears, as if

ſuſpended

ſuſpended in mid air, while through apertures in its flinty ſides, are ſeen ſpringing forth in full vegetation the mountain aſh, the oak, the alder, and the broom, the hardy natives of Cambro Britain; while the claſping ivy fondly clings to the rocky ſedgements, adding beauty to this ponderous and ſublime ruin; through the interſtices of its fret-work ſummit, pours a lucid caſcade that murmurs reſponſive to the note of the wood-pigeon, as it ruſhes over the rugged fragments, that in ages paſt had been rent from the centre; falling in a baſon at the bottom, it meanders through and fertilizes the valley.

As Ellinor contemplated with awful rapture the ſurrounding ſcenery, and the receding ſun gave place to ſolemn twilight, her active fancy portrayed the bard of Gray; his ſilver hair bound with a fillet of oak leaves, while the evening breeze wantoned in his ſnow-white veſtments, as, in the ſtrains of that charming poet, he appeared to addreſs

the enemy of his country, the deſtroyer of his race, exclaiming,

" Ruin ſeize thee, ruthleſs king,
" Deſtruction on thy banners wait."

Warm with the idea, Ellinor repeated the whole of this ſublime ode in an harmonious voice; her tones were clear and impreſſive, and the emphaſis ſo juſt, it ſhewed that the *ſoul* of the fair reciter had caught an emanation of the author's fire, which charmed her auditors, and enabled them to give " to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

Ellinor thus gratified by a review of the exuberant beauties of unadorned nature, and amuſing her fellow-travellers by her pertinent remarks, and the charming ſuavity of her manners, they were lulled into a momentary forgetfulneſs of their recent misfortune; and journeyed on pleaſantly till they arrived at Holyhead, from whence, a packet being ready, they immediately ſailed for Dublin.

Our promiſed adherence to truth, obliges us to confeſs, (though we are ſenſible it is without a *precedent*, to allow the heroine of a novel to experience any of the diſeaſes, feel any of the inconveniences of mere mortal women), that Ellinor and her fair friend being packed up in a box, denominated a bed, and the white curtains drawn round them, ſuffered all the miſeries of ſea ſickneſs, and felt that dying langour, that careleſſneſs of exiſtence, that is the peculiar attendant of this horrid ſenſation.

They could hardly be ſaid to exiſt when the packet entered the bay, that an Iriſhman boldly avows is equal to that of Naples. Ellinor was helped upon deck, to behold this boaſt of the Mileſians; ſhe either had loſt her faculties for admiration, or her powers of expreſſing them; as her eyes wandered over the ſurrounding objects, her ſickly fancy ſaw more to diſguſt than pleaſe her in the horrid oaths, filthy appearance, and diſcordant language of the Iriſh boatmen. Certain it is,

ſhe was ſilent till they were landed at the quay. Moſt aſſuredly the entrance of a ſtranger into Dublin is not calculated to do away any of the prejudices he may have imbibed in his own country. The dirt and filth of what they denominate a hotel, the clamorous demands for charity by the numerous beggars, the ſqualid appearance of the lower order of the people, their ragged and ſickly hue, ariſing from the extreme miſery of that part of the community, their *ſtrong* affection for whiſky, to which they fly to drown their preſent cares and future proſpects, are ſhocking in the extreme. They are equally poor and oppreſſed as the peaſants in France were under the monarchical government; without their ſober perſevering induſtry to oppoſe their ſurrounding calamities, or render them more ſupportable.

An Engliſh woman, uſed to that *unique* attention to cleanlineſs, both on the outſide as well as within their habitations, that pervades every reſidence from the court to the cottage

cottage in her own country, naturally feels diſguſt at a firſt view of that ſlatternly inattention to neatneſs and order, that contributes ſo eſſentially to domeſtic comfort.

Ellinor ſighed as ſhe haſtily made thoſe remarks on a kingdom which ſhe was going to inhabit; but ſhe ſaid nothing to her companions, having been informed how very partial an Iriſhman is to his native ſoil; therefore as ſhe could not commend, ſhe was determined to be ſilent. She followed her friend into the carriage, that ſet them down at the houſe of Sir Dennis, in Merrion-Square, which he informed his daughter ſhe muſt be ready to quit the next morning, as he ſhould leave it for Drumlanrig-Caſtle, to meet the remains of her dear mother, and ſee them depoſited in the mauſoleum of his progenitors, nor ſhould he return to Dublin till after Chriſtmas.

Having landed Ellinor on the ſhores of Hibernia, while ſhe is enjoying that reſtora-

tive of nature, balmy ſleep, we will introduce to our readers the family of the O'Neils, with whom the ſtrange events of her life had now occaſioned her to become an inmate.

Sir Dennis O'Neil was the laſt branch of one of the old Mileſian families, who trace their lineage from the ancient kings of Ireland: with their high blood he inherited that unbending pride, its conſtant attendant; to this was added no ſmall portion of the ſavage ferocity of his great anceſtor, which, like moſt other petty tyrants, he exerciſed with unbounded inſolence over his crouching dependants.

The deceaſed Lady O'Neil was an Engliſh woman of a mild temper, elegant manners, and a large fortune; the latter, by the death of her parents, was at the *improvident* age of twenty-one, totally at her own diſpoſal; when meeting Sir Dennis at a Bath Ball, who had made a trip to that city on his coming into poſſeſſion of the old caſtle and his family honours

nours, his handſome perſon and undaunted aſſurance carried off the young heireſs from his more diffident rivals. Her thouſands renovated the ſinking honours of the houſe of O'Neil; and enabled it to regain ſtrength and ſtamina, to prop the decaying buttreſſes of Drumlanrig-Caſtle, which were faſt mouldering to mingle with the duſt of its kingly owners.

Sir Dennis had been the father of many children; all of them ſlept quietly beſide their great progenitors, except Clara, and one ſon now in Switzerland. Ten thouſand pounds had been ſettled on younger children, which by their demiſe had devolved to Miſs O'Neil. This young lady's natural good ſenſe had been improved by a liberal education, ſtrengthened by reading the beſt authors both ancient and modern. Her manners had been ſoftened by the leſſons of her mother, and poliſhed by mixing with the firſt ſocieties in Dublin, during the winter months, when they conſtantly reſided in that city. Sir

Dennis never brought his family to England, where his ideal conſequence would have been loſt, and the cringing adulation he uſed to extort from his vaſſals and dependants, he could not expect to receive in another country.

Miſs O'Neil was a dutiful daughter, an affectionate ſiſter, a kind miſtreſs, and a firm friend. She was generous, charitable, and humane; with the milder virtues of her mother, was blended the powerful and ſtrong mind of her father, attempered by judgment, and ſubdued by reaſon. Such was the character of the woman that had been the pride and ſolace of her deceaſed parent, who had rendered her life deſirable, for whom alone ſhe regretted to quit a world that, ſave this *one* dear object, ſhe had long been ſatiated with.

Hector O'Neil reſembled in perſon what his father was at his age; his diſpoſition formed a perfect contraſt to that of his ſiſter; he was ignorant, impetuous, and obſtinate, adulated by his father, who, while he played

the *tyrant* to all the reſt of his family, was a *ſlave* to the wayward caprices of his ſon; for through him were not the honours and immunities of his kingly race to be handed down to a long line of deſcendants? This promiſing ſprig of true *ſhilaly* had taken it into his wiſe head, that he would viſit the Cantons of Switzerland, in ſpite of the ill health and tender entreaties of a dying parent, who aſſured him if he went ſhe ſhould never ſee him more. Hector had ſaid he would go, and was too obſtinate to recede from his determination, to gratify what he called the ſickly fancies of his mother.

Sir Dennis had long ceaſed to care for any thing but his wife's fortune; for her merits he was not capable of appretiating; he had by his boiſterous manners, ill temper, and tyrannical diſpoſition, occaſioned her to die of that diſeaſe—a broken heart; which, though not *named* in the bills of mortality, cauſes ſome thouſands of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects to ſink every year quietly into their graves. When the phyſicians ordered Lady O'Neil

to Briſtol, Sir Dennis declared his intention to accompany her, artfully thinking it would preſerve appearances with the world; that by an over-acted attention to her ladyſhip in the laſt ſtage of her exiſtence, it would overlook his former cruel behaviour. From the ſame political views, he had acceded to Clara's requeſt of taking Ellinor as her companion, thinking in the ſociety of her friend, ſhe would the ſooner forget the loſs of her mother, (to whom ſhe was tenderly attached) and his treatment that had occaſioned it.

Sir Dennis had written to his ſon as ſoon as his mother was given over, entreating him to return to Ireland; therefore he flattered himſelf with ſhortly ſeeing his cheriſhed favourite. On this account he hurried them from Dublin, after they had been refreſhed with only one night's ſleep. In their journey to Drumlanrig-Caſtle Ellinor was much amuſed, as they travelled north, with the proſpect of the country, in different points of view; it was ſometimes interſperſed with gentlemen's

gentlemen's ſeats, but the greater part was barren and uncultivated, conſiſting of ſterile heaths or watery bogs, where, ſcattered in wretched confuſion, might be ſeen the mud-reared cabin of the ſuffering peaſantry, from whence begrimed with dirt, and ſcarcely rags to cover them from the ſcorching ſun, or pelting ſtorm, they crawl forth at the ſound of a carriage, followed by a troop of half-famiſhed naked children, who, ſhould they ſtruggle through their miſerable penury, and attain manhood, have no proſpect but to drag on a wretched exiſtence, like their ill-fated parents—the miſerable vaſſals of an unfeeling taſk-maſter.

The tears of ſenſibility trembled in the fine eyes of Ellinor, as ſhe viewed Poverty aſſuming a form more *hideous* than ſhe had ever ſeen her wear before; the *body* enthralled, the *mind* not free; while ſhe emptied her purſe to relieve their eager ſolicitations, ſhe ſighed at the reflection the aid ſhe afforded could be but temporary. Impelled by the

feelings of the moment, ſhe exclaimed, "Oh happy, thrice happy England, delightful Hampſhire, where, after the toil of the day, the huſbandman returns to his neat ſtraw-thatched cottage; and as he ſeats himſelf in the arbour at his door, planted by his hand, reared by his care, where the flaunting eglantine and ſpreading vine, form a junction to ſhelter his dear little ones from the mid-day ſun, who, clad in cleanly ruſſet, with ruddy cheeks run to meet their ſire, and

'Climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare,'

while their mother prepares the homely repaſt, which after having partaken with his family, he retires to his decent pallet, rendered comfortable by cleanlineſs, ſoftened by the down of content:—refreſhed by calm ſleep, the next morning he returns with cheerful alacrity to the labour that is to ſupport the partner of his heart, the children of his affection. In his abſence the wife exerts her induſtry to increaſe their gratifications, as ſhe ſings at her wheel, while with her foot

ſhe

ſhe rocks the cradle, and watches the cloſing eyes of her ſmiling infant.

"How ſhocking to humanity," ſaid Ellinor, "to be obliged to draw a compariſon ſo widely different between the ſame order of the community, in two countries governed by the ſame king!"

Sir Dennis, who had heard, with anger and ſurpriſe, reflections ſo little to the credit of his native ſoil, which every Iriſhman thinks the beſt of all poſſible ſituations in the habitable globe, could not bear to be told they managed thoſe things *better* in Britain, now interrupted her obſervations:—

"Miſs, you are quite poetical in your deſcription of Engliſh bog-trotters; but you may depend on it the Iriſh are quite as well off, and as happy as them. As to dreſſing, and neatneſs, and arbours, they don't mind that; they attend to the main chance. I'll bet you what you pleaſe, you will find more money wrapped up in a rag in their cabins,

than would purchaſe half a dozen of thoſe honeyſuckle cottages, you have given ſo romantic an account of; but I ſuppoſe you want to ſhew us that you are *good* at flowery deſcriptions."

Ellinor, colouring at the implied affront, aſſured Sir Dennis that her drawings were ſketches from life, having actually been the pleaſed witneſs of many ſuch ſcenes as ſhe had deſcribed, when to ſoothe their ſorrows, or to aid their induſtry, ſhe had viſited the reſidence of the labouring poor; whoſe lot in England was very far from being void of the comforts of life. "As to the riches of the people of this country that I am going to inhabit, I beg their pardon if I have been miſtaken—they appeared to me ſo totally in want of every thing that *money* could procure, that I naturally fell into the error that I fear moſt travellers in a ſimilar ſituation would have done, who might be led to form their judgment of *cauſes*, from their *effects*."

"Arrah Miſs, I perceive you are *ſneering*; but I inſiſt that the ſpalpeens of this country

are

are as rich, as comfortable, and as happy as they *ought* to be."

Clara, well aware of the national prejudices of her father, that he never allowed there was more equalization in the gifts of nature than in the adventitious favours of fortune, who thought the lord was made to *command*, the vaſſals to *obey*, knowing he was capable of ſaying very rude things to thoſe who dared to oppoſe his decrees, ſhe turned the converſation; and the firſt opportunity when ſhe was alone with Ellinor, gave her a ſketch of the character of Sir Dennis, entreating that for her ſake ſhe would not attempt combating his opinions. Ellinor promiſed in future to have a greater command over her ſenſations, at leaſt not to expreſs them before him.

CHAP. VI.

ON their arrival at Drumlanrig-Caſtle, they found the remains of Lady O'Neil juſt landed. Ellinor's affectionate attention helped to ſupport Clara through that *laſt* ſad ſcene, that divides us for ever in this world from thoſe we love. Some few weeks being given by Sir Dennis to the appearance of a ſorrow he did not *feel*, he informed his daughter that ſhe ought to think of returning thoſe viſits that had been made her by the neighbouring gentry; and as ſhe muſt now take the head of his table, he expected ſhe would prepare to receive his friends with cheerfulneſs. Clara, convinced that remonſtrances would be vain,

vain, in oppoſition to his high beheſt, ſaid ſhe was ready to obey his commands.

The caſtle gates being once more thrown open, there poured in a motley group of company. Clara introduced Ellinor as a Miſs Mortimer, an Engliſh young lady of family, and her very dear friend. This inſured her a proper reception from the ladies, as her graceful beauty did the adoration of the men; by whom *la belle Angloiſe* was toaſted in half-pint bumpers of claret, till their admiration was drowned in inebriety.

Ellinor frequently ſtole away from thoſe parties, to commune with her own thoughts, to caſt a longing look back on England, and on thoſe few in that favoured ſpot for whoſe ſociety her ſoul panted. When ſhe reflected on its elegant amuſements, its learned men, and poliſhed women, the pleaſures that ariſe from the company of kindred minds, which, except Miſs O'Neil's, ſhe had not met one with whom ſhe could aſſimilate, ſince ſhe left it,

it, ſhe ſighed with poignant regret for the days that were paſt; ſhe could not find any thing to contribute to her gratification, nothing congenial to *her* ideas of happineſs. The rude manners and boiſterous mirth of the men diſguſted her, while ſhe ſhrunk appalled from the bold ſtare, romping violence, and maſculine ſpirits of the young women, who could run all the morning after a hunting horn, and all the evening after a fiddle, while their mothers' and aunts' ſycophantic, fawning adulation, artful queſtions, and groſs flattery, were equally diſagreeable to her.

Sir Dennis, with whom ſhe was far from from being a favourite, denominated her a pretty *prude*, that was ſqueamiſh over much; when he was ſober, he overwhelmed her with fulſome compliments; when inebriated (which on an average was about twelve hours in the four and twenty) he terrified her by his familiar attacks, vulgar converſation, and brutiſh ferocity. From this ſhe uſed to eſcape to her own chamber, and ſooth the perturbation of

her

her ſpirits by the aid of muſic; as ſhe warbled to her harp the ſong of *other times*, ſhe felt a temporary calm ſteal over her agitated heart.

Her friend Clara ſaw with ſorrow that ſhe was far from happy; that though ſhe made every effort, her mind would not aſſimilate with thoſe whoſe pleaſures and purſuits differed ſo widely from her own; ſhe beheld her imperceptibly ſinking into melancholy; her fine features were impreſſed with a ſickly languor; ſhe nurſed deſpondence by avoiding all company.

This determined her to ſpeak ſeriouſly to Ellinor on the ſubject; ſhe urged her to rouſe herſelf from torpid inaction, to mix with ſociety, to ſhake off if poſſible that *ennui* that ſhe beheld with regret ſhe encouraged. Clara apologized for the rough manners of Sir Dennis, which ſhe acknowledged, with a ſigh, were harſh and diſagreeable; ſhe added, "My dear Ellinor, you will find more minds in *uniſon* with your's when we reviſit Dublin, and join in the faſhionable circles, that breathe the air of a court in that gay

gay city, whoſe manners are poliſhed and refined by opportunities of intercourſe with the great world, that the inhabitants of theſe northern provinces, who vegetate on their eſtates, and *ſeldom*, if ever, viſit the capital, have it not in their power to acquire. Though they are generous and hoſpitable, of graceful urbanity they know nothing; therefore you muſt not judge of *les maniéres* of my country from what you have yet ſeen; you muſt paſs a winter with us in the elegances of the metropolis, before you decide peremptorily on our *national character*."

"My dear Clara, I allow the *full* weight to all you have ſaid, but the ſorrow and melancholy of which you complain are the ſad tenants of my boſom. I vainly flattered myſelf that in flying from England, I ſhould leave the cauſes of my regret behind; alas! I was deceived. It is not Ireland or its inhabitants who have occaſioned the alteration in my health and ſpirits, that thus alarms your affectionate heart; the cauſe is much deeper. When I reflect that I have a good, a tender

a tender, and much-wronged *mother*, moſt probably at this inſtant in London, earneſtly ſeeking her long-deſerted child, eager to take her to her arms, and reſtore her to that protection and love, that her delicate ſituation, from the circumſtances of my birth, have precluded her from ſhewing; this gratification, that from the firſt dawn of infant reaſon, my ſoul has ſo ardently deſired, *ſmall* as are my hopes of being ever recognized by this dear parent, ſtill impel me to return to England; for it is there *alone* ſhe will ſeek her Ellinor, and there only I can expect to be folded to her maternal boſom."

"If theſe are the cauſes of your ſorrow they are too rational for me to attempt combating them with argument, or to urge you to continue with me, though your ſociety has been my only ſolace ſince the death of my lamented mother; but I will not attempt to detain you from ſuch a ſelfiſh conſideration as my own pleaſure; therefore I only entreat your company till the arrival of my brother, who you know is hourly expected, to be preſen

ſent at the celebration of his coming of age: afterwards we ſhall go to Dublin for the winter. If then you ſtill retain your deſire to reviſit England, I ſhall moſt probably there meet ſome acquaintance going to that kingdom, who will undertake to ſee you ſafe to London."

To this plan Ellinor acquieſced. She felt much relieved that Clara had led to an explanation of her intention to leave her; for had the propoſal come from herſelf, ſhe feared ſhe ſhould have been thought ſwayed by caprice, or capable of ingratitude to a friend to whom ſhe was ſincerely attached. All was now buſy preparation for a *fête* that was to be given to the neighbouring gentry, on the return of the hopeful heir of Drumlanrig Caſtle. At laſt Sir Dennis was made happy by the arrival of his ſon, and Ellinor was introduced to him as the dear friend of his ſiſter. This young man's perſon was athletic, and his face what would be voted handſome by a Bath

Bath coterie of buxom dowagers, repudiated wives, and ſighing ſpinſters.

He had a florid complexion, a Roman noſe, a pair of bold-looking black eyes, of which he made ſuch good uſe in ſtaring at Ellinor, that ſhe coloured with anger at his impertinence. He conſtrued this as being ſtruck with his perſon; laughing loud and long, to ſhow his large white teeth, exclaimed, "Don't be frightened, my pretty Mortimer, becauſe I look at you, for I feel inclined to be vaſtly fond of my ſiſter's friend. Clara, I ſhall moſt certainly run away with your companion; upon my ſoul ſhe is quite the thing, and would do credit to a man's taſte; where the devil did you pick her up?"

"For ſhame, for ſhame Hector, you make me bluſh for your brutal ungentleman-like behaviour to Miſs Mortimer; I inſiſt that you immediately aſk her pardon for your inſolence."

"For what? telling her that ſhe is d—d handſome, and that I am curſedly in love with

with her? that never *affronted* a woman ſince the days of your grandmother Eve, my ſolemn ſpinſter. As to kneeling to this *bona roba*, why to that I have no objection, with a proviſo that ſhe will give me her fair hand to kiſs, as a token of amity."

He now flung himſelf at the feet of Ellinor, and ſeizing both her hands, almoſt devoured them with kiſſes.

Sir Dennis, delighted with his ſon's improvement in affrontery, enjoyed the ſcene; clapping him on the back, cried, "Bravo;" ſwore that he was a fellow of more fire and frolic, than was to be met with between Belfaſt and Dublin; gave himſelf credit that his money had not been thrown away for nothing on his travels. While the father was vociferating his approbation of the bold Hector's conduct, and encouraging his temerity, Ellinor, her face covered with tears of mortification, was vainly attempting to force her hands from her perſecutor, who graſped them with

with ſuch brutal violence, that ſhe literally fainted with exceſs of pain.

On ſeeing her eyes cloſe, and her head drop, he left her, ſwearing by St. Patrick he never ſaw ſuch mock modeſty; that he would bet one hundred guineas to five it was all ſham, and ſhe was no better than ſhe ſhould be; again vociferouſly demanding of his ſiſter who ſhe was, and from whence ſhe came? Clara, whoſe ſorrow for her friend, and ſhame at the behaviour of her relations were equal, did not condeſcend to anſwer him; ringing for her maid, by whoſe aſſiſtance Ellinor was recovered, and conveyed to her own apartment, where, with tears of deep regret, Miſs O'Neil apologiſed for the inhoſpitable treatment ſhe had received, and the unjuſtifiable behaviour of her booriſh brother.

Ellinor was too juſt not to diſcriminate between the innocent and the guilty; therefore embracing Clara, told her ſhe would ever wear her in her heart's core, but that ſhe

muſt not attempt to hinder her from directly quitting Ireland, as ſhe could not think of reſiding in the ſame houſe with Mr. O'Neil, whoſe diſſolute converſation and rude manners were encouraged by Sir Dennis, under the appellation of wit and ſpirit. "I muſt therefore, my dear Clara, leave you; nor can you wiſh me to ſtay in a place where, being the choſen friend of his ſiſter, and his father's gueſt, will not protect me from his inſults. Here then, *again*, I am not ſafe;—what a direful fate purſues me; the bitter cup of affliction overflows, and I am doomed to *drain* it even to the dregs!"

Clara tried to ſooth and comfort her, entreating ſhe would not think of leaving Drumlanrig till after the *fête* that would now take place in a few days; for ſo haſty a departure would give the tattling goſſips an opportunity to wonder and comment; promiſing ſhe would not attempt to detain her at the expiration of that time, when ſhe would take occaſion publicly to announce Ellinor's intention

tion of returning to England, In the interim ſhe would endeavour to inquire for ſome perſon with whom ſhe might ſafely travel. Ellinor agreed in the propriety of her being publicly ſeen before ſhe quitted the country, that ſhe might avoid the breath of ſcandal; for ſhe flattered herſelf that ſhe ſhould at leaſt leave Ireland, where her conduct had been ſo correct, without any ſtigma attaching to her character. She therefore agreed to comply with her friend's requeſt.

A packet of letters was now brought her, that ſhe ſaw by the ſeal came from the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought. She was very impatient to peruſe their contents, but before ſhe could ſatisfy her curioſity, the dinner-bell rung, and ſhe was obliged to hurry them into her pocket, and attend the ſummons. In the parlour ſhe found Mr. O'Neil, to whom his ſiſter had been giving a lecture on his improper conduct to her friend, which made him more ſavage and ſulky than uſual; while the countenance of Sir Dennis expreſſed

over-weening pride, repelling haughtineſs and vengeful ire, whenever his looks were directed towards her.

Clara ſmiled upon her kindly, benignant, through the ſorrowful regret which tinged her countenance, and gave an additional ſoftneſs to her fine blue eyes, which frequently filled with tears, as they were turned on her friend.

The reſt of the party at dinner conſiſted of a group by which this deſcendant of royalty was conſtantly attended, who took their ſeats at his table, obliged to liſten in mute wonder and admiration to the every day repetition of Sir Dennis's renowned anceſtry and family honours; while he pompouſly traced them through every *twig* of *Shilelah* that had branched from the trunk of the tree, that he ſwore took root directly after old Noah left his cabin, and ſet foot again on *terra firma*; and it had gone on flouriſhing vigorouſly to the preſent æra, and

as that *ould gentleman* had *all* the world to chuſe a reſidence from, where, think you, my honies, could he ſet up his place of reſt ſo properly as in dear little Ireland?

This was allowed by his gueſts, one of whom begged leave to have the honour of giving the deceaſed King Noah, the firſt *deſcendant* of the noble family of the O'Neils, wiſhing he might flouriſh to all eternity. This was received with loud acclamations by the reſt of the herd, and a nod of approbation from their ſavage chief.

Theſe appendages ſo neceſſary to greatneſs, theſe hangers-on are the growth of every clime, and are to be found in the *ſuite* of the rich nobleman and patron of every country in the habitable globe. Theſe deſpicable nonentities, who patiently bear the inſolence of the great man, while he diſplays at once his power, and their dependance; theſe fawning, cringing, ſycophantic adulators, theſe quiet hearers of the *thrice* told tale,

theſe conſtant approvers of every thing he ſays and does, are of more real conſequence to his happineſs, contribute more eſſentially to his pleaſure, than his loaded ſideboard, his three courſes ſerved in plate, or his ſuperb deſſert, which at one view diſplays the luxuries of the four parts of the earth, to tempt his eyes, and gratify his ambition. All this pomp would loſe its charms if only exhibited to, and partook of by his equals in honours and riches, who would view it with liſtleſs apathy like himſelf; ſeeing little to envy, nothing to wonder at, in what their *own* tables daily preſent to their ſight.

Equality is the bane of the rich man's comfort; his gratification ariſes from a diſplay of his conſequence, an exertion of his power over his needy dependants, that are in general compriſed of a chaplain, who, with cropped head and *ears erect*, is ever on the liſten for the welcome ſound of the paſſing bell, that is to toll the incumbent of the promiſed benefice to the joys of the *other* world

world, while he looks forward to the living that is to enable him to gratify his deſires in *this*. To inſure ſuch a delectable ſituation, he condeſcends to marry the *teeming* couſin of his patron, echo back his toaſts, and *quiz* the little ſquires, while his lord makes love to their wives and daughters. To this led parſon, may be added captains without commiſſions, phyſicians without practice, counſellors who never had a brief, painters without genius, and muſicians without ſcience! But though theſe gentlemen's *negative* talents are inſufficient to procure them any eſtabliſhment of their own, yet being patient hearers, ſervile flatterers, and ridiculous buffoons, ever ready to raiſe a laugh, or be laughed at, as beſt ſuits the preſent humour of their patron, they are enabled to feaſt, like Heliogabalus, on the moſt rare and coſtly viands that ſmoke on his ſumptuous board, at *only* the ſmall expence of truth, honour, and feeling.

CHAP. VII.

ELLINOR, diſguſted at all ſhe ſaw and heard, retired to read her letter as ſoon as the deſſert came on the table; it was calculated to rouſe all the paſſions of horror, ſurpriſe, and pleaſure; we will give it in the words of the Dutcheſs:—

"MY DEAR ELLINOR,

"I was ſorry to perceive an air of melancholy that pervaded the whole of your laſt letter; you do not complain, but I am convinced you are far from happy. Leave then, Drumlanrig-Caſtle, its green ſtagnant moat, and proud turrets; let not that deſcendant

ſcendant of kings, the mighty Sir Dennis, act the giant to my fair maid, and incloſe her in durance vile behind his horrid draw-bridge and maſſy portcullis.

" To deſcend, my dear girl, to the language of common mortals, let me intreat you to leave Ireland and its inhabitants, who are unable to appretiate your worth, and with whoſe manners it is evident your mind does not aſſimilate. Return to the arms of a friend who thought not, till robbed of your ſociety, that ſhe could have eſteemed any thing in the form of a *woman* as ſhe does you. Your favourite mare, I have never permitted any perſon to ride, ſince ſhe carried your fair form; I cannot bear to enter your dreſſing-room; every thing reminds me of my departed friend.

" I found myſelf a few evenings ſince by chance under the window, where I have ſo often, unſeen, contemplated your intereſting face, reclining on your white arm; active fancy brought your figure ſo immediately before me, that as a moon-beam fell on the

window, I thought I ſaw you in the very ſpot, and *Penſeroſa* attitude that had ſo often moved my commiſeration. The *change* your ſociety has made in what was deemed my maſculine manners, ſurpriſes even myſelf; you have *poliſhed* the Vandal, *humaniſed* the Goth; come then, finiſh the good work, form me on your own model; if you do not ſoon return to Bramble-Hall, in my preſent turn of mind, you may expect to be aſſailed by ſighing ſonnets and elegiac madrigals.

"While I am trying to convince you of my friendſhip, I am *egotiſing* when I ought to have acquainted you with what concerns yourſelf. Full well you know I was never a very attentive obſerver of mere *etiquette*; a child of nature, *entre nous* a little ſpoiled by education, I never could methodiſe my actions, or I ſhould have commenced this epiſtle with an account of what muſt give you pleaſure, as it exonerates you from all blame, and clears up thoſe appearances of impropriety of conduct, for which you were condemned by that horrid phalanx of females, at the Oſwald's

deteſtable

deteſtable maſquerade, which laid the foundation of all the mortifications you have ſince experienced, baniſhed you to Ireland, and left me a prey to moping melancholy.

Thus, then, it was managed:—Lady Fanny Oſwald, *ci-devant* Flutter, from the firſt moment that ſhe ſaw you at the Lavington's, conceived a mortal averſion to your ſuperlative attractions. As you became known in the gay world, and the men talked of your charms, and praiſed your talents, her envy and hatred increaſed in a ratio; ſhe was deterred from revenge by no compunctious viſitings of conſcience, being an old offender in deſtroying the characters of thoſe preſumptuous females, who dared attempt to rival her in the univerſal admiration of mankind, to which ſhe claimed a preſcriptive right. As you appeared more formidable in her eyes than any of her compeers, you were marked for deſtruction by this camelion, who can aſſume all forms, practice all manners, to carry any point on which ſhe has ſet her heart.

"At the time you firſt met this *female Zeluco*, ſhe was very handſome—her age twenty-five, but a veteran in intrigue; ſhe was too laviſh of her favours, too careleſs of appearances, to keep them ſecret, truſting to her rank for being well received in the world when ſhe appeared, whatever it might ſay behind her back. In conſequence of this inattention, her Ladyſhip's character was too well *underſtood* for any man to marry her, who did not ſeek the publicity of a ſuit in the Commons.

"The Earl, her father, had, like herſelf, too many vicious propenſities to indulge, to be rich; of courſe, from him, ſhe did not expect a fortune; he told her as much, hinting, at the ſame time, that he could not much longer keep up his preſent ſtyle of expence, adviſing her to nooſe one of her young danglers, before the game was totally up with him; bidding her recollect that both her reputation and youth were waning faſt. Advice, ſo congenial to her own *ideas*, ſhe determined to follow.

"Colonel

" Colonel Campley had long been her favourite ſwain; but from his well-known character, as a fortune-hunter, it may eaſily be ſuppoſed that his views fell far *ſhort* of matrimony. Juſt as ſhe felt it incumbent to take to herſelf a huſband without *loſs* of time, her good genius threw her in company with Sir Harry Hurry, who had health, good humour, and an unincumbered eſtate.

" She perceived his predilection for people of faſhion, and his ambition of marrying a woman of quality; him, then, ſhe deſtined for the honour of her hand, and laid herſelf out to the beſt advantage, to lure the devoted victim into her toils. To carry this deſirable point, ſhe flattered Lady Lavington for good ſenſe, profound judgment, and correct management of her family; was exuberant in commending her daughter's beauty, wit, and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition; vowed the only happy moments ſhe experienced were, when, flying from pompous parade, ſhe was permitted to paſs an hour with

with ſuch dear friends, to whom her heart was fondly attached.

" Theſe ſeductive blandiſhments anſwered all the purpoſes for which they were intended.

" The trout bit at the gilded fly, and ſaw not the barbed hook till it pierced her heart. To drop metaphor, Lady Lavington gave this artful woman, an invitation to ſpend the ſummer at Avon-Place; well-informed that it was within a few miles of Sir Harry's ſeat, ſhe had no doubt, that by good management, in a very ſhort time ſhe ſhould become the miſtreſs of Leveret-Lodge.

" You, my dear Ellinor, was ſtill *fated* to be her torment; your merit was to be the rock to ſhipwreck all her fond hopes; your natural charms made a formidable oppoſition to thoſe ſhe poſſeſſed; you had contrived to be a favourite even with the rigid Lady Lavington; was beloved by Auguſta; idolized by Sir James; almoſt worſhipped by the poor, and adored by the domeſtics.

" In this enviable ſituation ſhe found you on her arrival at Avon-Place; like the firſt

tempter

tempter in Paradiſe, ſhe at once determined to deſtroy that happineſs her malignant paſſions forbade her to partake. Againſt an open enemy you would have been prepared; a direct accuſation of your character, truth and innocence would have enabled you to combat with effect; but not a covert foe, who laid her trains with ſuch artful circumſpection, that they were not even ſuſpected, till, by a *coup de main*, ſhe ſprung the mine that involved you and your future proſpects in ruin. She ſoon perceived the truant Campley was your ſilent admirer,—mortifying thought! was it in the *vanity* of women to be endured?

" When by *me* ſhe was informed that Sir Harry had made his propoſals in your favour to Sir James Lavington, the man of whom ſhe thought herſelf ſo ſecure, on whoſe account only ſhe had viſited Hampſhire, her rage was wild, " mad as the prieſteſs of the Delphic God." At this period it was, that ſhe perſuaded Auguſta that her father was in love with you, that you was playing

playing a moſt artful game; the converſation that paſſed in the meadow with Sir James and you, about the maſquerade; the warm terms in which that good, but miſguided *viſionary*, choſe to expreſs his friendly wiſhes, which ſhe took care Auguſta ſhould overhear, with the addition of her comments: Thus, by degrees, ſhe infuſed poiſon into the mind of your young friend, and prepared her for the *denouement* of her plots, which were to be developed at Morton-Abbey.

" For this purpoſe, ſhe had her ſervant dreſſed as a fortune-teller, who had a heart equally wicked, and an imagination equally fertile of miſchief, as her Ladyſhip's. Under this diſguiſe, ſhe was ordered to alarm the jealouſy of Lady Lavington, and induce her to *turn* you diſgracefully from Avon-Place. Again your evil genius worked for them; the ſybil ſaw Campley change his dreſs — gueſſed his motives — dodged him and you to the octagon temple, then returned to the rooms — collected together

ther that part of the company to whom ſhe knew it would be neceſſary you ſhould be expoſed, that you might be driven from the protection of your friends, and thrown upon a world that *ever* condemns from appearances. Chance alone occaſioned me to be a ſpectator of the ſcene; I followed the crowd, thinking there was ſomething ridiculous to be ſeen, for I was not ſuppoſed of conſequence enough in the *finale*, to have received a formal ſummons on the occaſion.

" I can with truth aver, that few moments of my life even gave me more pleaſure than thoſe I employed in ſnatching you from the wiles of that deteſtable Lady Fanny; though I could not hinder the cenſorious from believing you guilty, I had it in my power to prevent you being ſo in reality, by offering you an aſylum. This defeated all the ſchemes of your arch enemy, as ſhe was fully acquainted with my character—that I ever thought and acted for myſelf; and was neither to be led or intimidated by the opinion of the world, that *bugbear* that often frightens

us from giving the reins to the beſt propenſities of our nature. She was certain, any tales ſhe might in future invent to your prejudice, would have no effect on a being like me; ſhe therefore left what ſhe had already promulgated to take its courſe.

"All her hopes of marrying Sir Harry being at an end, ſhe turned her thoughts on the hopeful heir of Morton-Abbey; for this ſhe paid her court to its *upright* miſtreſs, who was flattered by her notice, while ſhe condeſcendingly ſtooped from her quality altitudes, to make love to her booby ſon. Thus ſhe had prepared againſt being diſmiſſed from Avon-Place, having ſecured an aſylum, by accepting an invitation to paſs the remainder of the ſummer at Morton-Abbey; there, by the aſſiſtance of her intriguing Abigail, ſhe contrived to *renew* her amour with Campley, and as ſoon as he departed for London, ran away to Scotland with the young 'Squire, who having nooſed, your antidiluvian notions may lead you to ſuppoſe that ſhe would ſuffer you to remain in peace. Nothing was

further

further from her thoughts; her hatred againſt you was of that horrid nature, it was not to be ſatisfied with any thing ſhort of your *total* ruin. This paſſion was fed by hearing that you was happy, and beloved by me; added to which, Campley's deſperate attempt, on Hounſlow-Heath, to carry you off, even at the riſk of his precious neck, proved his love unabated, in deſpite of all the vows of conſtancy he had breathed at her feet. The voice of idle rumour began about this time to whiſper there was almoſt a certainty of your being, at ſome future time, a Dutcheſs! as, moſt aſſuredly, the Marquis was very violently in love.

"This ſhe determined to prevent, by ſpreading her nets for Fearleſs; ſhe met him at Campley's houſe, and invited him, *ſans façon*, to come and ſee her, convincing him, by her looks and actions, that ſhe was inſtantaneouſly ſtruck with his perſon. Two and twenty is not the age of *ſelf-forbiddance*, when a beautiful women lays herſelf out for conqueſt; and doubtleſs his vanity was flattered by

by the preference of a faſhionable toaſt, who had regained her power over mankind, ſince ſhe became a *wife*.

"The Marquis accepted her invitation; when ſhe contrived to tell ſuch ſtories of you, which appeared ſo well put together, that if he did not give them full credit, they helped to ſtagger his opinion of that artleſs innocence, that he had ſo often admired in my Ellinor. Hence ſome excuſe may be made for his behaviour, acting as he did, under the influence of an artful woman; for though you have been too honourable to ſay ſo, I fear he inſulted the virtue he ſhould have protected. I am ſorry to be obliged to add, that he is at preſent *ſpell-bound* by this Circe; ever ſince you left me, and I returned to Bramble-Hall, his attentions have been ſo pointed to her, that it is now become the chief topic of converſation, and the ſcandal of the day; for Lady Fanny has been conſtantly ſeen in the phaeton of the Marquis in the morning, and at the opera in the evening, ever ſince ſhe preſented to the houſe

of

of Oſwald, an heir, *juſt ſix months* after ſhe became a wife. She tried to make it be believed, this accident was occaſioned by over-dancing; but the boy, who is a healthy brat, appears not to have arrived an hour before his *time*, and ſeems determined to *live*, though viewed by the whole of his father's family in a doubtful light. He is very likely to inherit their fortune, though precluded from ſharing their affection.

"Poor Mrs. Oſwald, mortified at the inſolent treatment ſhe received from her lady daughter-in-law, who, as ſoon as ſhe got the reins of power in her hand, thought fit to drop the maſk of diſſimulation; frightened at the example ſhe ſet her girls, ſhe packed them and herſelf into the family coach, and returned to ſtalk in *ſober ſadneſs* through the ſolemn ſhades of Morton-Abbey, not daring even to boaſt of her quality relations to her country neighbours, fearful of their ſarcaſtic remarks, and tittering inuendoes. The folly of aſpiring to ſituations beyond our reach, and ſtepping out of our

proper

proper *ſphere*, has been particularly exemplified in *this* ill-fated family; Sir Chriſtopher Cayenne being equally miſerable and diſappointed in the huſband he choſe for his daughter, who totally neglects her, whilſt ſhe, irritated by his behaviour, and aided by the example of faſhionable manners, is ſaid to conſole herſelf for the inconſtancy of the Colonel, by the attentions of Parſon Danglecourt, who is her *ciceſbeo*. Campley either thinks him too inſignificant an object to raiſe his choler, or does not chuſe to come to a rupture with his wife, for a few toniſh *Peccadilloes*, while the very large reſidue of her father's fortune, is at his own diſpoſal.

"Now, my dear Ellinor, it only remains for me to account *how* I became acquainted with all this maſs of intelligence, and of the artful manœuvres of Lady Fanny Oſwald. Thus, then, it happened:—

"My late hand-maid, the blooming Bloſſom, whoſe conduct I had for ſome time been diſpleaſed with, and had determined to diſcharge as ſoon as I returned into the country,

country, avoided giving me that trouble, by decamping a few days before I left London.

"I am informed that ſhe is now the favourite ſultana of that egregious old dotard, Southernwood; who has eſtabliſhed her in a fine houſe, and ſhe is to be daily ſeen driving through Bond-Street and Pall-Mall in a daſhing carriage, and, I ſuppoſe, this winter, will be ſeen reconnoitering through a *glaſs*, from her box at the opera, her former miſtreſs. On giving in her reſignation, I had no time to ſeek a ſubſtitute for this delectable damſel, who having ſurfeited me with ruſtic honeſty, I requeſted one of my tradeſmen to enquire for a ſervant in London, and when he had found a perſon that appeared to anſwer my deſcription, to ſend her down to Bramble-Hall, and if I did not approve of her, ſhe ſhould be no loſer by the journey. In conſequence of this, about a week after my return, a decent looking woman, plain in her perſon, but genteel in her manners, arrived to offer her ſervices; ſhe announced herſelf by

by the name of Homely, ſaying, that ſhe had lived ſeveral years with Lady Fanny Oſwald.

"I told her that was no recommendation to me, and I feared it would not be much in her favour with any other perſon.

"She anſwered, if I would but be prevailed upon to give her repentance a trial, ſhe could explain a ſcene of complicated wickedneſs, by which you had been much injured; that only through her information your character could ever be cleared from the clouds of doubt, with which Lady Fanny had enveloped it.

"I ſaid I would not permit her to make *terms* with me; but if I was ſatisfied with the explanation ſhe alluded to, and ſhe had it really in her power to fully exonerate you, ſhe ſhould find my generoſity would keep pace with the act of juſtice ſhe meant to perform.

"Mrs. Homely had two powerful paſſions to gratify by her communication—avarice and

and revenge; ſhe therefore recited the ſtory that I have already related, which expoſed the nefarious arts practiſed for your ruin, by her late lady, while, with no ſmall *art*, ſhe ſoftened down thoſe, in which ſhe had been an active agent. Having heard her to an end, I ſaid ſhe muſt repeat this before Sir James Lavington, and on a ſuppoſition that ſhe told *truth*, ſhe could have no objection to ſwear to the facts of the narrative, which I would directly write down from her own words. To this ſhe acceded, and I immediately ſent for our worthy friend, who, when he heard the recital, execrated the abominable author of your ſorrows, and rejoiced with me, that we now had it amply in our power to clear your character.

"As a magiſtrate of the county, he adminiſtered an oath to Homely, but I thought it neceſſary, notwithſtanding that voucher, to have a living evidence of your innocence, ready to be produced. I therefore reſolve to retain this woman in my ſervice till I ſee you in England, which I deſire

may be as ſoon as poſſible. There is no excuſe for your remaining in Ireland; all appearances of blame are now done away; you are not the *cauſe* that I refuſe to ſee my ſon, for I long ſince wrote to command him never to appear in my preſence, till he breaks his connexion with the moſt depraved of women; it being ruinous to himſelf, and diſgraceful to his family. I have encloſed a copy of what I term your juſtification, to the Marquis; this muſt at once convince him of your innocence, and the atrocity of his favourite Lady Fanny.

"I find the occaſion of Homely's impeaching her principal, was her claiming a *douceur* that had been promiſed for her agency in pronouncing her auguries at the ill-fated maſquerade, and aſſiſting the ſchemes of her Ladyſhip in various other ways. In conſequence of this demand, which Lady Fanny poſitively refuſed to comply with, *words* ran high; when, as ever is the caſe, the diſtance of the *ſervant* was forgot in the familiarity of the *confidante*. The

altercation

altercation ended in Lady Fanny's ordering the butler to pay Homely her wages, and ſee that ſhe quitted the houſe immediately. Chance ſent her to the very tradeſman I had empowered to procure me an Abigail;—this he mentioned to her. Conſcience (ſo ſays Homely) whiſpered, now is your time to do an act of juctice, and amend the evil of your ways;—you know the reſult; ſhe has hitherto conducted herſelf with propriety in the family, and to me with grateful reſpect.

"Juſt as I was about to cloſe this *enormous* packet, I was informed that a gentleman, who called himſelf Howard, deſired permiſſion to wait upon me. I recollected how highly I had heard you ſpeak of a perſon of that name, and ordered him to be immediately admitted. He informed me he was juſt returned to England, with the body of his deceaſed uncle, and ſuppoſing that you were ſtill under my protection, he had croſſed the country to pay you his *devoirs*; that being informed by my ſervants, you had ſome months ſince left me,

he had taken the liberty to enquire where you now reſided, and to requeſt a direction. He really ſeems a good and worthy creature, which induced me to lay aſide reſerve, and I muſt in conſequence ſolicit your forgiveneſs; for I fear I have done wrong in making him acquainted with all the atrocity of Campley's conduct, and the perſecutions you have ſuffered on his account. He appeared almoſt frantic at my intelligence, vowed that no earthly power ſhould hinder him from immolating ſuch a wretch to revenge your cauſe. So eager was he for the delicious treat, I could not prevail with him to ſtay dinner, though the bell was that inſtant ringing, when he re-entered his carriage.

"I admire his ſpirit, but dread the conſequences to himſelf; or elſe the ſooner ſuch a being as Campley was annihilated, the better. All I could do to avoid the miſchief of which I had been the occaſion, truſting to the noble Colonel's antipathy to fighting, was to order my ſteward to write him an anony-

mous letter, which I ſent directly by one of my fleeteſt courſers, ſaying, that Mr. Howard was now on the way for London, to call him to an account for his behaviour to Miſs Harcourt; that if he wiſhed to avoid this encounter, a friend adviſed him immediately to quit the kingdom.

"I have given Howard, (who I find never received your laſt letter,) a direction to Sir Dennis O'Neil's; ſo you may expect to ſee or hear from him almoſt as ſoon as this reaches you. Come then, deareſt Ellinor, and in the friendſhip of a Lavington, a Howard, and a Dreadnought, forget that ſuch beings ever exiſted as a Campley, an Oſwald, or a Fearleſs. Let this induce you to return to

"Your ever affectionate

"DREADNOUGHT.

CHAP. VIII.

ELLINOR having read her letter, in which was encloſed a bank bill of fifty pounds, her heart overflowed with gratitude to her noble friend for the unremitting love and attention ſhe had ever ſhown her: on her knees ſhe offered thankful oriſons to her Creator, that had permitted her innocence to be cleared; moſt fervently praying, that the worthy Howard, for whom ſhe had the pureſt affection, might not fall by the hand of the deteſtable Campley; that he would fly from his juſtly incenſed friend, and have time to repent his numerous crimes.

To the preſent purſuits of the Marquis ſhe gave a ſigh of ſorrow, on reflecting what grief and mortification they muſt cauſe his excellent mother, while ſhe exclaimed, "Ah! ungrateful, miſguided Fearleſs! how dearly, how diſintereſtedly did my fond heart once love you; but the generous genuine flame that warmed my boſom, your's was incapable of feeling. I deceived myſelf; my fancy formed you truly eſtimable; I ſee you now a depraved and erring mortal; as ſuch I can deſpiſe you, and ſhall ſoon conquer my weakneſs."

The buſtle occaſioned by preparations for the intended *fête*, the Bacchanalian revels that the return of Mr. O'Neil to Drumlanrig Caſtle gave an excuſe for, kept up ſuch a ſcene of confuſion, noiſe, and inebriety, that Ellinor had much time to herſelf, which ſhe employed in packing up her clothes, and getting every thing ready for her immediate departure for England. She wrote to the Dutcheſs a letter expreſſive of her gratitude

affection, for that active zeal by which ſhe had ſo effectually ſerved her, informing her Grace ſhe ſhould directly leave Ireland, and be happy to avail herſelf once more of her offered protection.

At length arrived the natal day of Hector O'Neil; all the country for many miles round were invited to do him honour; and as hoſpitality is a prominent *trait* in the Iriſh nation, if any gueſts arrive on a viſit to a family that has received a card of invitation, no ſcrupulous ceremony prevents their bringing them in their party. This precludes a poſſibility of aſcertaining the number they are to expect; but that is of little conſequence in a kingdom whoſe inhabitants make a point of loading their tables till they groan beneath their ſmoking viands, which are covered with diſhes ſo innumerable that the cloth can ſcarcely be ſeen; and the company are uſually jammed together in ſuch cloſe compact, that they have no uſe of their arms but from the elbow, with which they contrive,

trive, by conſtant practice, to convey the meat to their mouths very adroitly.

This dinner paſſed with Ellinor, as many others had done, in comfortleſs confuſion, amidſt the awkward miſtakes of ſervants, the clatter of plates, and the gingling of glaſſes, aided by the conſtant calls of the gentlemen for the honour of drinking a glaſs of wine with her, and the laborious exertion of being obliged to comply with the cuſtom of naming every perſon preſent. This made her rejoice when the ladies retired to the drawing-room, previous to their viſiting the Gothic hall, which blazed with innumerable lamps, and was appropriated for dancing; they only waited to begin, till the male viſiters could prevail on themſelves to quit their libations to Bacchus, and pay their reſpects to the ladies.

At length the young men made their appearance, moſt *uproarious* in mirth, and boiſterous in ſpirits, Sir Dennis having taught them to drink deeply ere they parted. The ball commenced with minuets;

ſeveral of them had been *reeled* through by the gentlemen, when Mr. O'Neil came up, and deſired Ellinor to dance the next with him; ſhe was not ambitious of the high honour he ſuppoſed he was going to confer on her by this requeſt, and was anxious to ſhun the publicity it would expoſe her to; convinced that ſhe could gain no credit by a performance with a partner more than half inebriated, therefore civilly declined his offer; but an entreating look from Clara, and her brother's inſiſting he would not be refuſed, at length prevailed on her to ſtand up.

When ſhe had gone through part of the minuet, a buſtle on the entrance of ſome ſtrangers, and Clara's riſing to receive them, occaſioned Ellinor to turn her eyes to the door, when, to her extreme terror, ſhe met thoſe of the deteſted Campley fixed on her face; ſhe uttered an involuntary ſcream, and would have fallen to the ground, had not her partner caught her in his arms and carried her to a ſeat, where all the company flocked around to ſtare, wonder, and be

made acquainted with the cauſe of this ſudden indiſpoſition.

Among the foremoſt was the party that had occaſioned it, which conſiſted of Colonel and Mrs. Campley, and the grinning parſon David Danglecourt. They had that day arrived on a viſit to Lord Clanronald, who, with his family having been long engaged to celebrate the birth-day of Mr. O'Neil, prevailed on his friends to accompany him. The inſtant Mrs. Campley recogniſed Ellinor, her eyes flaſhing anger and malice, ſhe ſaid, "I do not wonder the lady has been ſurpriſed into a fit; I ſhould like to know whether it was occaſioned by *fear* at ſeeing me, or *joy* at beholding my huſband, her *ci devant cher ami.*" Turning abruptly to Miſs O'Neil, ſhe continued, "Pray, Madam, by which of her numerous names, and under what aſſumed character, has the fainting fair one introduced herſelf into this good company? Be aſſured that the moſt practiſed deceiver never changed both with greater facility to

anſwer the purpoſes of impoſition, than the lady now before you."

"As to the name ſhe is known by here, replied a pert Miſs, (who had long been envious of the praiſes beſtowed on her by the men,) ſhe was introduced by that of Eliza Mortimer, and as the daughter of a deceaſed officer of rank. I wonder for my part Sir Dennis and Miſs O'Neil were not aſhamed of themſelves, to bring ſuch an improper perſonage into this country, and preſent her as a fit companion for modeſt young women."

Clara, who, from the firſt of Mrs. Campley's ſpeech, ſaw in her the determined foe of Ellinor, vexed, trembling, and mortified as ſhe ſupported the head of her friend, attempted her juſtification; inſiſting that ſhe was the perſon ſhe had repreſented her to be, that they both received their education in the ſame convent, but for particular *reaſons* ſ had taken the name of Mortimer—that her real one was Ellinor Harcourt.

"And

"And for reaſons equally cogent," rudely interrupted Mrs. Campley, "I ſuppoſe you, Colonel, (addreſſing her huſband) have dragged me from all the joys of London, at this horrid ſeaſon of the year, to frighten me to death with perils by land and water, to ſuffocate me with the filth of Iriſh inns, that you might give a meeting to your beloved Ellinor. Oh! what a wretched, unfortunate being am I, condemned to ſuffer the moſt extreme miſery!"

"Not (ironically anſwered the Colonel) without benefit of clergy."

This *hint* effectually ſilenced her loud complaints, and ſhe retired to the other end of the hall, where ſhe was ſoon followed by all the female circle, eager for ſcandal, when all ſhe knew, all ſhe ſuſpected, and all ſhe dreaded, was repeated to her wondering auditors.

The old ladies vowed their huſbands ſhould call Sir Dennis *out*, for ſhocking the chaſte

chaſte eyes of their daughters and themſelves by introducing ſuch a *bould cratur* into their ſociety. No ſet of women on the habitable globe are more outrageouſly virtuous than the Iriſh, if you believe their own aſſertions; none perſecute with more unrelenting cruelty a fallen ſiſter; they never forgive a lapſe from propriety in any being below a title, or a Right Honourable at leaſt, or excuſe any frailties but their own; they will not even ſpeak or be ſpoken to by any female who has been known to *commiſerate*, or who has been ſeen to *notice* one of thoſe proſcribed culprits; or has ever been hardy enough to plead favourable circumſtances, that might with the merciful help, to extenuate her former tranſgreſſions.

All the ladies were therefore now buſied in determining on the propriety of immediately ordering their carriages, and quitting Drumlanrig-Caſtle in a body, to ſhew Sir Dennis and his daughter that they rightly appretiated, and properly reſented the inſult offered

offered them, by obliging their immaculate purity to aſſociate with a character ſo contaminated as Ellinor's.

This reſolution received the warm approbation of the Right Honourable Mrs. M^cAngus, who was the firſt prepared to lead away her blooming daughters, proteſting that ſhe was ſhocked to death at the crimes of the abandoned young ſinner. This lady, with ſo proper a hatred of vice, was the wife of a prudent huſband, and the mother of children arrived at an age to make her a grandmother; a period when it is ſuppoſed youthful paſſions *nod* at leaſt, if they do not *ſleep*. Not ſo with her; like another *Ninon l'Enclos*, "the God of Love laughed in her eye, and wantoned in her heart." To prove how much ſhe ſtill retained the power of charming, ſhe ſpread her nets to catch a *lordly gudgeon*, whoſe high office and ample fortune, enabled him to ſplendidly reward his favourite ſultana. To ſuch a woman of what conſequence was the ſilent ſorrow and heart-rending

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ing ſighs of a young, beautiful, amiable wife and affectionate mother? is ſhe to blame, if one of ſuch a deſcription ſhould unfaſhionably pine, ſicken, and die, only becauſe the man of her choice, to whom ſhe gave her heart, hand, and large poſſeſſions, had his affections alienated from her, and was induced to treat her with cold neglect, while his adoration was offered up to the ſhrine of this lady's more matronly charms? But the execrations of the multitude, and the groans of individuals, were diſregarded by the Right Honourable Mrs. M'Angus, as ſhe rolled round the circular road in her well-appointed equipage. Yet was this woman the moſt violent againſt the unfortunate, though guiltleſs Ellinor; who was received, admired, courted, and careſſed by prudes of every denomination, for ſhe came within the ſcale of exemption; ſhe was a *Right Honourable culprit.*

Ellinor, who had not entirely loſt her ſenſes, though fright had deprived her of the

the power of utterance, had heard Mrs. Campley's addreſs to Clara, and her reply. She perceived that perſecuting fate ſtill purſued her in the form of that unrelenting woman; ſhe ſaw the inutility of even attempting a juſtification of her character, againſt aſſertions deciſively avowed to a ſet of people ſo open to prejudice; being therefore a little recovered, ſhe was riſing to leave the room, aſſiſted by Clara, when Sir Dennis ſtaggered up to her, his natural ferocity increaſed tenfold by wine and paſſion.

Taking his daughter by the arm, he ſwung her into the middle of the hall, exclaiming that ſhe ſhould bitterly repent the impoſition ſhe had helped to put on him, by bringing ſuch a *ſpalpeen* to his caſtle. Then turning to the trembling Ellinor, "As for you, Miſs, with ſo many *aliaſes* to your name, I ſwear, by the royal blood of my affronted anceſtors, whoſe pictures are after looking ſo angry at me this preſent moment, that you ſhall tramp it to-night. I have ſeen for a long time your airs, turning up your noſe at your betters,

betters, pretending to nice feelings and delicate ſenſations; that you were ſhocked at the rudeneſs of my ſon Hector, becauſe he did you the honour to take notice of you; but you ſhall be off directly, my little bog-trotter, or I will make out a warrant, and ſend you to the county jail as an impoſtor."

Clara terrified at this menace, which ſhe well knew her father was capable of executing; her eyes ſtreaming with tears, and her voice ſtifled by ſobs, threw herſelf at his feet, clung round his knees, entreating him not to forfeit his long-proved character for hoſpitality, by turning out in ſuch an inclement night, (for the ſnow was falling faſt) a beautiful and innocent young woman, who had left her friends to put herſelf under his protection, became his gueſt in conſequence of his own invitation, and had ever conducted herſelf with the utmoſt propriety. Could he expoſe her to ſuffer every hardſhip and inconvenience, in a ſtrange country, only becauſe a woman, unfeminized by jealouſy and envy,

envy, had been induced to traduce her beloved friend, whoſe innocence ſhe would forfeit her exiſtence if ſhe did not make evident.

Sir Dennis, foaming with vindictive choler, brutally ſpurned his daughter from him, bidding Ellinor inſtantly prepare to depart from his caſtle; who replied that ſhe would do ſo directly, it having been her determination to leave Ireland, previous to his preſent illiberal treatment; that her clothes were already packed. Miſs O'Neil would inform him, that it was at her earneſt entreaties ſhe was prevailed on to ſtay till after her brother's birth-day. Then turning to Mrs. Campley, with a dignified air, and in a firm tone, ſhe thus addreſſed her:—

"You, Madam, will hear with regret that your vindictive malice cannot again affect me, as I am going to England at the earneſt requeſt of the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought, to place myſelf again under her protection, who has

has indiſputable vouchers of the falſehood of all you have this night, with ſo much effrontery, aſſerted; it only waits my preſence to confront the ſlanders raiſed by you and Lady Fanny Oſwald, to blacken my character. Of this aſſeveration you, Colonel Campley, will not doubt the truth, when I inform you that Mrs. Homely, the confidential ſervant of her ladyſhip, now lives with the Dutcheſs; that ſhe has made a full confeſſion on oath, before Sir James Lavington, of all the nefarious tranſactions in which ſhe was an active agent, explaining the views of her employers, who they were, and their reaſons for ruining my fame. This will convince you that the ſtory ſo often told by Mrs. Campley, has been repeated this evening for the *laſt* time, as it can never again be credited.

"Now, Sir Dennis, I ſhall leave your houſe, with no regret but the parting from your charming daughter; whoſe elegant manners and refined underſtanding will, I hope, ſome future time be tranſlated to a ſoil more congenial to her ſenſations; where, I flatter

flatter myſelf, I may be yet enabled to ſhow my gratitude for her conſtant kindneſs."

Ellinor now advanced to the ſtill trembling Clara, whom after having fondly embraced, ſhe requeſted Sir Dennis to permit one of his ſervants to procure her a chaiſe. Then turning a look of contemptuous indifference on the reſt of the company, ſhe walked ſlowly and gracefully through the crowd, as ſilent and aſtoniſhed they opened on each ſide to let her paſs.

When the door cloſed on the object of their perſecution, the hall inſtantly became a Babyloniſh confuſion of tongues—all talked, and none liſtened; but the votes were not ſo *nemine contradicente* for the condemnation of Ellinor, as they had been before her ſpirited addreſs. All the men gave their's in her favour; and the women began to waver in their opinion of her guilt, ſince they found ſhe was going to reſide with a *Dutcheſs*.

Sir

Sir Dennis now ſwore, by every ſaint in the Romiſh calendar, he did not know what to think of the buſineſs. Parſon David Dangle-court vowed "it was ſtrange, it was paſſing ſtrange," that a little trumpery Miſs, about whom every body concerned themſelves, and whom nobody owned, ſhould be made of conſequence enough to deſtroy the pleaſures of *people* of *faſhion*, and to carry it off with ſuch a high hand. He therefore begged leave, as a miniſter of peace, to propoſe a general amneſty, and that no more ſhould be thought of ſo inſignificant an individual as this young lady with ſuch a multiplicity of names; that they ſhould forget what had happened, and begin dancing directly. This ſpeech was received with loud plaudits by the younger part of the company, who, each taking their partners, put his propoſal into immediate execution. To their diverſion we ſhall now leave them, and accompany our unfortunate heroine.

Ellinor meant to travel to Dublin, and from thence to embark for Holyhead. Clara, who had refuſed to dance, had found an opportunity to give her another parting embrace, and to requeſt that ſhe would write to her every night till ſhe embarked for England. She alſo ordered her father's chaiſe to proceed with her the firſt ten miles from the caſtle, or ſhe muſt have waited the ſending for one from that diſtance.

The ſnow continued to fall faſt, and the wind moaned hollow through the leafleſs trees. The caſtle clock ſtruck ten when ſhe paſſed the draw-bridge. The ſpirits ſhe had exerted to make an honourable retreat, and to march out of the citadel with flying colours, no longer oppoſed, now ſunk into all the horrors of deſpondence, at the mournful reflection that ſhe was again become a wanderer, literally turned out at ſuch an hour to undertake a journey of ſo many hundred miles, alone and unprotected, through the barbarous perſecutions of her determined foe. But *hope* whiſpered, was ſhe not going to a ſincere friend who truly

truly loved her? that her fame would then be cleared from all the aſperſions it had ſo long been loaded with; ſhould ſhe not ſee the kind Sir James Lavington, the worthy, amiable Howard, and be reſtored to their good opinion and friendſhip?

Her meeting with the Campleys in Ireland ſhe had no doubt was in conſequence of the letter the Dutcheſs had cauſed to be written to the Colonel. Thus ſhe thought Howard's ſafety was inſured—it gave her a momentary joy: that was ſoon diſſipated, for had not the Dutcheſs ſaid ſhe had given him her addreſs? Should he follow, and ſeek her at Sir Dennis O'Neil's, in the very ſame neighbourhood with Campley, they muſt aſſuredly meet; ſhe ſhuddered at the conſequences of that *rencontre*. Theſe apprehenſions filled her mind till ſhe arrived at the end of the firſt ſtage.

Ellinor now ſent back the chaiſe and a note to Clara, aſſuring her ſhe would comply with

with her kind requeſt of frequently writing, deſiring that ſhe would make herſelf eaſy on her account, as ſhe had no doubt but ſhe ſhould get to England in ſafety. This diſpatched, finding herſelf ill, ſhe determined to ſtay where ſhe was that night, and proceed on her journey in the morning. On announcing her intentions to the landlady of the Shamrock-Inn, (that was a *mere* hedge alehouſe) ſhe was mighty ſorry that a gentleman, who arrived an hour ſince, was *aſlape* in her beſt bed; "but if your *ſwate* ladyſhip will condeſcend to go into mine and Pat's, you ſhall be as welcome as the flowers in May. Arrah, my dear honey! it's as ſoft as your arms, and as *clane* as your white ſkin, a bleſſing on it."

"I believe," replied Ellinor, "it is all that you ſay, but I cannot conſent to turn you and your huſband out of your bed in ſuch a terrible night as this; I muſt therefore requeſt that you will order me a chaiſe, that I may go on to the next poſt, where I may probably meet with accommodations."

"Oh! to be ſure I ſhall be after doing that, when it ſnows, blows, and rains, as if heaven and earth were coming together. No, no; bed or no bed it's all the ſame to Pat and Mary; ſo I'll go and whip on a pair of *ſhates*, and make your apartment quite *illegant* and *ginteel* in a moment."

She ſoon returned, ſaying, "Pray come, your ladyſhip, and ſee if it is not quite and *clane* the *ting!*"

Ellinor told her ſhe had no doubt of finding it very comfortable. After having eaten an egg, and drank ſome milk, the only proviſion to be procured in this northern hotel, except bacon and whiſky, ſhe prepared to follow landlady Mary to her dormitory, to which ſhe aſcended by a ladder, being obliged to crouch to enter the narrow door of the ſmall wretched loft, that contained a miſerable bed, with an old green curtain nailed on the ſide next the window, that was compoſed of ſmall panes of glaſs, ſome broken, and others cracked, through the interſtices of which the drifting

driſting ſnow had made its entrance, and formed a bank on its ledge: the wind whiſtled through the numerous apertures that time had made in the crazy tenement.

Ellinor gazed appalled, and felt terrified at a review of the place in which ſhe was deſtined to paſs the night, while her officious hoſteſs buſied herſelf to repleniſh the peat fire; then, turning down the bed-clothes, ſhe aſſured her that the *ſhates* had been waſhed and *ſtarched* by herſelf the day before.

"Then moſt certainly, my good woman, they muſt be damp, and I ſhall catch my death."

"Arrah, *ſwate* honey, don't be *tinking* of that at all, at all; nobody ever catches a cold in *dare* little Ireland."

Ellinor, tired of her ſociety, and too much exhauſted by ſorrow and fatigue to combat her opinions, diſmiſſed her, after requeſting

a freſh ſupply of fuel. As ſoon as ſhe had faſtened the plank denominated a door, and renewed her fire, ſhe ſtripped off the really damp and well-ſtiffened ſheets; when the dirty blankets met her eyes, ſhe ſtarted with diſguſt; but a moment's reflection told her that dainty difficulties ought alone to employ the attention of the happy and opulent traveller;—ſhe was the way-worn one by the road-ſide, deſtined to meet hard fare, and muſt learn to conquer prejudices.

She therefore unpacked her night-clothes, ſpreading them over the bed, which was compoſed of chopped ſtraw, on which ſhe ſtretched herſelf in her habit, throwing over her the miſerable rug. The calm of conſcious rectitude and innocence, in deſpite of the wretched hovel within which ſhe lay, and the increaſing ſtorm from without, enabled Ellinor to ſleep till eight o'clock in the morning. On waking, ſhe found herſelf much refreſhed, and her agitated ſpirits compoſed by quiet ſlumbers.

She ordered a chaiſe, after having amply recompenſed the good-natured hoſteſs of the Shamrock-Inn for depriving her of her elegant apartment; who, having prayed to St. Patrick for good luck to her *ſwate* countenance, helped her into what ſhe called the *nateſt ſhay* in the province of Ulſter. It was a vehicle that had ſeen ſome ſervice—damp, ragged, and dirty; every concuſſion it was doomed to ſuſtain from the bad roads, threatened the downfal of its trembling inmate.

CHAP. IX.

ELLINOR, notwithſtanding wretched carriages, bad horſes, and miſerable inns, proceeded to Dublin, annoyed only by terror and fatigue, ſupported by her eager deſire to leave a country where ſhe had received no pleaſure, and from whence ſhe was driven with unfeeling brutality. On her arrival at the metropolis, her firſt enquiries were, when the next packet for England ſailed. She was informed there was one about to quit the bay for Park-Gate, but they did not recommend her to go in it, as it was ſuppoſed a more dangerous paſſage than to Holyhead; for the wind then blew a very freſh

freſh gale, and threatened a coming ſtorm. Enquiring if it was fair, and being anſwered in the affirmative, ſhe determined to go on board; having worked up her mind to a ſtate of deſperate courage, ſhe thought her life ſo truly wretched, that ſhe could "ſet it on a caſt." But, when loſt in ſorrow, every other hope vaniſhed, ſhe ſtill fondly clung to that of finding her parents; therefore employed herſelf to ſecure the confeſſions of Martha Wilmot, the letters of Celadon and Amelia, and the locket given her by the former in her dying moments. To do this effectually, ſhe ſewed them in an oil-ſkin bag, in ſuch a manner, that the water could not penetrate; this ſhe faſtened in one of her pockets, determining not to truſt documents of ſuch importance from her perſon.

As ſoon as ſhe had thus arranged what might be of much conſequence to her future welfare, ſhe was ſummoned with the other paſſengers, the packet being getting under weigh. After ſeeing her baggage depoſited in

the boat, ſhe took her ſeat; and, as it ſunk in the abyſs, and then roſe on the foaming wave, the wind roared, and the rain beat on her defenceleſs head; ſhe exclaimed, as ſhe viewed the terrific proſpect—

"Howl on, ye winds, burſt clouds, and waters roar,
Ye bear a juſt reſemblance of my fortune,
And ſuit the gloomy habits of my ſoul."

"I wiſh, Miſs," anſwered the captain, who ſat at the helm, "you would not be after calling out for this ſame tempeſt, for fear you ſhould have more than you like of it before night; for I ſwear by the Hill of Howth, there is as *pratty* a cupful of thoſe ſame ſtorms blowing up, that you ſeem ſo fond of, as your heart can wiſh."

Ellinor aſſured him that ſhe was very far from courting danger; that what ſhe had ſaid was only a quotation from Dr. Young, that the tremendous appearance of the warring elements had induced her to repeat.

"Arrah!

"Arrah! by my ſoul, Miſs, I am after underſtanding you now; for, by Jaſus, that ſame *quotidian* is the very name that Dr. Swallowfee called my ague.—Oh! it's a *diviliſh diſaſe*, for it made Dermot O'Connor quiver and ſhake more than all the fights he was in laſt war with the French and Spaniards, or all the hard gales he has weathered ſince he commanded the Lovely Peggy. Oh! by St. Patrick, it's a d——d diſorder that obliges a man to *trimble* in ſpite of his teeth: ſo pull up, my lads, I am glad to hear the Engliſh boys ſhake in their brogues, as well as the Iriſh."

Ellinor could not help ſmiling at the miſtake Captain Dermot O'Connor had fallen into; but now being come along-ſide, ſhe was helped into the Lovely Peggy, where, finding it impoſſible to keep her legs on deck, ſhe retired to the cabin.

Before ſhe left Dublin, ſhe had prepared for her voyage, having dreſſed herſelf in a

white chemiſe, and bound her head tight in a muſlin cap, tying her ſtraw bonnet under her chin with a handkerchief, that ſhe might lay down in her clothes. The good-natured O'Connor aſſiſted her to get *up* into her bed, telling her not to mind if ſhe was ſea ſick, as it was the beſt cure in the world for that ſame *quotidian* ague. Ellinor aſſured him ſhe was perfectly of his opinion. After covering her with all the counterpanes from the other beds, (for there were but two more paſſengers) the weather having aſſumed ſo threatening an aſpect, that it appeared almoſt an act of deſperation to venture, he left her to go and take care of the veſſel.

Do not the hearts of our ſuſceptible young readers, through whoſe veins flow the milk of human kindneſs, ſhudder at this part of our hiſtory, at a view of the forlorn ſituation of our poor heroine—ſhut up in a ſmall packet, without a female companion to ſooth her ſorrows, or a male friend to protect her—truſting to the humanity

nity of ſtrangers to guard her from inſult—her fair and fragile form daſhed from ſide to ſide by the increaſed motion of the ſhip; for the wind, by this time, was become a hurricane? Terrible, indeed, was her ſituation; ſhe lay half dead with fear and ſickneſs, while, by the execrations of O'Connor, and the orders he alternately gave to the ſeamen over her head, ſhe was convinced of the great danger they were in. It was in vain ſhe exerted herſelf to call for a light—none minded her cries, or heeded her entreaties.

The forked blue lightning, that preceded the moſt tremendous claps of thunder ſhe had ever heard, alone preſented to her eyes the wretched ſituation to which ſhe was reduced; while her ears were deafened by the oaths of the ſailors, the violence of the ſtorm, which was become dreadfully awful, the rolling of the thunder, the creaking of the ribs of the veſſel, as ſhe laboured powerfully againſt the waves, which every mo-

ment threatened to overwhelm her. To add to this accumulation of horrors, Ellinor heard a dreadful craſh, which, at the ſame inſtant, flung her out of the bed on the floor of the cabin, with great violence, where ſhe lay, for a time, ſtunned by the blow, in a happy forgetfulneſs of the ſurrounding terrors.—When ſhe again opened her eyes, ſhe ſaw, by the light of a lantern, the humane O'Connor ſupporting her head on his knees, with a bottle of brandy in his hand, ſome of which he had been pouring down her throat; perceiving her ſenſes return, he exclaimed—

"Arrah! my *ſwate honey*, how are you after finding yourſelf? I hope you are not hurt; though, by my ſoul, it's much the ſame thing, to be ſure, if you are, for it's all up with us, my *darè crature*; ſo ſet about ſaying your prayers, for we ſhall go to Davy Jones's locker *widin* the next hour."

"Pray,

"Pray, Sir, tell me what was the dreadful noiſe I heard, and how came I here—Have we ſtruck on the rocks?"

"No, not at all. What toſt you out, was only the maſt went over by the board, and we have ſix feet water in our hold.—The wind changing ſoon after we got out of the bay, we have been driving, all night, the *divil* knows where, for ſo does not Dermot O'Connor. The only hope we now have is the abating of the ſtorm; for, if we can ſtop the leak, and keep my Lovely Peggy from running on the rocks, ſhe may yet be ſaved; and I may once again ſee my poor Norah and her little ones; but if I muſt die by ſalt water, I hope my King, (God bleſs him) whom I have ſerved, man and boy, theſe forty years—as he is himſelf a parent, will provide for them, who will then be fatherleſs."

He now dragged out a mattraſs and pillows on the floor, adviſing Ellinor to lay down on them, it being the ſafeſt place, as the

the veſſel pitched ſo violently. After having made his fair paſſenger as comfortable as circumſtances would permit, he returned to work at the pump, that was now forced to be kept conſtantly going. Ellinor lay, where O'Connor placed her, in a ſtupor, occaſioned by deſperation; her limbs ſtiff with cold, and ſore from the bruiſes ſhe had received in her fall, and the conſtant rolling of the ſhip, till the morning light broke on her. The thunder and lightning had ceaſed, as did the rain; but the wind, if poſſible, blew more tremendous than ever. Ellinor, between the guſts, heard the horrid ſounds from her fellow-ſufferers, of "the water gains upon us faſt—we can no longer ſtand to the pump —the ſhip muſt ſink—we have no chance left but to take to the boat."

Theſe appalling ſounds rouſed her from that lethargy of ſorrow in which ſhe was immerſed:—tying her handkerchief tight over her bonnet, and faſtening a ſhawl round her, ſhe made an effort to clamber on the deck;

deck; which, after ſeveral fruitleſs attempts, ſhe effected, to the aſtoniſhment of the captain, who would have perſuaded her to go down again. This was peremptorily refuſed, as ſhe avowed that ſhe preferred beholding her danger to the apprehenſion of it.

But what, alas! was the ſight that now preſented itſelf to her eyes!—The veſſel driving, at a violent rate, under her bare poles, through a ſea raging and foaming, on whoſe billows ſhe was one moment mounted, as if in proud triumph, to do homage to thoſe winds that threatened her with inſtant deſtruction, while the next inſtant ſhe ſunk in the profound abyſs of old Ocean, who appeared yawning ready to ingulph her.—While Ellinor viewed the ſoul-appalling proſpect, whom each billow that waſhed over her threatened with inſtant annihilation, the ſailors gave up all for loſt; in deſpite of the attempts of force and entreaty uſed by their commander to keep them to their duty, they quitted the pumps, and retired to the hold,

breaking

breaking open the cheſts of the paſſengers; and, according to their uſual cuſtom, when they think there is great danger, dreſſed themſelves as fine as they could, and drank all the ſtrong liquors they met with.

They now inſiſted on taking the boat, and trying to make for land. This O'Connor prayed they would not attempt, aſſuring them they ran on inſtant death, as ſhe could not poſſibly live ten minutes in ſuch a dreadful ſea, but muſt be overwhelmed by the immenſe waves; that as the ſhip now drifted faſt towards ſhore, they had better wait the event, and, in that caſe, there would be a chance of ſome, if not all, being ſaved; but their fate was inevitable if they took to the boat. Headſtrong and inebriated, they attended not to his advice—he had loſt all command—they ſeized and lowered her over the ſide;—all got in but the captain and Ellinor, not excepting the two paſſengers, that were traders, going to England. They offered O'Connor a ſeat, but ſwore by their tutelar

tutelar ſaint, they would not be troubled with a woman.

This proffer he poſitively refuſed, warning them, to the laſt moment, of their danger, and begging they would deſiſt from haſtening the impending fate that waited their temerity, while tears, for their obſtinate perſeverance, ran plentifully down his ſun-burnt cheeks.

As he predicted, ſo it happened; they were not out of ſight of the ſhip, before a wave came rolling on like a mighty mountain, and ſwallowed them up, while the weeping O'Connor and terrified Ellinor ſaw them ſink into eternity, and heard their laſt ſhrieks, as the ruthleſs deep received their devoted bodies.

In the evening the wind became calmer, but O'Connor perceived, that, in ſpite of his endeavours at the pump, the water increaſed rapidly; he feared the ſhip would founder before

before ſhe ſtruck on the rocks, which he could clearly diſcern with his teleſcope, and thought them to be on the northern coaſt of Wales. As a laſt, though a forlorn hope, he recommended it to his fair and afflicted companion, to ſtay by the veſſel as long as there was any chance of her keeping above water, and, when they ſaw ſhe muſt founder, to permit him to faſten her on a hen-coop, and he would uſe the ſame precaution for himſelf;—they would then commit themſelves to the waves, truſting to St. Patrick, and the wind that blew direct on the ſhore, which might carry them ſafe to land; this being now the only chance left for their ſalvation.

Ellinor acquieſced with this propoſal, more to gratify his kindneſs, who appeared to take ſo much intereſt in her preſervation, than from a love of life; for the horrors ſhe had witneſſed, ſince ſhe left Dublin, had ſickened her of exiſtence, and ſhe looked on death as a friend that would now releaſe her from care

care and ſorrow. O'Connor went once more below to examine the ſtate of the leak, and to ſecure what money he had about his perſon, well knowing it would be the only means, if he reached the ſhore, of obtaining aſſiſtance or ſupport from the ſavage inhabitants that dwelt in this part of the country, who were a ſpecies of freebooters, that hailed a ſhipwreck as a bleſſing ſent by God for their emolument, to which they flocked in numbers, not to aſſiſt the wretched mariner, but to plunder him, with ferocious cruelty, of what little the waves had ſpared.

On his entering the place where Ellinor's baggage was ſtowed, he beheld the trunks broke open, and her clothes thrown about. He perceived ſhe had been robbed by thoſe who had taken to the boat; and he returned to the deck, in a violent paſſion, to acquaint her with this new misfortune; ſwearing the *ſpalpeens* were, at this moment, frying in hell for *chating* ſuch a *ſwate cratur*; and that ſhe would go to heaven to

appear

appear againſt them, where he dared ſay that St. Patrick would have every ſoul of them hanged.

Ellinor requeſted him to ſeek for a black ebony-box, in which, when ſhe had emptied it of its papers, to ſecure them about her perſon, ſhe had depoſited the whole of her worldly treaſures; conſiſting of the fifty pound bill, incloſed in the laſt letter from the Dutcheſs, and ten guineas in caſh, the remainder of the hundred ſent by that dear friend, while ſhe was with Mrs. Needham; the watch bequeathed to her by her guardian, and ſome elegant ornamental bagatelles that had been preſented by different perſons. In vain the kind O'Connor ſought this depoſitary of her wealth; it was no where to be found, and it was but too evident that thoſe villains, whom even the fear of inſtant death could not induce to be honeſt, had taken it with them when they quitted the ſhip, and it was now ſunk lower than the plummet line ere reached.

When

When made acquainted with this new misfortune, she thought it of little consequence, in a situation that appeared to her desponding mind too deplorable to admit of any increase, and too desperate for any thing short of a miracle to alleviate. She sat upon the deck, her languid eyes lifted up with resignation to her Almighty Father, whom she mentally prayed to receive her to his mercy, or, if it was his high behest that she should be preserved from the impending danger, that she might be restored to her earthly parent.

O'Connor, who had been viewing her beauteous face, while she was absorbed in addressing her Maker, guessing by her attitude, her employment, attempted not to interrupt her; but when he saw her bloodless countenance drop meek and resigned on her folded arms, as if to patiently await the eternal fiat, he ventured to address her.

"Arrah!

"Arrah! my dear *cratur*, ſure enough you are all over angel, and the *bliſſed* Virgin will ſave me for your ſake; and, by my ſoul, for the ſake too of ſome mighty big lord, who will make you rich, happy, and a great lady; ſo don't be caſt down and ſorrowful, for, I dare believe, that St. Patrick will yet ſet our precious feet on dry land. As to the little black cheſt, that I am afraid, contained all your money, that, ſure enough, is gone to the *divil* with the *ſpalpeens* who robbed you; ſo don't be after grieving for it, you ſhan't want ſufficient to carry you to your *frinds*; while Dermot O'Connor has got a white thirteen left, you ſhall have half of it; ſo take heart, *ſwate* honey, and be after drinking a little of this here wine I have brought you, and try to eat a bit of biſcuit, as I mean to do, that we may have ſtrength to avoid paying a viſit this time to old Davy."

Ellinor thanking him for all his kindneſs, made an effort to comply with the requeſt: ſhe

ſhe could not eat, but to gratify the earneſt and attentive ſolicitude of the worthy O'Connor, ſhe drank a glaſs of wine.

He now informed her that he thought the leak did not gain ſo faſt for the laſt hour, having been ſtopped by ſome bales of linen he had applied to it; they therefore had a chance of keeping afloat, till they fell in with a veſſel that might take them on board, if the wind did not get up again in the evening; but, if it did, ſetting ſo direct for the ſhore, the Lovely Peggy muſt go to pieces at laſt, adding, "Fear not if ſhedoes; I can ſwim, you are but a handful; and I ſwear, by the Pope himſelf, that we will ſink or be ſaved together.

Thus he encouraged Ellinor not to deſpair, entreating her to accept his aſſiſtance to lead her to the cabin, that ſhe might change her wet clothes, in which ſhe had ſat for many hours, for ſome of thoſe that the rogues had ſcattered about, as the waves had

had been waſhing over her ever ſince morning. He adviſed her likewiſe to lay down on the bed, and try to forget her ſorrows, while he kept a look out at the helm, in hopes of ſpying a ſail, promiſing to give her inſtant notice of ſo deſirable an event.

Ellinor, who had ſo much reaſon to miſtruſt the motives by which men are actuated in their attentions to women; from having been ſo often deceived, at firſt ſcrupled to comply with the advice, on reflecting that ſhe was alone with this man, and totally in his power.—But was ſhe leſs ſo on the deck than in the cabin? Moſt certainly; for ſhould he be tempted to offer any inſult in her preſent ſituation, ſhe could plunge into the ocean, and thus return her perſon to her Creator, immaculate.

But on reviewing his whole behaviour, which had been ſyſtematically friendly, kind, and civil, ſhe felt ſhocked at the ingratitude her doubts implied, as a return for ſuch diſintereſted attention from a perfect ſtranger. She there-

fore

fore gave him her hand, and he helped her down below, recommending her to try to ſleep, while he returned to keep, what he called a ſharp look-out a-head.

After ſhe had taken off her wet clothes, by which ſhe was much refreſhed, ſhe ſtretched her haraſſed limbs on the mattraſs, that O'Connor had placed on the floor, where, exhauſted by ſickneſs, terror, and fatigue, ſhe fell into a deep ſlumber, from which ſhe did not awake, till arouſed by the entrance of the worthy Mileſian, who, with horror and deſpair indelibly painted on his countenance, the expreſſion of which was heightened as the light of the lantern he held in his hand fell upon it, cried, "Come along, my *ſwate* innocent angel; who could be after ſleeping as ſound as my dear little Shelah, God *bliſs* her, who is but a twelve-month old, in the midſt of the dreadfulleſt ſtorm I ever ſaw, man or boy, which aroſe within an hour after you went below. As you was ſo quiet, I would not have diſturbed

you now, only I was afraid you would be drowned, and know nothing *at all, at all* of the matter; and then, when you waked in the other world, you would be angry with Dermot, for not telling you of your danger. So come along, honey; there is not a moment to be loſt. The Lovely Peggy has been toſt about at a *divil* of a rate theſe four hours; ſhe drifts faſt aſhore, for I can plainly hear the ſea break againſt the rocks; therefore it will ſoon be over with her, and us too."

Ellinor entreated him to leave her to her fate, to think only of ſaving himſelf, for the ſake of his wife and family, and no longer retard his endeavours of ſelf-preſervation for a being who was weary of life, to whom death appeared as a welcome friend; but he declared that it ſhould never be ſaid that Dermot O'Connor forſook a woman in the hour of danger, and was ſo baſe a ſpalpeen as to prefer life to honour: "So come up, my *dare*, and let us make one *bould* effort." He now took

took her unreſiſting hand, and drew her after him. They had juſt gained the deck of the ſhip, when ſhe ſtruck ſo violently upon a rock, that the concuſſion threw Ellinor down; the waves, that were daſhing mountains high, immediately ruſhing over the veſſel, as O'Connor was ſtooping to aſſiſt her, ſhe ſaw her laſt and only hope torn from her—the good, humane, brave O'Connor waſhed from her ſide. Stiffened with horror at this dreadful ſight, ſhe rent the air with her ſcreams; her brain maddened as ſhe reflected on her paſt misfortunes, and beheld her preſent danger. She gave herſelf up for loſt; the veſſel kept bulging, while Ellinor clung to the helm, near which ſhe had fallen, at the moment her laſt friend was ſwallowed by the remorſeleſs and never-ſatiated ocean.

The ſhip now divided with a tremendous craſh; the part on which Ellinor ſtill kept her hold was driven farther to the ſhore, and jammed faſt between two rocks. In this terrifying and awful moment ſhe loſt all recollection. On recovering to a ſenſe of her for-

lorn ſituation, ſhe found herſelf in a miſerable mud-hut, ſtretched on a blanket that was ſpread over ſome ſtraw, ſurrounded by a ſet of beings, the type and ſemblance of ſqualid wretchedneſs, whoſe gutteral ſounds, equally diſguſting as their appearance, were unintelligible to Ellinor.

In vain ſhe addreſſed them in all the languages ſhe was acquainted with, to enquire where ſhe was, and in what manner ſhe had been preſerved from a fate that ſo lately ſeemed inevitable. They ſhook their heads, to ſignify that they did not comprehend what ſhe ſaid. Her hands were burning, and her tongue parched with fever; ſhe made ſigns for ſomething to drink; they brought her a wooden bowl of milk, which ſhe eagerly ſwallowed. This cooled and allayed her thirſt; the women now left her, and ſhe ſighed deeply, as her thoughts turned on the recent fate of the kind O'Connor, whom ſhe accuſed herſelf for having deſtroyed, owing to his unremitting deſire to ſave her. She beheld his

his widowed wife, his helpleſs children accuſing her as the cauſe of their irreparable loſs; her heated imagination bred thick coming fancies; like Banquo's progeny paſſed, before her mental viſion, all thoſe ſhe had ever known:—the worthy Sir James Lavington robbed, by his attentions to her, of every domeſtic comfort; her beloved Dutcheſs deprived of the only gleam of pleaſure that could enliven the proſpect of her future life, the ſociety of her ſon; the affectionate and generous Clara O'Neil, by affording her protection, had loſt her father's good opinion, her brother's love, and ſullied her fair fame, in the opinion of a miſguided neighbourhood. The amiable, ſuſceptible Howard, the univerſal friend of human kind, had for his attachment to her been baniſhed from his friends and country, and, by beſtowing his affection where it could not be returned, had rendered himſelf miſerable, nay, perhaps, was at that very moment, dying of wounds received in juſtification of her honour.

At theſe thoughts engendered by deſpair, and reared to a gigantic magnitude, as they whirled rapidly through a heated and frenzied brain, ſhe exclaimed, "Surely a wretch ſo baneful to all who love her, ſo fatal to thoſe whom ſhe loves, a being ſo completely miſerable as the deſpiſed Ellinor, can have no buſineſs with life; ſhe brings trouble, ſorrow, and repentance on thoſe who are attached to her; like the baneful Upas, that ſheds deleterious poiſon on all who are drawn within its vortex. "Die then, poor ſuffering wretch, and be at peace."

CHAP. X.

ELLINOR having thus worked up her mind to deſperation, by the force of her ideas, ruſhed out of the hut, and found herſelf on the ledge of rocks that had wrecked the Lovely Peggy; pieces of whoſe ſides were ſtill floating on the water, or lodged in the interſtices of the crags, which the half-naked inhabitants of this ſteril ſpot were carrying away in portions, too much occupied with their ſpoil to notice her. The rain had ceaſed, the ſky ſtill lowered dark and gloomy after the laſt night's ſtorm; the waves rolled on, black as Acheron, till they daſhed into foam againſt the bold projecting promon-

tories, which ran far into the ſea, forming, in fantaſtic ſhapes, a natural rampart to our foes, that ſet the fortifications of the Duke of Tactic at nought.

Ellinor hurried on about a mile from the hut that had ſheltered her, when aſcending, by a narrow path, one of thoſe rugged and tremendous rocks which overhung the ocean, ſhe ſeated herſelf on the top. That love of life which forms a part of our nature, to which we fondly cling, even in wretchedneſs, ſorrow, and ſickneſs, made her heart recoil at the ſtep ſhe meditated. As ſhe viewed the unfathomable abyſs in which ſhe was about to precipitate herſelf, her agonies became extreme. Yet ſhe was perſuaded there remained no other part left for her to act; how was ſhe to ſupport exiſtence? the money ſhe had in her purſe had been taken away, doubtleſs, by thoſe who firſt found her on the wreck. The owners of the hut to which ſhe had been conducted, appeared to be too ignorant to feel for her diſtreſſes and too wretched to ſuſtain her; how then could

could ſhe think of remaining with them? or how leave them without money or clothes? ſhe was not even able to make herſelf underſtood by the natives, therefore could not acquire the information on what country ſhe was thrown. In whatever view ſhe conſidered her ſituation, it was equally wretched and deſolate. Thus reaſoning *falſely*, ſhe felt herſelf impelled to a deed that militated againſt the chriſtian ſyſtem, and the patient ſuffering of affliction recommended by that religion of which ſhe profeſſed herſelf a believer.

Our fair heroine was now, by a combination of circumſtances, and her accumulated diſtreſs, propelled to an action that her conſcience condemned. Let not the daughters of opulence, who baſk in the ſunſhine of pleaſure, and the plentitude of riches, whoſe wiſhes are ever anticipated by the ſolicitude of tender parents, who never felt a bodily want, or experienced a mental ſorrow; let not ſuch favoured mortals condemn,

with aſperity, the leſs fortunate Ellinor's principles, or arraign them as the falſe heroiſm of philoſophy, inſtead of allowing herſelf to be actuated by the true fortitude of chriſtianity.

There are ſituations when the ſoul can no longer adhere to the lacerated body; but ruſhes forth to meet its Maker, truſting in his divine mercy for pardon; thus felt the trembling Ellinor. When ſhe threw herſelf upon her knees on the flinty rock, ſhe looked like a celeſtial inhabitant deſcending from above, to implore forgiveneſs for the ſins of erring mortals; her white muſlin robe hung in folds round her ſlender form; her cap and bonnet had been taken off in the hut; her auburn hair fell unconfined below her waiſt, and floated with the breeze, while her white arms, and folded palms were joined in the act of ſupplication, and her humid eyes raiſed to Heaven;—ſuch a figure in ſuch an attitude, would have intereſted the breaſt of ſavages, and melted to

ſympathy

ſympathy the moſt flinty hearts, had they beheld the lovely viſion; and the unbelieving ſceptic would have been ſtruck with awe, had he heard the ſoft cadence of her voice, in tremulous, though impreſſive accents, thus addreſs her Creator in

PRAYER.

"Almighty Father of the univerſe! whoſe ſcrutinizing eye pervades the moſt ſecret receſſes of our hearts, and the motives by which they are actuated; forgive! Oh! forgive the temerity of thy creature, who meditates to ruſh, unbidden, into thy preſence, whoſe long ſufferings are known to Thee, but whoſe debilitated body, and frail mind can no longer ſupport her againſt the horrors by which ſhe is environed. Unknown to, and in utter deſpair of ever being able to trace her earthly parents, ſhe dares throw herſelf on the mercy of her Heavenly Father; —a forlorn, deſerted, iſolated being, caſt on a ſpot of earth of which ſhe knows not even

the name, whoſe exiſtence, ſorrow, ſickneſs, and famine, muſt end in a few days, perhaps hours. Oh! may this tremendous—this heart-appalling retroſpect, plead in extenuation of the wretched criminal who now preſumes to accelerate her death, when kneeling, ſhe ſhall implore pardon at the footſtool of the throne of eternal Goodneſs, and everlaſting Mercy!"

On pronouncing the laſt words, ſhe aroſe, ſtrengthened by renovating hope, and ruſhed to the edge of the precipice, with a firm determination to take the deſperate leap. As ſhe bent forward, her feet trembling on the verge of eternity, ſhe was forcibly pulled back by her robe; turning quick round, ſhe found herſelf in the arms of a lady, attended by a ſervant in livery; who, while ſhe ſtrained Ellinor to her palpitating heart, thus addreſſed her:—

"Lovely unfortunate! deſiſt from your meditated dreadful purpoſe; be aſſured, the

God that I have juſt heard you with ſuch fervour invoke, is ever good, forgiving, and merciful to raſh and erring mortals; he impelled my ſteps to this ſpot that you had devoted to ſelf-deſtruction, making me his humble inſtrument to ſnatch you from the commiſſion of the crime that alone precludes mercy to the ſinner, becauſe it prevents repentance. Reflect, my poor child, on the atrocious deed you meditated; for againſt ſelf-murder Omnipotence has pronounced his eternal decree."

Ellinor felt aſtoniſhed and abaſhed at this addreſs; the clouds of deſpondence by which ſhe had been ſurrounded, that were precipitating her to everlaſting perdition, were inſtantly diſpelled, in conſequence of the ſacred truths uttered by her preſerver, that ſhewed the guilt of her late intentions. She ſhuddered with horror on reflecting, that one ſtep more had plunged her into eternity. She flung herſelf at the feet of her deliverer, and embraced her knees, ſaying,

ing, "Receive, deareſt Lady, the thanks of a contrite wretch, whom you have ſaved from everlaſting miſery; who, driven by deſpair, raſhly dared devote herſelf to death, doubting that Divine Goodneſs, who, at the very moment ſhe meditated breaking his commands, was preparing for her both ſuccour and ſupport. I now ſee the criminality of my conduct, and will in future patiently endure what it ſhall pleaſe the Divine Diſpenſer of good and evil to inflict on his creature."

The Lady raiſed and embraced her, while her eyes ſwam in tears of commiſeration for the woes of ſo lovely a young woman, for whom ſhe already felt the moſt lively intereſt, convinced that grievous muſt have been the ſufferings that could have compelled a mind, with ſo juſt an idea of the Divine attributes, to determine on ſuicide.

She ſaid, "Be comforted, my ſweet girl, whatever have been the misfortunes of your

paſt life; whether you have been brought to your preſent diſtreſs by the artful machinations of others, or by the weakneſs of your own heart, in me you ſhall find a friend. I will enable you to ſuſtain the exiſtence, that I have been the happy inſtrument of preſerving. But we will talk more of this ſubject at ſome future time. At preſent you appear to want reſtoratives, and, I fear, medical aſſiſtance. A carriage waits about a quarter of a mile from this rock, that had ſo nearly proved fatal to you, and my caſtle is not ſituated above two from hence, to which I will directly return; there you ſhall receive every kind attention your health and evident diſtreſſes require."

Ellinor thanked her by floods of tears, for ſhe could not find words adequate to expreſs the ſenſations that ſhook her frame with grateful pleaſure, which bordered on agony, as the honeyed accents of kindneſs fell from the lips of this intereſting ſtranger, who, as ſhe ſupported her on her arm, and gently preſſed

preſſed her burning hand, it thrilled through every vein, giving her heart a new delight which ſhe had never experienced at any paſt period of her exiſtence.

They ſoon reached the chariot, which conveyed them to Languinneth Caſtle, where Ellinor was, by the orders of its fair miſtreſs, put into a warm bed, and a doctor from the neighbouring town ſent for, who pronounced her to be in a high fever: in deſpite of his ſkill, and the unremitting attentions of the lady of the caſtle, ſhe lay with ſmall hopes of recovery.

At the end of a fortnight, ſhe began to ſhow ſome ſigns of returning reaſon, the violence of the diſorder being much abated. This gave the moſt ſincere joy to Lady Howel, for that was the name of Ellinor's preſerver, who had ſcarcely ever left her bed-ſide, and to whom ſhe was become exceedingly dear. Indeed Ellinor would not ſuffer her to be out of her ſight at the time

time her delirium was at the height, or take any medicines but from her hands.

Her Ladyſhip remained whole hours ſoothing her frenzy, and liſtening to her wanderings; while the poor invalid threw her arms around her, calling her the preſerver of both body and ſoul, aſking if ſhe would be her dear mother; then pauſing, cried, "Ah! no; now I remember I have no parent,—the poor forlorn Ellinor never had one." Then ſhe would kiſs her hands, preſs them to her burning forehead, ſaying, "Dear lady, bear with my ſorrows; call me your child; I ſhall not trouble you long; I ſhall ſoon die; then you may bury me in a watery grave with the good O'Connor, (whiſpering, ſhe added) huſh! huſh! don't tell Mrs. Campley, who will not let me *reſt* in the bottom of the ocean; ſhe will purſue and torment me even there."

From theſe flights of her heated imagination, Lady Howel gathered that ſhe had been

been much perſecuted, and therefore felt ſuch a ſtrong predilection in her favour, that ſhe determined not to part with her, if ſhe choſe to remain under her protection.

Ellinor, by the great care and attention ſhe had received ſince her reſidence at the caſtle, was recovering faſt, being again ſnatched from the death that had appeared inevitable. The phyſician deſired, as her nerves had been ſo ſhattered, that any thing that recurred to her paſt misfortunes might bring on a relapſe, ſhe ſhould not be permitted to ſpeak on the ſubject. He forbade her the uſe of pen and ink, declaring, that he would not anſwer for the conſequences, if ſhe was allowed to retrace her ſorrows to her friends, till her health and ſtrength were re-eſtabliſhed.

All this Lady Howel promiſed for her, and acquainted Ellinor with her expectations, that ſhe would not attempt to infringe the treaty.

" I will

"I will be totally guided by your Ladyſhip, though I moſt ardently wiſh to make you acquainted with the hiſtory of my life, which I am ſenſible cannot exculpate me for attempting the act you ſo ſeaſonably prevented me from committing, though it will in ſome meaſure palliate the guilt of the intention, when you are informed how deſerted and deſperate I was at the time I dared to meditate on ſelf-deſtruction; when black deſpondency wholly poſſeſſed my maddening brain, that induced me to doubt the protection of Omnipotence, at the inſtant he was raiſing me a friend and protector in your Ladyſhip; to repay whoſe wondrous kindneſs, the *life* you ſaved, were it to be entirely devoted to your *ſervice*, would be but an inadequate return from her, whoſe love and gratitude can end only with her exiſtence. I have, I truſt, ſome few friends yet remaining, who, on hearing that the packet was loſt in which I took my paſſage from Dublin, will mourn with unfeigned ſorrow my ſuppoſed death; therefore, when you

you and Doctor Harris will grant permiſſion, I ſhall be happy to addreſs a few lines to them, mentioning my reſtored health, and preſent felicitous proſpects."

This requeſt Lady Howel promiſed ſhould ſoon be granted.

CHAP. XI.

LANGUINNETH Caſtle, the preſent aſylum of Ellinor, was an ancient Gothic ſtructure, whoſe ivy-mantled battlements appeared to have withſtood the warring elements for ages paſt, when it frowned defiance on the hoſtile invader of that country on which its proud turrets were reared, the conqueror of the ancient Cambro Britons, the deſtroyer of their religious rites—the deſolating Edward! It was built on what, in England, would be called a hill, ſurrounded by woods of Druidical oaks, whoſe ſpreading branches, and immenſe girth, announced them coeval with the dwelling. It was ſituated nearly four

four miles from the ſea, that daſhed its white foam on the black and flinty rocks of the Iſle of Angleſea, the ſteril and inhoſpitable coaſt that had ingulphed the worthy O'Connor, and wrecked his Lovely Peggy.

The wretched inhabitants think that every veſſel daſhed to pieces on their devoted ſhore, becomes their legal property; therefore, when they deſcended to take poſſeſſion of the packet, they found Ellinor, to all appearance, dead, but clinging faſt to that part of the ſhip that was jammed between the rocks, by which circumſtance her life had providentially been ſaved.

The women, fierce and inhuman, were for throwing her into the ſea, after ſearching her pockets, and taking her purſe, and every thing that appeared to them of any *value*; but a man, the owner of the miſerable hut in which ſhe found herſelf, inſiſted that the young woman was not dead, and even if that were the caſe, he declared ſhe ſhould not

not have a watery grave, while he could dig one in the earth with his ſpade. He therefore carried her in his arms to the hovel, where, by pouring ſome brandy down her throat, and obliging the woman to rub her head, breaſt, and limbs with the ſame liquor, ſhe was reſtored to her ſenſes, while her deliverer returned to the wreck to bring away his ſhare of what remained of the Lovely Peggy.

The inhabitants of the Iſle of Angleſea, who live in huts on the coaſt, ſpeak no language but the native Welch; ſhe could not therefore make herſelf underſtood; the ſpirits they had poured down her throat, having taken no food for three days, helped to heat her before-affrighted imagination, and impelled her frenzied brain to take that deſperate reſolution, from which ſhe was ſo miraculouſly preſerved by the interpoſition of Providence.

Lady Howel, who was the widow of the laſt owner of Languinneth-Caſtle, had retired

tired to reſide at it about ſix months before her meeting with Ellinor, where ſhe employed herſelf in forming an eſtabliſhment that bore an analogy to its ancient grandeur, and modernizing ſome of its apartments. There ſhe now lived ſecluded within its ample domains. Having heard of the ſavage cruelty that the ſhipwrecked mariners were treated with, by thoſe who dwelt on the coaſt, ſhe offered an ample reward to the firſt perſon who ſhould acquaint her when a veſſel was driven on ſhore. She thus had gained intelligence of the loſs of the Packet; in conſequence ſhe had ſet out in her carriage, which ſhe had left when the road became too dangerous to proceed, determining to walk to the ſpot on which the calamity had happened.

To do this, ſhe was obliged to paſs the bottom of that rock which preſented Ellinor to her aſtoniſhed ſight, at the moment ſhe threw herſelf on her knees to addreſs her Maker. Lady Howel aſcended it, and was

cloſe

close behind her without being perceived, heard her emphatic prayer; by it she understood the desperate deed her despair meditated. Having waited with a palpitating heart till she had finished, when she arose to execute her horrid purpose, she snatched Ellinor to her throbbing bosom.

What followed we have already delineated; and having now extricated our heroine from all the perils by which she was surrounded since her departure from Sir Dennis O'Neil's, and placed her in honourable security with the benevolent owner of Languinneth-Castle, we will return to the company we left dancing in the hall of the heroes of other times, at Drumlanrig.

The night was far advanced before the ladies departed, and the day, late as it appeared at that advanced season of the year, broke upon the Bacchanalian orgies of the gentlemen; some having been carried to bed from the field of contest—others, staggering over their fallen opponents, reeled to

their carriages, claiming all the honours of Bacchus. Of the former was the Reverend David Danglecourt; of the latter the Honourable Colonel Campley, who had drank to drive away care. He had made a ſpeedy retreat on finding Howard was returned to England, and acquainted with all his villainy, for he dared not meet the man he had ſo greatly injured, and had incumbered himſelf in this expedition with his wife, only to keep terms with her father; and brought Danglecourt in his ſuite becauſe Mrs. Campley poſitively refuſed to come ſuch a long journey with only *one* man to take care of her.

To this arrangement he was obliged to conſent, there being no time to diſpute the point, the Colonel perceiving the neceſſity of a quick march; and on reflecting where he was to ſet up his head-quarters, he recollected a promiſe made to an old acquaintance, Viſcount Clanronald, of the county of Antrim, in the province of Ulſter, to pay him

him a viſit in the courſe of the enſuing ſummer. He ſuppoſed it would be conferring a much *greater* obligation on his friend if he ate his Chriſtmas inſtead of his Michaelmas dinner with him, as he had, from making a little too free with his fortune at the faſhionable clubs, been condemned to ſpend the winter in the receſſes of the ſombre reſidence of his more prudent anceſtors. Campley thought that he ſhould not be traced by Howard to this northern retreat, till he had arranged his affairs to enable him to make a tour to Italy; which it was now his intention to commence directly.

He had loſt ſcent of Ellinor ever ſince the night he ſaw her at the opera, and had nearly annihilated her and his quondam friend Howard from his thoughts in the ſplendour of his new eſtabliſhment, and the eaſe with which it enabled him to gratify his *penchant* for gallantry with the faſhionable women that compoſed his wife's circle of friends, who crouded to her parties to win her money,

and intrigue with her huſband. When the anonymous letter, ſent by the Dutcheſs arrived, it awaked him from the ſecurity in which he had lulled himſelf reſpecting Howard, and occaſioned his ſudden viſit to Ireland.

His ſurpriſe, aſtoniſhment, and vexation were extreme, on finding Ellinor in the very place where he had flown to as a refuge from the threats of her lover. He perceived it would no longer yield him ſafety; that he had no alternative left but to depart the next day, with more ſpeed, if *poſſible*, than he came; or reſolve to meet Howard in the field, armed with honour and juſtice. This he wiſhed to decline; for though he knew his antagoniſt was not a vindictive character, he was ever decided and inflexible in what he ſuppoſed a *right cauſe*; and as Campley had no wiſh to quit this world either by ſteel or lead, that he was in the very zenith of enjoying, he determined, if it was to be avoided, not

not to give Howard what duelliſts call *ſatisfaction*; in other words, to kill or be killed.

What, then, muſt have been his mortification, as the ſervants were helping him into Lord Clanronald's coach, to ſee Howard drive over the draw-bridge of Drumlanrig-Caſtle! who, beholding the man he ſought, leaped out of his chaiſe, ſaying to Campley—

"We are *well met*, Sir; I have an affair to ſettle that will not brook delay, for which I have purſued you from England, and would have done ſo *round* the globe, till I had revenged the wrongs offered by you to the beſt, moſt lovely, and moſt injured of women. I wave thoſe you intended doing me with my late uncle; but for the inſults ſhe has ſuffered through your vile machinations, I call you a *baſe villain*, and inſiſt on your meeting me to decide our quarrel."

"Sir," anſwered Lord Clanronald, "theſe are harſh words; I know not your cauſe of complaint againſt my friend the Colonel,

but I think before you had uſed them, you ſhould have heard if he could not juſtify himſelf, without proceeding to theſe extremities."

"Sir, I am not cruel, vindictive, paſſionate, nor a profeſt duelliſt; but the ſufferings that a charming and virtuous woman has been expoſed to, in conſequence of the arts and libidinous purſuits of that man you *call* friend, of which I look upon myſelf as the unfortunate cauſe, by deſiring him to introduce me to the family where ſhe was an inmate; this obliges me to juſtify her honour, and my own character, that muſt, in the world's opinion, be contaminated by ſuch an unworthy aſſociate."

Howard now turning to Campley ſaid, "You muſt be convinced that I am well informed of the facts on which I found my accuſation; no farther explanation is neceſſary. I therefore inſiſt that you will name your time, place, and weapons; I have no ſecond, but *you* will eaſily find one, as you are with your friends, who, from the acknowledged

knowledged bravery of the Iriſh nation, I dare truſt will ſee juſtice done to both parties."

Major Maloney had been attentively liſtening to Howard's ſpeech. This gentleman was a rough, honeſt, blunt Mileſian, who had received as many wounds in our conteſt with America, as they count colonies, now obſerved—

"You are a lad of mettle, and I will be after ſeeing that you have fair play; it ſhall never be ſaid that an Engliſhman came to fight on Iriſh ground againſt the odds, while I can draw a trigger, or puſh carte and tierce. Therefore, my good fellow, I will be your ſecond for want of a better, if you have no objection."

Howard, politely thanking him, accepted with gratitude his friendly offer. The veteran, ſhaking him heartily by the hand, ſaid—

"This being ſettled, if the other gentleman has made up his *mind* to the buſineſs, let's fall to work directly—it will be the ſooner

over; and the word for attack ſhall be St. Patrick and little Ireland for ever."

Campley, whom the ſudden ſight of Howard had effectually ſobered, found it convenient to ſham intoxication, though, while he appeared to be in a profound ſtupor, he ſaw and heard every thing that paſſed, and had time to revolve the conſequences that might enſue from this unexpected meeting with a man whom he now perceived he muſt fight; and there was but a ſmall chance of his conquering an antagoniſt who felt bold from the aſſurance that he was the champion of injured innocence. He was convinced none of his artful ſubterfuges would avail him to evade this *rencontre* among a nation of hotſpurs, who think no more of running a man through the body in a duel, than drinking ſix bottles of claret.

Moſt certainly, then, fight he *muſt*, or be expoſed to the contempt and deriſion of a people to whom *fear* is a ſtranger. His caſe was deſperate

rate,—pride came in to the aid of courage, and he determined, with this ſupport, to carry it with a high hand, as he whiſpered to himſelf, "I'll not yield to kiſs the ground beneath this Howard's feet, and to be bated by the rabble's curſe;" though he does come threatening deſtruction to all thoſe luxurious pleaſures, that I had promiſed myſelf to enjoy for many a ſportive year, and though that ancient piſtol, Maloney, has offered to be his ſecond, who will rejoice in my defeat; for he was ſneering at ſupper on the *hard duty* ſuſtained by the king's body guards, when armed capapee, all glorious to the ſight, they charge through the *defiles* of pretty women in the Park, in deſpite of the whole artillery directed againſt them of ogles, winks, ſmiles, and ſighs; or boldly *ſtorm Fort Kelſay*, in St. James's-Street, though impeded by rivers of ice, they valiantly venture to attack the redoubts of peaches, nectarines, and plums."

Campley determined not to give this old Major a triumph; at the ſame time, to coun-

teract his own terrors, he comforted himſelf with the conviction that a bullet did not always *hit* the aggreſſor; that what was inevitable, might as well be done properly and ſpeedily. Appearing therefore to rouſe himſelf from his ſullen lethargy, he, with his accuſtomed affrontery and *nonchalance*, thus addreſſed Howard:—

"Sir, I know not what right you have to interfere in any thing that may have paſſed between Miſs Harcourt and myſelf, nor do I feel that I am accountable to you for my actions;—you are neither father, brother, nor lover, at leaſt not an accepted one, to that lady; hence ariſes your preſent anger, envying my better fortune—for this you ſeek my life. As to the practice of art and duplicity of which you accuſe me, look into your *own* breaſt, where you are more likely to find them; recollect, when you applied to me to introdúce you to Sir James Lavington, as a ſuitor to his daughter, that under that ſanction you might form an illicit

cit connexion with this Ellinor; I candidly acknowledged my intentions reſpecting the girl. Have I done *more* than I then avowed? As to the injuries you ſay ſhe has ſuſtained through me, they have ſprung from her own folly and vanity; I would have been her *friend*, but ſhe thought fit to fall violently in love with Marquis Fearleſs,—he was not ſuch a gudgeon as to bite at the matrimonial hook. Vexed and mortified at her diſappointment, to add a ſpur to his languid *devoirs* by abſence, ſhe ran away from his eccentric mother, and I neither thought of, nor knew what was become of the little jilt, till I found her laſt night in good caſe, at this worthy Baronet's; from whence, as there is no ſtopping the tongue of a jealous rival, Mrs. Campley beat up her quarters, and I believe has again occaſioned her to decamp.

" Now, to you, gentlemen, who have heard my unvarniſhed tale, I appeal, if you ſuppoſe me to blame in the buſineſs; and whether there is one of you that would reject

a *willing* fair one; but if you think Mr. Howard really aggrieved, I am ready to give him the ſatisfaction he requires, how, when, and where he pleaſes."

Sir Dennis vowed he was of opinion that the little *bog-trotter* who had deceived them *all*, was not worth powder and ſhot; ſaid the Colonel was a brave fellow, and ſo indeed appeared the other gentleman, only a little miſtaken in reſpect to the lady's immaculate virtues;—he therefore adviſed, that they ſhould adjourn to the Caſtle, and drink ſucceſs to her future ſchemes in a bottle of claret; that the challenged and the challenger ſhould ſhake hands and be friends, the girl not being worth contending for.

Howard, who trembled with rage at the artful defence made by Campley, and his direct attack on the character of Ellinor, which, if he could not be made to unſay, muſt ruin her reputation for *ever*, was now determined to fight till he fell, if he could not

not induce him to avow the falſity of his preſent aſſertions, and clear her fame. In conſequence of this reſolve, he told Campley he was a liar, and a villain; that he would oblige him to acknowledge the whole ſtory he had juſt promulgated was a baſe calumny, or he would *die* in the attempt; bidding him inſtantly name his time, for he was ready to go out with him that moment, having ſettled all his worldly affairs previous to his leaving England.

"As *you* have been ſo provident," replied Campley, "I ſuppoſe you will allow *me* time to do the ſame; I will therefore meet you to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, in my friend Lord Clanronald's park, whom I ſhall requeſt to do me the honour of being my ſecond in this *rencontre*, which he will perceive I am forced into by your brutal inſults. We will fight with piſtols, becauſe, I remember, when we formerly uſed to fence together, I managed the foil more adroitly; therefore I wiſh to

take no undue advantage of the man I *once* called my friend."

"Many thanks, gallant Colonel," replied Howard, "for your attentive forbearance; but as we are not going to fight a *fashionable* duel, notwithstanding what you suppose my inferior skill, I shall bring my sword, and I expect you to do the same, and these shall be the terms on which we meet. After having each fired a brace of pistols, if they take no effect, we will then end the contest with our swords; and here I swear, by my hopes of Heaven, I will not be satisfied till ample justice is done to the character of Miss Harcourt by you, her base assassin."

The Colonel, with a pale countenance, acquiesced to these terms; in despite of his assumed courage, his heart shrunk from the combat, when he heard the determination of his antagonist to expend no powder in *air*; for well he knew that his rigid notions would not permit him to swerve from the resolutions he had avowed. Campley's

ley's valour, like that of Acres in the Rivals, was oozing out at his finger's ends; but pride, that ſubſtitute for real courage, enabled him to make a decent retreat; as he told Howard, with an aſſumed careleſs air, he ſhould meet him on the ground, next morning, at the appointed hour.

Major Maloney ſwore, that Howard was a jewel of a man; and he would attend him to the field with all his ſoul; "where, my lad of mettle, I hope you will conquer, for I don't think much either of the honour or honeſty of this handſome Colonel, who ſeems a ſoldier that would be after turning his *back* on the enemy, to ſave his fair *face* for the ladies."

Howard again thanked him, and begged pardon of Sir Dennis for ſo abruptly introducing himſelf, and cauſing ſuch confuſion in his family; ſaid, he had not the leaſt expectation of meeting Campley, whom he had been

been led to believe was gone to the Continent, where he meant to have followed him, after having ſeen Miſs Harcourt, to whom his viſit was intended; being informed by the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought, that ſhe was with Miſs O'Neil. He requeſted an explanation of what he had juſt heard, that ſhe had quitted his protection ſo recently as the evening before.

Sir Dennis replied, that it was true ſhe had departed for Dublin; but, aſhamed of the part he had acted, in obliging her to quit his houſe, referred him to his daughter for a further explanation; deſiring he would not think of reſiding any where, while he remained in Ireland, but at Drumlanrig Caſtle; adding, that he was going to bed for a few hours, but would ſend Clara to him.

Howard entreated that the young lady might not be diſturbed after the fatigues of the evening.

Miſs

Miſs O'Neil, who could get no ſleep, her thoughts being totally occupied in reflecting on the uncomfortable ſituation of her friend, had heard the buſtle occaſioned by the recent quarrel, rung for her ſervant, and was by her acquainted with the arrival of an Engliſh gentleman to fight the Colonel who was come to viſit Lord Clonronald. It immediately occurred to her, from the deſcription, that it muſt be Mr. Howard, of whom Ellinor had given ſuch a flattering character.

She aroſe directly, and joined him in the breakfaſt-room; and in anſwer to his inquiries after her friend, completed his vexation and regret, by recounting the recent mortifications his adored Miſs Harcourt had been expoſed to ſuffer, from the vile calumnies of that female fiend, Mrs. Campley; which had cauſed her to take ſuch a tremendous journey, from the north of Ireland to England, at ſuch an advanced ſeaſon of the year, alone and unprotected. He exclaimed

claimed againſt the perſecuting fate that ever divided him from the woman for whom alone he wiſhed to live.

He found by Miſs O'Neil, that they had both probably reſted at the Shamrock-Inn, and were only precluded from meeting, by his early departure for Drumlanrig-Caſtle, before Ellinor had quitted her cock-loft; though it was not the fault of the hoſteſs of that ſumptuous *auberge*, that they did not ſee each other; as ſhe entertained him all the while he was waiting for the horſes to be put to his carriage, with a deſcription of the wondrous beauty and *gintility* of a young lady to whom ſhe had given up her bed, ſtrongly recommending it to him to ſtay breakfaſt, to get a peep at the *ſwate* good-natured young *cratur*. But her impatient auditor, whoſe ideas were occupied by one *angel* alone, was deaf to her entreaties, as no kind ſylph whiſpered him ſhe was at that inſtant repoſing on the hard pallet of land-

lady

lady Mary. They therefore purſued their journey by contrary *routes*.

From Clara's account of the ladies' behaviour to Ellinor on the night ſhe quitted the Caſtle, and the reſentment of her father, though ſhe *ſoftened* it as much as poſſible, which had aroſe from the ſtory told by Mrs. Campley, he ſaw the neceſſity yet ſtronger of obliging her *huſband* to clear the character that *ſhe* had ſo baſely traduced.

Clara now uſed every argument ſhe could deviſe to prevail on Mr. Howard not to meet Campley, by pointing out how much it would grieve Ellinor, if any accident ſhould happen to the defender of her cauſe, as ſhe ever had expreſſed the higheſt eſteem for him. Though mild, merciful, and yielding in his nature, he was now inflexibly firm, and obſtinately reſolved; therefore, in ſorrow, ſhe was obliged to give up the point, and content herſelf with offering up fervent prayers for his ſafety.

At

At eight o'clock the next morning, Mr. Howard, accompanied by Major Maloney, and Sir Dennis O'Neil, who was determined to atone for his treatment to Ellinor, by his attentions to her champion, repaired in the latter's carriage to the park of Lord Clonronald, where, in a few minutes, they were joined by his Lordſhip and Colonel Campley, who brought with them a ſurgeon.

The parties bowed in ſilence, and the ſeconds meaſured the diſtance at which they were to fire; it was agreed to be nine paces. Lord Clonronald propoſed to throw up for the firſt fire; Major Maloney objected to that, alledging that his principal was the injured party; ſaying, it was more equitable, that the combatants ſhould diſcharge their piſtols at the dropping a handkerchief. This was agreed to; they took their ground, and at the ſignal being given by his Lordſhip, they fired at the ſame inſtant.

Campley

Campley miſſed Howard, but he took ſo ſure an aim, that his ball went through the hat of the Colonel; the ſeconds interpoſed, and enquired if Howard was ſatisfied, who ſaid, "No, I am ready to go on." They fired again, and both ſhots took place—Howard was wounded in the left arm, and his ball entered Campley's right ſide, and came out under the ſhoulder bone; he immediately fell, declaring that he was a *dead man.* Howard entreated him, as he hoped for mercy in a future ſtate, to let his laſt deed be an act of juſtice.

With much apparent pain, he replied, "I mean to do ſo; I therefore beg you, gentlemen, will bear witneſs, that all I ſaid yeſterday, to the prejudice of Miſs Harcourt, was *falſe*; that I have every reaſon to ſuppoſe ſhe is as good and virtuous, as ſhe has been ill-treated and oppreſſed. I ſincerely beg her pardon and forgiveneſs, as I do your's, Mr. Howard, whom I exculpate as the cauſe of my death, juſtly

juſtly meriting from you the puniſhment I have received."

Howard took his offered hand, ſincerely hoping he would recover; expreſſed his ſorrow that he had compelled him to an act from which his principles revolted.

The ſurgeon came up, and declared he could give no opinion of the wound, till he had examined it in a more convenient place. Campley was therefore carried into the houſe, ſtretched on a mattraſs, apparently dying.

Mr. Howard returned with Sir Dennis and Major Maloney to Drumlanrig, where his arm was dreſſed; and he determined to await the reſult of the ſurgeon's opinion of Colonel Campley, reſolving not to leave the country till that gentleman's fate was decided, but to yield himſelf up to Sir Dennis, who was a magiſtrate, and take his trial if Campley died. His own wound was not

not ſuppoſed dangerous, though he ſuffered great pain in having the ball extracted, which had carried a portion of the coat with it. He ſent daily to enquire after the Colonel, and was anſwered that the ſurgeon thought him in great danger; that more aſſiſtance had been ſent for, and they feared the lungs were wounded.

Having now ſhewn our readers, that though vice and duplicity may proſper for a time, they will finally meet their deſerved puniſhment; and truth and virtue ultimately triumph, as in the caſe of our heroine, and her arch enemy Campley, whom we will leave to the goading ſtings of his conſcience, the excruciating torments occaſioned by his wounds, and, what was yet *more* inſufferable, the taunts and revilings of his wife, who arraigned him for purſuing thoſe vices in which ſhe was making large ſtrides to overtake him; while we return to our now happy heroine.

CHAP. XXI.

IN the ſublime and beautiful ſhades of Languinneth Caſtle, and the elegant and refined ſociety of its intereſting owner, blooming health once more reviſited the woe-worn cheek of Ellinor. She experienced a pleaſing calm,—a happy emanation beamed from her eyes,—in all her various ſituations ſhe had never *before* felt ſenſations of the nature that now pervaded her boſom. It ſeemed as if the walls that incloſed the domain contained every earthly bliſs ſhe ſought to know; when leaning on the arm of Lady Howel, and looking up to catch the ſoft glances of her blue eyes, as they were bent with ſcrutinizing attention

tion on her face, Ellinor thanked her for a life preſerved, and the happineſs her ſociety conferred on it. When ſhe could catch the ſmile of approbation that dimpled round her mouth, Ellinor felt ſenſations to which ſhe could not give a name, equally new as delightful. Converſing with Lady Howel, ſhe ſaid—

"I feel, after the troubles I have experienced through the viciſſitudes of a ſhort but agitated life, that pleaſing ſerenity, that delightful rapture, and grateful joy, which appear to animate the face of nature when it has been convulſed by the fierce contending elements. My ſituation is exactly deſcribed by Dryden in theſe beautiful lines,

"After a tempeſt when the winds are laid,
The calm ſea wonders at the wrecks it made."

"I am moſt happy, my charming Eliza, to hear you ſay ſo; and I can truly add, that ſince I was ſeventeen years of age, I have

not received ſo much ſatisfaction as the pleaſure of preſerving your life afforded me, and that I have experienced in conſequence of your ſociety in the few weeks we have paſſed together."

"When, dear Lady Howel, will you permit me to recite my hiſtory, which will convince you that I am unfortunate, not guilty? where you will find more in the conduct of others to condemn, than in mine."

"Your eagerneſs to exculpate yourſelf, convinces me of your capability of doing ſo. I know that you have been unhappy—I am aſſured that you are good and virtuous; I have therefore no excuſe to give my conſent to your tearing open the wounds of your heart, to gratify what in me would be an *illiberal curioſity*; becauſe it would imply a diſtruſt I am very far from feeling. But if it will afford you any ſatisfaction to unburthen your boſom of its ſorrows, by confiding in me, I will ſhare them with pleaſure; and if they are within the power of my for-

tune

tune to relieve, or my commiseration to alleviate, you may freely command both."

"Oh! how happy I am to be restored to life and all its enjoyments by such an angel."

"You are an insinuating flatterer; when I have heard your woes, I shall recount mine, which will bring home to your mind the conviction that I am a frail and erring mortal; though the envied owner of a princely fortune, the mistress of this spacious domain is a very wretch, whose breast is the seat of misery, from which alone she looks for death as a cure; who retired to this secluded mansion to mourn the loss of the man of her early choice, and the child of her love, for ever divided from her arms by the combinations of the wicked. To-morrow, then, in my dressing-room, at this hour, we will, my dear Eliza exchange confidences."

They now parted. It is necessary here to observe that our heroine had announced herself to Lady Howel as Eliza Mortimer, the name she had assumed ever since she left

the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought. The precaution ſhe had taken before ſhe entered the packet, of ſecuring her papers and locket, on which the developement of her birth depended, by ſewing them in oil-ſkin, had preſerved the parcel from all the water it had been expoſed to for near four days.

When the Angleſea ſavages robbed her of thoſe valuables ſhe had about her perſon, they cut open a corner of this precious depoſit, and ſeeing only writings which they thought uſeleſs, they left them untouched. As ſoon as ſhe was undreſſed to be put to bed at Languinneth, Lady Howel ordered her pockets to be depoſited in a drawer, in the ſtate they were, and placed her ſeals upon them. On Ellinor's reſtoration to health, ſhe preſented her with the key, when ſhe had the unexpected pleaſure to find all her papers not damaged. At the ſight of them her hopes revived, that through their means ſhe might *yet* find her parents. Having taken them

from their encloſure, and arranged them with attention according to their dates; as her mind was reſtored to its wonted perſpicuity, and its religious reliance on Omniſcience, ſhe beheld with gratitude the over-ruling hand of a Divine Providence in her preſervation, that had ſuggeſted the idea, which induced her to depoſit thoſe documents of ſo much conſequence, about her perſon.

On the morning Lady Howel had appointed for the interchange of mutual confidence, they met at breakfaſt: the London newſpapers, which were regularly ſent to Languinneth, lay on the table. She requeſted Ellinor to read them;—on complying with this deſire, the firſt paragraph that met her eyes was, "We hear there is a divorce on the *tapis* that will ſpeedily take place between Mr. O—d and his high-bred Lady. The cauſe is ſaid to be the *fearleſs* attention of a handſome Marquis, who

dreads nought where love and ambition point the way."

Ellinor felt a glowing bluſh cover her face, as ſhe reflected on the depravity of him whom ſhe *once* ſincerely loved. But to a mind like her's, the man who had by his behaviour forfeited her eſteem, could not *long* retain a place in her heart;—ſhe had now ceaſed to view him but with contemptuous indifference. Shaking off the painful ſenſation of the moment, ſhe proceeded to read, till ſhe came to an article, that ſtopping to run her eye over, ſhe exclaimed aloud—"How happy I am that, before her death, ſhe muſt have been convinced of the injuſtice ſhe did me by believing the deluſions, raiſed by that abominable Lady Fanny, to miſlead her."

Who is it, Eliza, that you are thus apoſtrophizing?"

"*One*, my dear Lady, who was formerly kind, attentive, and good to *me*. She was impoſed upon by an artful woman, and adviſed to throw me from her protection;

tion; which has been the ultimate cauſe of all the misfortunes that have ſince perſecuted me, till you ſnatched me from impending deſtruction, to foſter me in your friendly boſom. She was the wife of the beſt, worthieſt, and moſt exalted of human beings. But I will read the paragraph:—"Yeſterday died Lady Lavington, wife to Sir James Lavington, Bart. of Avon-Place, Hampſhire."

When Ellinor had thus far proceeded, ſhe lifted her eyes from the paper, and ſaw Lady Howel leaning back in her chair, with a face pale as death, her knees trembling, and appearing ready to faint. She ran to ſupport her, and applying her ſalts, in a few minutes reſtored her again to ſenſation, when ſhe was relieved by a violent flood of tears. Ellinor not being able to divine the cauſe of her grief, and fearing ſhe ſhould only add to it by queſtions, viewed her diſtreſs with ſilent ſorrow.

After a pauſe of ſome minutes, Lady Howel, taking her hand, ſaid "My good girl, be not frightened on my account; I ſhall ſoon be better; but at the name of Lavington, theſe emotions ever ſhake my frame to agony.

"Oh name for ever ſad, for ever dear,
Still heard with ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear!"

Making an effort to recover herſelf, ſhe ſaid, "Come, Eliza, you muſt tell me all you know about that gentleman's family; for the moſt trifling circumſtances relative to him cannot fail of being intereſting to me."

"Moſt cheerfully ſhall I comply, dear lady, with your commands; but may not what I have to relate affect you too much in the preſent depreſſed ſtate of your ſpirits?"

"No, I think not; let us retire to my dreſſing-room, for I am now as eager to hear your ſtory, as you have long been deſirous of telling it."

Ellinor, as ſoon as they were ſeated, at her friend's requeſt began her hiſtory, from her earlieſt remembrance. Lady Howel heard her without interruption, but with the moſt eager attention impreſſed on her face, which varied according to the different ſituations ſhe deſcribed. As Ellinor commented, with pathetic energy, on her deſerted ſtate, her ardent and conſtant wiſhes to be acknowledged by her parents, and emphatically deſcribed the ſufferings their neglect had heaped upon her, her gentle auditor's countenance was covered with burning bluſhes, as ſhe reflected upon their cruelty, and her eyes were ſuffuſed with tears of compaſſion for their deſerted daughter. But when Ellinor came to ſpeak of the unfeeling guardian of her youth, deſcribed her perſon and manners; doubt, horror, hope, and fear, appeared to ſhake the frame of her auditor with contending emotions; when, in juſtice to the good, the philanthropic Howard, ſhe deſcribed his ingenuous heart, his diſintereſted offer to marry her in defiance of his uncle's reſent-

ment, and the threatened loſs of his fortune; when ſhe repreſented the kind ſolicitude, attentive friendſhip, and almoſt paternal affection of Sir James Lavington, Lady Howel interrupted her, exclaiming—"Oh bleſs him, heavenly powers! how proud my heart feels to find he is the ſame juſt and generous Lavington, the very ſoul of ſenſibility that I once adored—indeed, (ſinking her voice, ſhe added) ever *did*, ever *muſt* love. Excuſe me, my young friend, for this interruption; but the effuſions of the heart, in warm imaginations, preclude *etiquette*.

Ellinor proceeded without any further comments from her ladyſhip, except what might be read in her varying countenance, which expreſſed joy, ſorrow, ſurpriſe, and indignation, as ſhe related the conduct of thoſe by whom ſhe had been comforted or oppreſſed; till ſhe arrived at that period of her ſtory when ſent for by her dying guardian; then *hope* lighted up the eyes of Lady Howel, as ſhe expected the myſtery of her birth

birth was about to be divulged; but on finding that ſhe died, without being able to ſpeak, it gave place to mortification and diſappointment.

Ellinor determining not to make this amiable woman a *confidante* by halves, drew from her pocket the letters written by her parents, and the confeſſions of Martha Wilmot, with the gold locket;—preſenting them to Lady Howel, ſhe ſaid, "It is with the moſt grateful pleaſure I behold the tender intereſt, your ladyſhip ſo evidently takes in my unfortunate ſtory. Theſe papers I have now the honour to preſent for your peruſal, and this trinket, (drawing it out of the caſe in which it was carefully incloſed) are all now left me to aſſiſt my ſearch after a dear mother; who you will find, by the account of my dying guardian, has ever been affectionate, kind, and good; and I flatter myſelf is at this moment as ardently deſirous to embrace me, as I am anxious to be folded to her maternal boſom."

As ſhe pronounced this laſt ſentence, Lady Howel, whoſe eyes were earneſtly fixed on the locket, caught it eagerly from her hand, while with trembling impatience ſhe preſſed a ſpring that had totally eſcaped Ellinor's obſervation. It flew open, and preſented the picture of a young gentleman, which the moment it met her eyes, uttering a piercing ſcream of joyful ſurpriſe, ſhe flung herſelf into the arms of the terrified Ellinor; exclaiming, "Behold in *me*, my much-injured, lovely child, your *once* miſerable, but *now* happy mother."

The tide of unutterable pleaſure, that ruſhed on the heart of our poor heroine, overwhelmed her ſenſes. To find that parent, ſo long ſought, in the moſt amiable of her ſex, in the very woman who had a *ſecond* time given her life, was too much for her care-worn frame to ſupport, and ſhe dropped from the arms of her rejoicing mother on the floor, to all appearance dead, who was ſupported by the exceſs of her

her terrors for this beloved daughter, from loſing her powers of recollection.

A ſervant was immediately diſpatched to bring Dr. Harris, who ordered Ellinor to be let blood, and kept extremely quiet, or ſhe would again relapſe into that ſtate of diſtraction, from which ſhe was ſo recently recovered. This her ladyſhip moſt faithfully promiſed to attend to; and while ſhe ſat by her bed, ſhe read the ſhocking ſtory of the deteſtable Martha Wilmot. Though ſhe ſhuddered with horror at her malignant conduct, ſhe tried to extenuate her crimes, by pleading in palliation her father's cruelty and neglect; the torments ſhe muſt have endured from conſtantly beholding her more fortunate ſiſter in poſſeſſion of the beſt affections of that man to whom ſhe had given her heart; ſhe therefore found an excuſe for her who had been goaded on, by jealous love and diſappointed ambition, to the commiſſion of crimes that had alike ingulphed the innocent and the guilty.

Lady

Lady Howel, with that ſuſceptibility that formed a part of her nature, prayed moſt ardently for pardon and peace for the ſoul of her vindictive ſiſter, of whoſe conſanguinity ſhe had never been made acquainted, till the preſent inſtant. The reaſons for her father's ſilence on the ſubject, have already been explained by Martha.

Ellinor found herſelf the next day much better; and while ſhe kiſſed the hand of her newly-diſcovered parent, who hung over her enraptured, ſhe entreated ſhe would condeſcend to relate the hiſtory of her paſt life, that ſhe had before promiſed to do, when, though flattered by her confidence, ſhe could not have been equally intereſted in the events.

Her mother ſaid ſhe would comply with her requeſt when Dr. Harris declared her ſpirits were ſufficiently ſtrong to hear, without injury to her health, a recital of her ſorrows and ſufferings, who thought them all amply repaid in the joy of having reſtored to her arms her long-loſt and ever-

regretted

regretted child, in the perſon of her beloved young friend.

Ellinor, now arrived at the pinnacle of all her hopes and wiſhes, careſſed and idolized by a fond mother, who thought ſhe could never repay her ſufficiently in tenderneſs and affection, for thoſe years of ſorrow her paſt dereliction had occaſioned her to ſuffer, was ſoon reſtored to health, and the vivacity natural to her, which the various misfortunes ſhe experienced ſince ſhe quitted the convent had nearly obliterated, and gave a ſerious turn to her manners, and a melancholy caſt to her features, which were originally full of animated intelligence, promiſing a mind within.

Lady Howel beheld this change with a pleaſure bordering on ecſtacy, neither could bear to loſe ſight of the other; ſo new, ſo delicious were the emotions excited in the boſoms of this now truly happy mother and daughter. Fervent were the united and grateful oriſons they offered up to that per-

vading Providence, that had brought good out of evil.

Our heroine felt abaſhed and humbled to the duſt, on reflecting that at the very moment ſhe had dared to deſpond, and meditate on plunging into eternity, an over-ruling Power had caſt her on the very ſpot, where alone her wiſhes could be gratified in what had ever been her conſtant prayer—the ſociety, approbation, and affection of a tender parent, who was permitted to ſnatch her from the verge of deſtruction.

Who but a mother, in ſimilar circumſtances, can juſtly deſcribe the overwhelming torrent of joy, that filled the throbbing boſom of Lady Howel, when ſhe contemplated, in her angelic daughter, every virtue that could raiſe love and eſteem; and reflected that ſhe was ſo highly favoured by Heaven, that it was permitted her to ſave from inſtant death that dear child, and to amply repay her paſt misfortunes, by rendering her future life happy.

CHAP. XIII.

NEAR a week had elapſed ſince the *eclairciſſement* in which each revolving day had brought added happineſs to the inhabitants of Languinneth Caſtle; ſince Lady Howel had allowed Ellinor to addreſs her by the delicious name of mother. Taking her hand, ſhe ſaid, "My dear child, I am now ready to acquaint you with the events of my paſt life, as I feel it incumbent, whatever I may ſuffer from the recital, to inform you who is your other parent!

"The account given by the unfortunate and vindictive Martha, will help to ſhorten my painful taſk; for that explains the motives

tives for her conduct in a way I never ſuſpected. I ſhall therefore be as brief as circumſtances will admit, nor attempt to exculpate my youthful indiſcretions, which aroſe from the ſuſceptibility of my heart, and a mind debilitated by a conſtant ſucceſſion of pleaſurable purſuits. The rugged nurſe, Adverſity, who rocked your infant limbs, gave an energy to your mind, and a deciſion to your actions, that I, reared in enervating indulgence, never experienced, till I had in pain and ſorrow brought you into the world. From that moment of rapture to mothers in happier circumſtances, I have had to reckon only a long ſeries of miſery, until, as a reward for my patient ſufferings, and conſtant prayers, you were reſtored to my arms.

"Martha Wilmot, in her confeſſions, has told my ſtory, till the night that, by her perſuaſions, I was induced to receive Celadon into my chamber, when ſhe left us together, with the avowed intention that it ſhould prove my *ruin*. With ſhame to you, my child,

child, I muſt declare, that a plan, ſo ſhocking to human nature, contrived againſt her own ſiſter, was but too ſucceſsful; for in that ever-regretted moment of paſſion, aided by opportunity, Reaſon was lulled aſleep; but when we reflected on the crime Love impelled us to commit, and the conſequences that might enſue, your father, who was ever the ſoul of honour, became almoſt frantic at the reflection, that he ſhould be obliged to leave me in a few hours; he vowed that he would not quit the houſe, but ſtay and claim me as his affianced wife. Kneeling, he called Heaven to witneſs, while his Amelia lived, no other woman ſhould bear that title.

"Inſtead of reproaching this beloved object for the ruin he had brought on me, frightened at the agonies I ſaw him ſuffer, I tried to ſooth and reconcile him to himſelf, vowing to be only his. The hours, till day broke on our aſtoniſhed ſight, were paſſed in real ſorrow, and unfeigned contrition, for the fatal effects of that love which we jointly declared ſhould fill our hearts for ever.

"On

"On finding Wilmot did not return, I prevailed on him to venture alone; for I trembled for the conſequences to both, ſhould my father find us together. Tearing myſelf from his claſping arms, he tied round my neck the locket that has been ſo long in your poſſeſſion. It was made ſome time before our paſſion was diſcovered; there was a ſpring ſo nicely contrived, as not to be perceived on viewing it, nor could it be opened but by thoſe acquainted with the ſecret; to all other eyes it appeared, as no doubt it did to your's, merely plain gold, but it contained what was to me of ineſtimable value, the picture of your father."

"Oh! my deareſt mother, excuſe the eager impatience of your child; let me but behold the features of the man to whom I am indebted for my exiſtence."

"Yet a little longer, my beloved Ellinor, and you ſhall be gratified; I put it in my pocket at the time you fainted, meaning to reſtore it when I had explained the former circumſtances of my life. In return

turn for this portrait, I preſented him with a likeneſs of myſelf, intended for my uncle in the Eaſt-Indies. Thus we parted, and I have not ſince beheld the only man I could ever love.

" The conſequence of that fatal night was your birth. Wilmot has explained all that paſſed, till the moment my relentleſs father tore you from my arms, and forced me, a wretched exile, from England. My ſiſter had ſo completely deceived me, by her expreſſions of friendſhip, that I never miſtruſted her as the cauſe of my ruin; I therefore made her boſom the depoſitary of all my ſorrows, hopes, fears, and wiſhes. I truſted to her care the letters ſhe gave you, and the highly-valued locket, well aſſured, if it was ever ſeen by Celadon, it would be ſufficient proof you were the offspring of our unfortunate attachment. I did not think it neceſſary to acquaint her of the ſecret ſpring by which it opened, or that it contained his picture.

" I felt

"I felt ſome comfort from leaving you under the protection of my dear mother, and, as I ſuppoſed, to the care of the friendly Wilmot, little thinking that ſhe had been mine, and would be your deadly foe.

"As ſoon as my father and myſelf were arrived and ſettled at Madras, I was, by my uncle, who was both rich and powerful, introduced as his niece, and ſurrounded by lovers. I received numerous offers of marriage, all of which I rejected, telling my father that I had left my native country to oblige him, but while the parent of my child exiſted, no motive of intereſt ſhould induce me to give my hand to another.

"This determination made him quite furious, as it at once deſtroyed his long-cheriſhed ſchemes of grandeur for me, his pecuniary hopes from my uncle, and his revenge on the man he called my villainous ſeducer. But when, I ſuppoſe, by the information of Wilmot, he found ſhe had given out that I was *dead*, he determined to improve upon the hint, and one day appearing

to

to be much ſurpriſed at the receipt of a letter from England, I fell into the ſnare ſo artfully laid for the deſtruction of my future happineſs, and enquired what it was that had ſo much aſtoniſhed him;—he perſuaded me not to wiſh for information that would give me pain; this only made me more eagerly ſeek an elucidation of a circumſtance he appeared deſirous of making ſo myſterious.

" My father now allowed himſelf to be prevailed upon, by my earneſt entreaties, to ſhow me a letter that he, I now imagine, had cauſed to be written for the purpoſe, ſigned with the name of a gentleman whom I knew to be a neighbour of Celadon's; in which, after ſome deſultory matter, he regretted the loſs their old friend had ſuſtained by the death of his only ſon, in a frenzy fever.

" I will not, my dear Ellinor, ſhock your ſenſibility, by dwelling on the extreme miſery I ſuffered at this heart-breaking intelligence, or the illneſs that was the conſequence of it, which nearly brought me to that grave, which

I ſo

I ſo ardently ſought after. My ſickneſs was long, and my recovery doubtful. On my reſtoration to health, I was teaſed to marry, by the importunities of my uncle, who proteſted, if I did not conſent, he would give his large poſſeſſions out of the family. What could I do, entreated by a kneeling father, to enable him to ſave his name from ignominy, by reviſiting Europe, diſcharging his legal debts, and returning with my mother and brother to Madras?

"Eager to ſee and embrace thoſe dear relatives, after making the beſt terms I could for you, my beloved Ellinor, and firmly believing that Celadon was no more, equally indifferent to all mankind, I yielded an unwilling conſent, that my uncle ſhould chuſe for me a huſband.

"His ſelection fell on Mr. Howel, who was the younger ſon of a Welch Baronet, of more reſpectability than riches. He had been ſent to the ſhores of Indoſtan, in early life, as a writer in the Company's ſervice. He was then a free merchant; had amaſſed a large

a large fortune by fair and equitable means; he was warm in his temper and high-ſpirited, but good-natured and generous; fond of me almoſt to adoration.

"I lived with him, ſurrounded by luxurious grandeur, but I knew not *happineſs*—mine was buried in the grave of the ever-regretted Celadon. By Mr. Howel I had ſeveral children; all of whom died in their infancy, except my poor Edward; he lived to be fifteen, when the ſame dreadful fever that deprived his father of life in two days, on the third ſnatched him from my arms. I looked on this as a puniſhment for my deſertion of you, the innocent victim of your parent's crimes.

"I now found myſelf, by their deaths, alone in a country which I had never loved, and had no ties of attachment to it, my father, mother, brother, and uncle having long ſince been numbered with the dead.

"Poſſeſſed, by the will of my late huſband, of his fortune, in addition to that of my uncle's, I had immenſe property wholly

at my own diſpoſal; for Sir David Howel bequeathed every thing to me, if my ſon died before he was twenty-one years of age. I poignantly felt the loſs of *all* thoſe dear relatives; I thought they were ſnatched away, purpoſely to recal me to a ſenſe of that duty I owed to you, whom I had for ſo many years forſaken.

" You were conſtantly the object of my dreams; I ſaw you ruſhing over precipices, ſinking into yawning chaſms, calling for aſſiſtance, and imploring my protection. At another time, I thought your father preſented you to me, all good and lovely as I now behold you; but when I ſtretched out my arms, and would have ſnatched you to my throbbing boſom, he, with much ſeverity, arraigned me for my broken vows regiſtered in Heaven, and my unnatural deſertion of his child; ſhocked at his anger, kneeling, I implored pardon, and to be heard in my own juſtification; he told me, frowning, it was now too late; then both inſtantly vaniſhed from my ſight.

" I awoke,

"I awoke, trembling with contending emotions; my pillow was wet with the tears of contrition. Theſe viſions that terrified my ſleeping imagination, determined me to return to Europe directly; to take you to my heart, by kindneſs make amends for my long neglect, and ſhare with you my ſplendid fortune. At this period it was I wrote to Wilmot, declaring thoſe intentions that drove her upon her fate.—But I will not add a pain, to what I perceive you already ſuffer at the recital of my ſad ſtory, by deſcanting on the miſeries that I endured when I could not find her.

"On my arrival in London, my firſt care was to ſeek your guardian; but on enquiring at the banker's to whom my remittances had been ſent, and her letters were directed, they informed me that ſhe had no caſh with them, and all they had heard about her was, that ſhe had retired to Bath, with an intention of reſiding there. They knew not of any young lady ſhe had under her care; that the laſt packet which came from India, was for-

warded to her. I directly ſet out for Bath, where I gained the intelligence, that ſoon after her arrival in that city, ſhe had, in the Abbey church, given her hand to a Mr. M'Cormick, and immediately left the place to reſide with her huſband in Ireland.

" My eyes were now opened to her nefarious conduct, and to the miſery of my own ſituation; for by all my inquiries I could not find, even from thoſe who had known her longeſt, that ſhe had ever been guardian to any young perſon; therefore I ſuppoſed that you had died in your infancy, and that ſhe had announced you as ſtill in exiſtence, to draw from me ſums of money for her own uſe; and on finding that I was returning to England, ſhe had married, and left the kingdom.

" Here, then, ended my long-promiſed, long-cheriſhed hopes of happineſs;—ſuffering the extreme of miſery at this recent diſappointment, the world appeared to me a blank; I ſhunned all communication with its inhabitants, determining to ſhut myſelf up in the

the ſecluſion of this caſtle. I ſhould have before informed you, that Languinneth, and the title of Baronet annexed to it, devolved to my late huſband, ſome years antecedent to his death. In conſequence of this event, he had wrote to his agent in England, to have this antique pile, and the ſurrounding grounds, put into the beſt order, and the apartments newly furniſhed; it being his intention, if he had lived, to return to his native country, to have made it our ſummer reſidence; for he was too much of a Cambro Briton to let the ancient ſeat of a long line of anceſtors topple to decay, while, like modern nabobs, he reared a ſuperb edifice in the vicinity of the metropolis, diſplaying Aſiatic ſplendour, to the gaze of the envying multitude.

"Knowing this to have been the wiſh of Sir David Howel, I ſet about making preparations for my journey hither. I did not forget to have advertiſements inſerted in all the newſpapers, of ſuch a nature as muſt have been underſtood by Martha, had ſhe been

living; promiſing pardon, and a great reward, to the perſon alluded to in them, if ſhe would appear and explain what ſhe had done with the charge confided to her care, nineteen years ſince. This of courſe brought me no information; but I left orders with my agent, to inſert them occaſionally for the ſpace of twelve months.

" The meaſure of my woes was not yet full; I had not truſted myſelf to name Celadon ſince my return to England, believing him to be long ſince numbered with the dead, and feeling no intereſt about any of his relations. Going to a faſhionable milliner's to order ſome morning dreſſes, after having ſhewn me ſeveral, ſhe recommended the pattern of one, that ſhe ſaid was juſt going to be ſent to a young lady, whom ſhe announced by the ſame name as your father's. I ſtarted at the ſound; but trying to recover myſelf, aſked of what family ſhe was. My dear Ellinor, who can paint my horror and ſurpriſe, when I found, through the voluble communication of my informer

informer, that he was alive, married, and had a daughter grown up, for whom the robe before me was deſigned! I concluded, as her age was ſo near your's, that, falſe to his vows, he had willingly reſigned his hand to gratify his father's avarice, and his own ambition.

"At this intelligence I thought I hated and deſpiſed my undoer:—to avoid meeting him, I made a reſolution to ſet off immediately for this place. Having ſtepped into my carriage, I deſired the milliner to wait upon me, in the evening, for orders I found myſelf at that moment incapable of giving.

"I returned to ruminate, in ſolitary grandeur, on the inefficacy of wealth to a lacerated boſom; and on this addition to my misfortunes, that riches could not mitigate. Cruel, falſe, and perjured as I thought your father, unworthy of my affection, my heart ſtill whiſpered that I loved; and I felt more *joy* in finding that he was yet in exiſtence, than *anger* at his deſertion.

"This convinced me that I ought not to ſee him, while he was the huſband of another woman. To avoid the temptation, I left London the next morning for Languinneth, where I have lived in ſorrow, and perfect ſecluſion, till Heaven reſtored you to my arms. But I will now reviſit the world, and preſent you to a parent whom inſtinctive nature and tenderneſs taught to appretiate your merit, when only the child of his bounty; for know, my beloved Ellinor, if you have not already gueſſed it in the courſe of my recital, that the firſt, the beſt of men, him whom you loved and honoured from intuition, the worthy Sir James Lavington is your FATHER."

With an exclamation of joyful ſurpriſe, as ſhe flung herſelf into the arms of her mother, ſhe cried, "Is there ſuch a bleſſing in ſtore for your happy daughter? may I, without a crime, be embraced by that man with whom my ſoul always ſighed to claim relationſhip? who never called me by the tender

appellation

appellation of *child*, that my heart did not throb with grateful rapture. When I have ſo often commiſerated his ſilent ſorrows, heard his ſighs, and viewed his melancholy, little did I think they were occaſioned by regrets for the loſs of my deareſt mother. But ſay, Oh! ſay, when ſhall we fly to give him happineſs,—to reward him for all his patient ſuffering:—never can I know a moment's peace, till I behold the authors of my exiſtence, reſtored to mutual confidence and love, calling down a bleſſing on their enraptured daughter."

"Repreſs, my dear child, thoſe vivid emotions, that exceſſive ſenſibility, that to your delicate frame, will be equally deſtructive as the keeneſt ſorrow. Recollect, that Lady Lavington is but recently dead; we know not, as yet, what ſtate of mind Sir James may be in; perhaps incapable of ſuſtaining the ſudden ſhock that the knowledge of our *both* being alive might occaſion him. It is my intention to write to London, for a ready furniſhed houſe to be procured

directly, till I can accommodate myself better. I shall then go there; you will see your father, and break, by degrees, my being in existence, and your consanguinity to him."

Ellinor's affection for Sir James, and youthful eagerness to pour out all the love with which her heart overflowed, could ill brook those prudential delays of her mother's, though she was convinced they were proper. She reflected with rapture on the *blessing* she had solicited, and received from Sir James the last time she saw him at Bramble-Hall; of his auguries at that period, that she would at some future time be acknowledged by her parents, and in their happiness find her own.

Obliged to acquiesce with Lady Howel's arrangements, she gained her consent to write to Sir James a letter that would in some measure prepare him for a surprise. Ellinor acquainted him, that shipwrecked on the coast of

Angleſea, ſhe had there, almoſt miraculouſly, met her mother, in the perſon of Lady Howel, with whom ſhe was coming to London; when the greateſt happineſs ſhe could experience would be to preſent him to a lady, who moſt ardently longed to ſee and thank him for his parental attentions to her child from whom ſhe had been ever ſince infancy eſtranged.

She wrote alſo to her beloved Dutcheſs, to the ſame purport; to Clara O'Neil, and the worthy Mrs. Needham, encloſing a letter for Mr. Howard. All theſe kind friends had ſhared her ſorrows; ſhe was well aſſured they would now rejoice in her good fortune; and her grateful heart anticipated with pleaſure, the being enabled to reward them for their attentive olicitude.

CHAP. XIV.

WHO was now ſo blythe, ſo happy, as the *poor little Ellinor*, ſince ſhe had found that ſhe really belonged to *ſomebody!* Lady Howel, who had lived the life of a recluſe ever ſince ſhe inhabited Languinneth-Caſtle, having civilly declined all intercourſe with the neighbouring gentry, ordered the maſſy gates to be thrown open, and announced a wiſh to receive the congratulations of her friends; as the reaſon of her ſeclusion no longer exiſted, having had a daughter providentially reſtored to her, that ſhe had long thought numbered with the dead; who,

for

for nefarious purpoſes, had been ſecreted from her by a falſe friend.

All was therefore hilarity and rejoicing. Her ladyſhip, to commemorate the happieſt event of her life, ordered a watch-tower to be erected on the ſummit of that rock, from which ſhe had been permitted to ſave her adored Ellinor, from raſhly precipitating herſelf into the ocean. Of this *pharos*, the firſt ſtone was laid by her daughter, who ardently wiſhed that it might be a beacon to preſerve the ſtorm-toſſed mariner, from meeting his fate on this dangerous coaſt. Lady Howel thought it would be a more grateful offering to her Creator for his mercies, and more uſeful to mankind, than erecting a marble obeliſk to glut oſtentatious vanity.

The old fiſherman who had prevented Ellinor from being thrown into the ſea, and humanely carried her to his hut, had an annuity of twenty pounds ſettled upon him by Lady Howel. We will now leave our heroine

heroine happy in the anticipation of being acknowledged as the daughter of Sir James Lavington, in full poſſeſſion of her mother's affection; and recroſs the channel to Sir Dennis O'Neil's, to enquire the fate of the wounded duelliſts.

Campley ſtill lingered on the confines of eternity; the ſurgeons found the ball had paſſed through a part of the lungs; he ſuffered great torture from the wound, and the ſymptomatic fever had reduced him to the laſt extremity. The faculty gave it up as a loſt caſe; but neither the meaſure of his crimes, nor probationary ſufferings being yet accompliſhed, to prove the fallacy of human opinions, at the end of a month, his fever having left him, the wound began to heal; though he was reduced to that ſtate of extreme weakneſs, that the phyſicians preſcribed for him the tepid breezes of Italy.

Unable to ſuſtain the fatigues of travelling thither by land, they determined to hire a ſhip

ſhip to take them to Leghorn, from whence he was to proceed to Florence. His lady accompanied him, not from duty or affection, but for the pleaſure of ſeeing that garden of Europe; the *caprice* ſhe had felt for her charming Edward, which ſhe denominated *love*, had very early after their marriage evaporated. His total indifference for her, and marked attention to almoſt every other woman, was a death-blow to her vanity; and the example and advice of the quality friends to whom ſhe had been introduced ſince ſhe became his wife, who treated the fickleneſs of their huſbands as mere *badinage*, and looked on repriſals in ſuch caſes as matters of courſe, ſoon initiated ſo willing a pupil into their Eleuſynian myſteries, and midnight orgies; ſhe, in conſequence, became a perfect adept in vice.

But as ſhe had neither perſonal nor mental charms to tempt mankind, ſhe did not find it quite ſo eaſy to ſelect a *cher ami*; as, in the firſt ſtage of modern depravity ſhe only ſought this

this neceſſary appendage to a woman of faſhion, to make her huſband jealous; an idea that has proved ruinous to many an innocent wife, and ſhould ever be ſhunned as an experiment of the moſt dangerous tendency, of which men never fail to avail themſelves.

Chance one evening threw in her way, at Lady Fanny Oſwald's rout, that delectable luminary of the church, Mr. David Danglecourt. He made his bow, and claimed acquaintance, from having ſeen her at Avon-Place, when he was a viſiter at Leveret-Lodge, with his dear friend the Duke of Southernwood. This led the converſation to the ſummer-houſe adventure at Morton-Abbey; which gave Danglecourt an opportunity of profeſſing his aſtoniſhment that a man of the Colonel's faſhion, and acknowledged *taſte* in women, (bowing to his admiring auditor) could, for a ſingle moment, leave ſuch a being, whoſe charms were of the firſt order, and ſuperlatively lovely, for that

poor

poor little nobody, Ellinor Harcourt; in whom he profeſſed he could never diſcover wit, grace, or beauty. From the inſtant Mrs. Campley heard this inflated ſpeech, ſhe began to diſcover attractions in Danglecourt that ſhe was much ſurpriſed at having ſo long overlooked; ſhe admired his power of diſcrimination, his *politeſſe*, and judgment. From this period he was ever at her ſide, in all public places and private parties.

The Colonel ſaw this intimacy in a proper point of view, and felt his pride ſenſibly mortified at the idea of *ſuch* a rival; he even condeſcended to take the trouble of remonſtrating with his wife on the occaſion; but what was his aſtoniſhment, when ſhe told him, with an unbluſhing affrontery equal to his own, that as he choſe his acquaintance from thoſe who contributed moſt to his gratification, ſhe meant in future to follow ſo good an example; that he never paid the ſlighteſt attention to his wife, while he laviſhed her fortune on his various miſtreſſes, placing the

the worſt conſtruction on her moſt innocent actions. Mr. Danglecourt was a clergyman of much reſpectability, whoſe friendſhip could occaſion no ſcandal; nor would ſhe give it up. If he thought proper to inſiſt on her doing ſo, ſhe would acquaint her dear deceived father, of the cruel treatment ſhe experienced from an inſenſible huſband; and he would directly procure for her a *divorce*.

This threat ſilenced the Colonel effectually, who had not the ſmalleſt intention to relinquiſh the proſpect of enjoying the remainder of Sir Chriſtopher's large fortune. With that gentleman, by his uſual artful management, he had contrived to keep on tolerable terms, eſpecially ſince his daughter had produced him a grandſon, whom he flattered himſelf would one day be an Earl. Campley, from political motives, had been prevailed upon to give his conſent to the child being nurſed at Independent-Hall. As his father paid him little attention, and his mother ſtill leſs, this was not ſo great a favour as it at firſt

appeared

appeared. From all theſe *weighty* conſiderations, Campley determined to wink at his clerical rival, and, to give a colour of excuſe to his frequent viſits, pretended to be very fond of the facetious David; he was therefore conſtantly ſeen hanging on his arm, through the faſhionable lounge of Bond-ſtreet and Pall-mall.

This modern couple, perfectly underſtanding each other's pleaſures and purſuits, refuſed themſelves no gratification that money could procure, to the voluptuous votaries of ſenſual pleaſure.

In this ſtate was the *houſe* of Campley, on Howard's unexpected return to England, which occaſioned their precipitate flight to Ireland; and the conſequences of the duel ſent them, with Danglecourt in their *ſuite*, to the luxurious plains of Italy; the latter gentleman moſt piouſly hoping that, on the death of Campley, his charming widow would, by his artful blandiſhments, be induced

duced to beſtow on him her hand and fortune. Having fully explained their views paſt, preſent, and to come, we will leave the ineſtimable *trio*, wiſhing them a *bon voyage*, while we return to the ſick couch of the worthy Howard; the excruciating tortures of whoſe mind had prevented his wound from healing.

The loſs of the Lovely Peggy, commanded by Captain O'Connor, and that every ſoul on board was ſuppoſed to have periſhed, was announced to him as a piece of intelligence by the ſurgeon, while he was dreſſing his arm, not ſuppoſing his patient to be at all concerned in the misfortune, more than the feelings of common humanity in ſuch a caſe excited, till he perceived the change his countenance experienced, and heard the loud plaints and unaffected ſorrow of Clara O'Neil, who was almoſt frantic with grief;—though ſhe tried to perſuade Howard that there were hopes her friend had not embarked on board this ill-fated veſſel, ſhe was conſcious the news

was

was too *true*. Ellinor had wrote to her juſt before ſhe went on board, naming the ſhip and the captain. Howard ſent an expreſs to Dublin, with orders to trace her to that place, and to diſcover in what packet ſhe had taken her paſſage for England.

The reſult of theſe inquiries was a confirmation of all their fears; it threw Howard into a fever, which left him in a ſtate of confirmed melancholy. His arm being now cured, he prepared to take leave of Sir Dennis, and the amiable Clara. The former had treated him with *true* Mileſian hoſpitality, which is ſaying every thing; and his fair daughter with the attentive kindneſs of a ſiſter, pouring the tender balm of commiſeration on his depreſſed ſpirits; encouraging the flattering hope that Ellinor might yet be preſerved to comfort her now deſpairing friends.

Howard took leave of Sir Dennis O'Neil and his family; his heart overflowing

with grateful ſenſations for their joint endeavours for his accommodation. On his departure for his native ſhore, he promiſed to make the moſt minute inquiries in Dublin, from whence he would write, if he could diſcover whether any perſon was ſaved, that had embarked in that packet, whoſe loſs they ſo much deplored.

When he arrived, he immediately went to the cuſtom-houſe; where he was overjoyed at receiving the intelligence, that the captain of the Lovely Peggy had been miraculouſly preſerved, and was now with his wife and children in that city. Having procured a direction to this honeſt Hibernian, he went to his houſe, whom he was fortunate enough to meet with. He apologized for his abrupt viſit, ſaying he was the friend of a young lady of the name of Mortimer, who was ſuppoſed to have embarked with him on his late unfortunate voyage to England; at the idea of her *fate*, all who had been acquainted with her worth and virtues were truly miſerable.

Ah!

"Ah! arrah, by my ſoul, honey, you may I dare ſay be after ſaying that; for all the misfortunes of Dermot O'Connor's life *niver* made him cry ſo many ſalt *tares*, as the loſs of that *ſwate cratur*. Oh, dear heart! I thing I ſee her now, when the great big wave came and knocked her down on the deck, and waſhed me overboard at the ſame time. Oh! Sir, it was a piteous ſight to behold her pretty pale face all over *tares*, by Jaſus juſt as mine is now with thinking of it;" and truly ſpoke this worthy ſon of Neptune, for the large drops impelled each other down his bronzed cheeks, in which, while Howard preſſed his hand in an agony of ſorrow, his eyes accompanied him; he entreated O'Conner to oblige him by relating every particular from the time they left the bay of Dublin, till the fatal moment when they were wrecked on the rocks of the coaſt of Angleſea. He now recited (interrupted only by ſighs and tears), the whole of thoſe diſaſters that our readers have already been made acquainted with, till that moment when the

ſhip

ſhip ſtruck, and O'Connor was waſhed into the ſea. He then continued—

"Sir, I heard the *dare* angel ſcream after me. Oh! to be ſure it was her laſt; the wave that took me into the ſea, carried a hen coop *wid* me; of this I caught hold; it kept me above water a long time, and I was almoſt exhauſted, when I perceived myſelf very near the rocks, and though half dead, I determined to make a bold puſh for land, when one of the ſame big waves that *kilt* poor Miſs Mortimer, daſhed me with great violence upon the crags;—by laying hold of them with all my ſtrength, I was able to ſcramble up out of the reach of the water, though I was all over bruiſes and cuts, and almoſt ſtarved to boot. I ſoon ſaw ſome of the Welch ſavages coming down upon me; ſo knowing a little how to manage them, I ſtood upright that they might not knock me down as I lay; holding in my hand ſome money, for which I made ſigns as well as I was able, that I wanted *mercy* and *meat*;

for

for I ſuppoſe you may have heard, Sir, that they do not ſpeak, like us, good Engliſh, but a language that none but themſelves underſtand; though they well know the uſe of *gold*, which anſwered my purpoſe juſt as well. I found out by their dumb motions, that the Lovely Peggy had been driven on the rocks of the coaſt of Angleſey, about a mile from the place where I then ſtood. I made ſhift to crawl that diſtance, in hopes that your *frind* and mine had been ſaved, but I could not make the Welch *ſpalpeens* comprehend me; for when I held out my coat to make them underſtand I was ſeeking for a woman, they pointed to the ſea; ſo I fear the *dare* angel met a watery grave. Oh! the worſe luck! I therefore padded it away to Holyhead, ſoon got a paſſage to Dublin, and arrived at home juſt as Norah's *frinds* were clamorouſly howling for my loſs; I walked in among them, and threw my *dare* wife into fits, but that was nothing when ſhe found I was alive and merry."

Here O'Connor finiſhed his ſorrowful tale; the recital had been often interrupted by his audible ſobs, which were re-echoed by the truly miſerable Howard, as he reflected on the dreadful fate of her he adored, for whom alone he wiſhed to live. Admiring the tender heart, and affectionate regret expreſſed by the narrator for his deceaſed Ellinor, when he aroſe to depart, unſeen by her huſband, he put a twenty pound bill into the hands of Mrs. O'Connor; who had not heard unmoved this woe-fraught ſtory.

Howard, who was melancholy perſonified, after writing to Miſs O'Neil a confirmation of the death of the friend they both deplored, embarked directly for England, wiſhing moſt ardently that ſome friendly ſtorm would throw him on the ſame rock that had proved ſo fatal to the woman of his affections. But blind and erring mortals know not what they aſk, or what is beſt calculated for their happineſs. He had a quick and ſafe paſſage to Holyhead; on his arrival in London, he repaired

repaired to his late uncle's houſe in Cavendiſh-ſquare, where he ſhut himſelf up in total ſecluſion, a prey to corroding grief, admitting no perſon but Mrs. Needham; whoſe garrulity he indulged, liſtening to her for hours, while ſhe talked of the ſenſe, the beauty, the wondrous goodneſs of his departed Ellinor; this was a ſubject he was never tired of hearing.

Sir James Lavington, of whom he had ever been a favourite, on hearing of his return to town, had called often; but in conſequence of the general order given, had not been admitted. In this ſtate of abſorption he remained, till Ellinor's letter arrived, announcing that ſhe was alive, happy, reſtored to the arms of a fond mother; and ſhould ſoon be in London to claim the congratulations of her friends.

Mrs. Needham, with a packet in her hand, ruſhed into his breakfaſt-room, vociferating like a maniac, "My prayers are heard; ſhe is alive, ſhe is alive, and will yet, I truſt, be your's.

All your goodneſs to me and mine will now be rewarded!

On his enquiring the meaning of her frantic exclamations, ſhe held out to him the letters, and then indulged herſelf with a fit of tears. When he ſaw the direction in Ellinor's writing, he tore open the ſeal, and ran his eye haſtily over the contents. None can form an adequate idea of the ecſtatic rapture that filled the ſoul of Howard, but thoſe who, like him, have been ſnatched ſuddenly from the depth of deſpondence, to be raiſed to the ſummit of hope and happineſs.

He embraced the meſſenger of theſe glad tidings with a warmth that ſhe returned with intereſt; the ebullition of his joy knew no bounds; no longer a miſanthrope, he wiſhed all to partake the pleaſure he now experienced; deſired his ſervants to invite their friends to a collation that evening; bid his valet come immediately to dreſs him; ordered his chariot to be at the door in an hour; and ſent for his porter's liſt of viſiters.

Seeing

Seeing, among the number, the name of Sir James Lavington, he determined to go to him immediately, and felt aſhamed of not having done ſo ſooner; for Mrs. Needham had informed him of his domeſtic loſs in the death of Lady Lavington, who had expired after a ſhort illneſs of ten days. Beſides he was well aſſured that worthy man would ſhare his pleaſure, when informed of the almoſt miraculous preſervation of their mutual favourite.

Theſe were Howard's firſt ideas, ariſing from unexpected rapture; but long before his hair was dreſſed, and he had given a ſecond peruſal to the letter that had occaſioned it, that train of doubts and fears which ever attend the diffidence of *true* love, led him to reflect how ſmall were his pretenſions, to expect the ſuperlative bleſſing of poſſeſſing Ellinor. While he thought her dead, he flattered himſelf that had ſhe lived, time and his aſſiduities would have prevailed on her to reward with her hand, his long-tried affection.

affection. Now reſtored to the world, all his hopes vaniſhed; he reflected on the hints thrown out by Campley reſpecting her attachment to the Marquis; admitting it to be a fact, he had no juſt cauſe of complaint. Before he left England, ſhe had declared that the ſenſation ſhe felt for him was *not love*, only friendſhip. If, *then*, he had no power to prevail on her to receive his devoirs, when ſhe was poor, friendleſs, and her own miſtreſs, how could he indulge deluſive hopes, now that ſhe was the acknowledged daughter of a woman of fortune and faſhion, who would expect to be conſulted on her choice, and might have views for her eſtabliſhent, much beyond any offers he was enabled to make.

Thus, before he ſet out to pay his morning viſits, he was as deep in deſpondence as ever; but the goodneſs of his heart enabled him to rejoice at the reſtoration of this charming woman to her friends, and her preſent happy proſpects; whatever might be her determination reſpecting himſelf.

He

He found Sir James Lavington equally tranſported, he having likewiſe received a letter from Ellinor. Howard, encouraged by his friendſhip, opened his whole heart to him; he related the riſe and progreſs of his paſſion, her refuſal of his offers before he went to the Continent; deſcribed, without affectation, but with much pathos, his grief and deſpair when he thought her loſt to him for ever, his joy on the receipt of her letter that morning, which he gave to Sir James for his peruſal, and the anxiety which he now felt on reflecting that his chance of being happy with Ellinor was further removed than ever, as ſhe had found a parent who might have other views for her daughter, even was he vain enough to ſuppoſe that ſhe would give her voice in his favour. Sir James, having heard him to an end with patient commiſeration, thus anſwered—

" My dear Sir, like a true lover, you ſurround yourſelf by difficulties of your own creation, raiſing obſtacles to poſſeſſing Ellinor that you may never meet; by the aſſiſt-

ance of that fiend Deſpair, you have ſurrounded her in fancy by a golden wall, behind which you ſuppoſe ſhe will be encloſed by this newly-diſcovered parent, to conceal her from the attentions of a good and worthy man, who offered to ſhare his fortune with her daughter, when ſhe was expoſed, poor and dependant, to the ſcoffs of an unmerciful world. Think not ſo badly of human nature; very different from what your fancy augurs, muſt be your reception from the mother of Ellinor. I proteſt, on my honour, was ſhe my child, I would give her to you, believing I was only performing an act of juſtice, as a reward of your long-tried paſſion, your diſintereſted offers for, and venturing your life in defence of her honour. I ſhould think that I was inſuring the happineſs of my daughter's future exiſtence, by giving her to the nobleſt work of God, an *honeſt man.*

" Of Ellinor's ſentiments reſpecting you, I can only ſay I think *if* I know her heart, you have every thing to *hope*; for allowing your apprehenſions to be well-founded, that ſhe was partial to Marquis Fearleſs, a heavenly mind

mind like her's could not long aſſimilate with one ſo wedded to earthly purſuits as his—ambitious, licentious, deceitful, vain; of this ſhe is no doubt convinced, if not ſhe ſoon will be, when made acquainted with his *late* conduct. She is too moral, has too high a ſenſe of religion and rectitude, to marry and truſt her future happineſs with a profeſſed libertine, an avowed adulterer; who glories in breaking through thoſe ties that link ſociety together, which every honeſt man reſpects.

" Perhaps, Mr. Howard, you have not yet been made acquainted with the extent of this young man's depravity, or that my late ward and neighbour Mr. Oſwald, has juſt recovered ten thouſand pounds damages, by the award of twelve honeſt jurymen, who ſaw, in a proper point of view, the aggravated offence of a nobleman's violating thoſe laws, of which he is the hereditary ſupport. But the envied publicity of intriguing with another man's wife, could not be too dearly purchaſed in the idea of this diſſipated man of faſhion. Her huſband is now ſuing for a divorce, while Lady Fanny lives publicly

with her paramour in Groſvenor-ſquare, in ardent expectation of being ſoon releaſed from her matrimonial engagements; thinking ſhe ſhall be able to prevail on the Marquis, to lead her again to the altar ſhe ſo lately profaned. But in this I think ſhe will find herſelf miſtaken.

"After this explanation, do you think that a man, with a mind ſo debaſed, can be loved by the pure, delicate, ſuſceptible Ellinor? Aſſure yourſelf that it is impoſſible; ſhe will never marry one ſhe cannot eſteem."

Howard thanking Sir James for his good opinion of his caſe, and for throwing a gleam of brightneſs over his dreary proſpects, now took his leave, with a heart once more exhilerated by the cordial, *hope*; and again flattering himſelf with the rapturous idea of being allowed to renew his humble ſuit to the divine Ellinor.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

LADY HOWEL having received a letter from her agent in London, that he had procured a houſe for her in Harley-ſtreet, which was ready for her immediate reception, ordered her ſervants to make preparations for leaving Languinneth Caſtle. Ellinor was rejoiced and happy at receiving anſwers from thoſe dear friends, to whom ſhe had wrote an account of her eſcape from miſery, and her preſent felicitous ſituation; that of Sir James Lavington's was affectionate, ſenſible, and philoſophic; the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought's, animated by the brilliant proſpects of her young *protegée*, was filled with

ebullitions of joy, announcing her intention of giving her the meeting in London, though the covers were never in better *order* for hunting. Howard's epiſtle was a prototype of his heart, glowing with tenderneſs, fraught with the moſt friendly congratulations on her change of fortune. In this letter, his ardent conſtant love, his painfully repreſſed hopes, which his modeſt diffidence forbad him to diſcloſe, were clearly ſeen by Ellinor, and pleaded moſt forcibly for him in her favour.

Lady Howel and her daughter now left Languinneth, and ſoon arrived in health and ſafety at Harley-ſtreet; where a ſuite of ſervants that had been prepared, was ready to receive them. Ellinor's lively ſenſations could not be ſuppreſſed as ſhe drew near London, thinking that ſhe ſhould be ſoon folded in the arms of a father; and when ſhe reflected that ſhe ſhould find that *father* in Sir James Lavington, the man ſhe had ever revered, ſhe worked her fancy up to ecſtatic rapture.

Not ſo her mother; her promiſed pleaſures were repreſſed by doubts of the continuation of a paſſion, that had ſuffered ſuch an interregnum as twenty years. Should thoſe fears be realized that now agitated her boſom, ſhe reſolved, after ſhe had preſented to Sir James his daughter, to once more retire from the world, and bury herſelf in the ſolitude of Languinneth Caſtle.

Early in the morning after their coming to London, Ellinor, whoſe impatience was extreme, prevailed on her mother to let her ſend a note to Sir James, announcing their arrival, and her eagerneſs to introduce him to the moſt intereſting of women, and the beſt of mothers, who was equally deſirous of the *interview*. With a palpitating heart Lady Howel awaited the moment that was to reward her for all her long ſufferings, or conſign her future life to miſery.

It was agreed that Ellinor ſhould firſt ſee him alone and recount her ſtory, but not mentioning

mentioning the confeſſions of Martha Wilmot, to the moment that through the means of the wonderfully preſerved locket, ſhe was known to Lady Howel as her child; who, at that period, was to enter, and the explanation take place.

In conſequence of this plan, her mother retired to another room, and her daughter remained alone to receive Sir James. His affection for Ellinor, whom he ardently longed again to behold, made him directly follow her meſſenger. When he entered the room, her boſom palpitated with conflicting paſſions; ſhe flew into his extended arms, crying, "Oh! rejoice with, and receive the child—of your adoption."

Sir James having returned her embrace with an affection truly paternal, ſhe checked her lively ebullitions of joy at his ſight, by enquiries after Miſs Lavington; he replied, that ſhe was very well, and anxious to aſk pardon for a conduct towards her, of which ſhe had long ſince ſeen the wickedneſs

and

and folly, and was now eagerly ſolicitous to be reſtored to her friendſhip. Ellinor anſwered that it was the *ſecond* wiſh of her heart, to be on terms of love and amity, with her dear Auguſta.

Feeling for the ſufferings of her mother, and eager to have the meeting over, ſhe intreated the patience of Sir James to hear her relate in what manner the goodneſs of an overruling Providence, had reſtored her at once to life, and the arms of a parent. He bowed aſſent, and ſhe proceeded, till ſhe came to that part of her ſtory, when ſhe preſented the locket to Lady Howel.

Sir James, who had heard her with trembling impatience, changed colour when ſhe drew it from her pocket, ſaying, " this is the beloved trinket that was given by my father to my mother at the time of their ſeparation; at the ſight of which ſhe knew and acknowledged me for her daughter." Sir James glanced his eyes over it, already prepared for ſomething ſurpriſing, when,

when claſping Ellinor to his palpitating heart, he exclaimed—

"Oh! my child, conduct me to my angelic, my much-wronged Amelia; let me die at her feet to expiate my perjuries."

Lady Howel, who had overheard this converſation, now entered, and, exhauſted by expectation, ſtaggered to a ſettee, on which ſhe ſunk; while Sir James, throwing himſelf on his knees, ſhed the delicious tears of renovated hope and joy on her cold hands, as he preſſed them to his throbbing boſom. Ellinor flung herſelf by his ſide, and folding her arms round her too exquiſitely happy parents, ſhe ſaid—

"May, Oh! may that God who has reunited you, pour down his choiceſt bleſſings on your future lives! May that ſorrow that has marked your early days, never reviſit your hearts, and now let your tranſported daughter

daughter receive the united bleſſings of the authors of her exiſtence!"

Lady Howel, who had in ſome degree recovered from the firſt ſhock occaſioned by the ſight of Sir James Lavington, now preſented Ellinor to him; who, having folded her in his arms, joined in the benediction ſhe requeſted; with a heart light as a goſſamer, ſhe now retired to her dreſſing-room, to give her mother an opportunity to tell her own ſtory. When ſent for down, ſhe was again careſſed by her delighted parents.

To give a turn to this ſoftening ſcene, Ellinor began to enquire after all her former acquaintance. Sir James informed her, that her old admirer Sir Harry Hurry had broke her chains, and put on thoſe of Auguſta; that it met his perfect approbation, as he wiſhed for nothing more ſplendid in the eſtabliſhment of his daughters, than to ſee them the wives of worthy independent country gentlemen.

gentlemen. "Does my Ellinor's ambition ſoar beyond thoſe humble views?"

"No, indeed, Sir," ſhe anſwered, bluſhing, "I believe I underſtand you; but my dear mother, to whom I have not diſguiſed an emotion of my heart, will inform you that I have decidedly conquered a paſſion that diſgraced me, becauſe the object was unworthy that ſincere and diſintereſted affection, I will not attempt to deny I once entertained for him."

"Glorious girl," ſaid Sir James, "how ſuperior to your ſex does this candid confeſſion make you appear. I always eſtimated you as an uncommon character; act ever thus, and Amelia and myſelf, in the downhill of life, ſhall be only too happy."

"But, dear Sir, you do not tell me when I ſhall ſee my Auguſta, whom I always loved, even when ſhe ſpurned my regards; and have long ſince forgiven every ſlight Lady Fanny occaſioned her to ſhew me."

"To-morrow I will bring her here; you will find her diſpoſition much altered for the better.

better. Aſhamed of the injuſtice ſhe did you, impoſed on by the arts of the abandoned Lady Fanny, convinced by the crimes ſhe has ſince committed, how improper a friend ſhe had choſen, Auguſta began to pay attention to the improvement of her mind, to look into herſelf for amuſement, and often regretted your abſence; ſhe grew very fond of me, requeſted that I would direct her ſtudies, and ſelect proper books for her peruſal. You may gueſs with what pleaſure I complied with this requeſt. In conſequence, ſhe has much improved both her temper and underſtanding.

On the death of Lady Lavington, the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought came to Avon-Place, and, with her uſual friendly attention, took her to Bramble-Hall; during her viſit ſhe frequently met Sir Harry Hurry, who was effectually cured of his quality *mania*, by witneſſing the behaviour of Lady Fanny Oſwald to her huſband, vowing it gave him an ague fit as he reflected how very *near* he was falling into her toils, when, like another Acteon, he ſhould have been hunted

by

by his own hounds. He therefore determined to pay his devoirs to Auguſta, who referring him to me, I have given a willing conſent; for though he is not a ſtrikingly bright character, his heart is not depraved, and he has, with the bodily hardihood of his forefathers, a large portion of that ſtubborn rectitude, and determined honeſty, that gave a ſtrength to the mind, and deciſion to the actions of the ancient Britons."

After Sir James took his leave, Lady Howel acquainted Ellinor that it was agreed upon between them, that ſhe ſhould be introduced to the world as her daughter, who had been for many years ſecreted by the perſon entruſted with her education, to gratify a family pique. Her conſanguinity to Sir James was not to be publicly announced, as he thought it would anſwer no eſſential purpoſe, but could only make events long ſince forgot, be brought forward before the tribunal of the public, that muſt hurt the delicacy of all the parties concerned; that this arrangement

ment would make no difference to Ellinor, either in her conſequence with the world, the affection of her father, or her future fortune. In reſpect to the latter, Sir James had generouſly propoſed dividing all his, but that part of the eſtate that went with the title, between her and Auguſta.

"But this, my dear girl," added Lady Howel, "I have poſitively refuſed you ſhould accept, becauſe I am rich enough to provide for you myſelf. I am, by the death of my huſband, ſon, and uncle, poſſeſſed of one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds, that I can diſpoſe of as I pleaſe; therefore I will not permit Auguſta's fortune to be leſſened for you. It is my intention, as ſoon as proper deeds can be executed, to give you abſolutely in your own power, to preſent to the huſband of your choice, fifty thouſand pounds; the intereſt of that ſum ſhall be your's, till you have made your election, and the ſooner you do ſo, the happier you will make your parents.

"Sir

"Sir James has offered his hand to my acceptance; I candidly allow, the idea of paſſing the remainder of my life in the ſociety of the man of my early choice, is truly grateful to my heart; nor ſhall I, with an affected delicacy, *refine* away my happineſs, and by an aſſumption of being over correct, allow myſelf to refuſe that intellectual enjoyment, that mutual interchange of friendly attentions, to which I look forward as a recompence for all thoſe miſeries that cruelty, revenge, and avarice, have devoted Sir James and myſelf to feel, for the laſt twenty years of our exiſtence."

Ellinor tenderly embraced her mother—"How happy, deareſt Madam, have you made me by this intelligence; Oh! ſay, when ſhall I experience a pleaſure ſo dear to my imagination, as ſeeing you, and my beloved father, rewarded for your tedious ſufferings, by being indiſſolubly united."

"Not yet, my lovely impatient girl; we are paſt that age when the ebullitions of youth-

ful impetuoſity might be pleaded, as an excuſe for outraging the dictates of propriety. The late Lady Lavington muſt at leaſt have been dead twelve months before I can conſent to aſſume her title; when that period is elapſed, I have promiſed to give my hand to Sir James. We both think that this *etiquette* may be diſpenſed with, in reſpect to Miſs Lavington; ſhe will therefore become Lady Hurry in May, which is about two months from the preſent time. In this arrangement of your family, recollect Ellinor, if among your numerous admirers, you have *never* ſeen the man whom you think worthy of ſelecting as a partner for life; remember that you are perfectly independent of Sir James and myſelf, for we know we can confide in your diſcretion: if you have beheld (ſhe added, archly), ſuch an object, we might have a double wedding."

Ellinor's face and neck were ſuffuſed with a crimſon bluſh at this pointed addreſs, as the fine eyes of Lady Howel were directed

to

to her, as if ſhe meant to penetrate the inmoſt receſſes of her heart.

To avoid an explanation ſhe ſaid, kiſſing the hands of her mother, "I was ſo taken up in revolving in my mind the happineſs that I am convinced awaits my dear parents, that I have not yet thanked you for the ſplendid fortune you have ſo generouſly beſtowed on me; but I have no deſire to be independent of the authors of my exiſtence; let me but live with you and Sir James, and partake your affection, every wiſh of my heart will be amply gratified."

"I have, Ellinor, reſolved how to act, and I call upon your duty to acquieſce in my determination."

On the day after this converſation had paſſed, Sir James introduced Miſs Lavington to Lady Howel, having previouſly informed her of Ellinor's degree of relationſhip. The young friends flew into each other's arms, while their now happy father, with

with his eyes beaming with grateful rapture, folded them alternately to his boſom. It was a ſight for angels to envy, a family of love, mutually pleaſed, and deſirous of communicating pleaſure to each other.

After their firſt effuſions of joy had ſubſided into a calm, Auguſta ſaid, "Do you know, Ellinor, that I am become your rival; my haughty ſpirit being humbled, I have deigned to accept *one* of your rejected ſwains, who is moſt earneſtly deſirous to pay his devoirs to Miſs Howel; though you look ſo enchantingly lovely, I am almoſt afraid to truſt poor frail human nature, with ſuch a temptation."

"Oh! yes," replied Ellinor, laughing, "I know perfectly well to whom you allude; I have a very great reſpect for that gentleman, who, *entre nous*, I believe was never very violently in love with me; therefore bring him in your hand to-morrow evening, I will guarantee to return him ſafe to his liege lady. For by letters received this morning,

I promiſe myſelf the happineſs of embracing my dear Dutcheſs, at that time. My mother wiſhed her to be our gueſt, but ſhe ſays, "No, you ſhall have enough of me as a viſiter; but I muſt always have a hut of my own—an independent corner, where I can daſh about, and do as I pleaſe."

"My dear Ellinor," replied Auguſta, "what miſtaken ideas have the generality of the world formed of that charming woman! what intellectual powers, what a noble mind, what a generous, friendly, humane heart, is incloſed in that rough exterior! She ever declares you poliſhed away many of her rugged aſperities, and rouſed ſenſations in her boſom, ſhe did not know were in her poſſeſſion, till your faſcinating arguments called them forth."

"She is *all*, and yet more than you have deſcribed her, Auguſta; ſurely her fate has been a hard one; often has it drawn from me the ſigh of commiſeration. Torn from the man of her choice, matched to one, whoſe imbecile mind obliged her to

deſpiſe

deſpiſe him, ſhe paſſed a joyleſs youth, looking forward to the period when ſhe ſhould derive comfort from the ſociety of her ſon; his conduct, I find, has deſtroyed all thoſe long-cheriſhed hopes. With every requiſite to charm the eye, and pleaſe the ear, by the perverſion of thoſe talents, he has rendered himſelf deſpiſed, and made his mother miſerable."——

At this period of the converſation, a ſervant announced Mr. Howard.

Ellinor ſtarted and coloured, but recovering herſelf, inſtantaneouſly aroſe to receive and introduce him to Lady Howel, which ſhe did, ſaying, while pleaſure evidently ſparkled in her eyes, " Give me leave to preſent to your Ladyſhip one of my *firſt*, my moſt ſincere friends; whoſe generous and diſintereſted attachment to your Ellinor, when ſhe was poor and perſecuted, muſt enſure him *your* eſteem and friendſhip. He knows," ſhe added, with a ſmile that thrilled

through the heart of Howard, "that he has long been in poſſeſſion of *mine*."

Her mother ſaid every thing that might be expected from a well-bred woman to the man to whom her daughter was ſo much indebted; and the high eulogium given to his merits, by Sir James, had already prepared her to admire him. Lady Howel requeſted that the preſent company would dine with her the next day, and bring Sir Harry with them, to meet the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought.

This invitation was acceded to with pleaſure; it would have been difficult to find a more cheerful and happy party than that now aſſembled in Harley-Street. Howard had quite thrown off his dolefuls: the attentive pleaſure with which Ellinor appeared to liſten to him, when he addreſſed her, threw him into ecſtacies; no forbidding airs, no cold reſerve, no frigid civility marked her conduct; ſhe modeſtly encouraged his timid

timid advances to renew their former intimacy. All this was not loſt on him;—lovers are ever quick-ſighted, and it was hailed, as a preſage of future happineſs, by the enraptured Howard, who now trod on air.

As he had before opened his heart to Sir James on the ſubject of his paſſion for Ellinor, and had been encouraged with flattering hopes; on theſe favourable ſymptoms he now ventured again to ſpeak to him, and ſolicit his intereſt with his fair enſlaver, little thinking that he was addreſſing her father. Sir James adviſed him to avail himſelf of the general invitation given him by Lady Howel, to improve that intereſt in the heart of her daughter, that it was evident ſhe felt for him. This made Howard's hopes once more buoyant.

The joy of the Dutcheſs, when ſhe again embraced her favourite, was boundleſs; ſhe had for Ellinor the moſt ſincere affection; and conſcious of the love ſhe once felt for

her ſon, ſhe fondly flattered herſelf, that if ſhe would condeſcend to bury in oblivion his paſt faults, and become his wife, it might induce him to a thorough reformation, and enable her again to rejoice that ſhe was a mother.

This aſſemblage of real friends were almoſt conſtantly together; added to them, Lady Howel opened her doors to all her former acquaintance, to whom ſhe introduced Ellinor as her daughter.

It being ſoon whiſpered, that ſhe had an independent fortune of fifty thouſand pounds, the intelligence failed not to draw around her a number of thoſe young men of faſhion, whoſe finances were deranged by their ventrous throws at the hazard-table, and bets at Newmarket, and thought her Aſiatic rupees would be a deſirable acquiſition. She ſaw their motives for admiration, and treated their adulations with the moſt repelling indifference, and marked inattention.

Lady

Lady Howel, who was as fond of muſic as her daughter, had taken a box at the Opera. On the firſt night of her appearing there, ſhe was accompanied by the Dutcheſs of Dreadnought, Sir James and Miſs Lavington, Ellinor, and her conſtant ſhadow, Howard. The party had not been long ſeated, before the Marquis entered, and placed himſelf juſt oppoſite;—when he caught the eyes of his mother, he made her a profound bow. Ellinor, who had ſeen him at firſt, avoided looking towards that part of the houſe, entered into a lively converſation with the depreſſed Howard, who, as he viewed the manly grace, and faſcinating attractions of his handſome rival, thought, if he renewed his ſuit, he ſhould have no chance of ſucceſs, as he could not flatter himſelf that Miſs Howel would beſtow her hand and fortune upon him.

Our heroine obſerved the eyes of all her friends were turned to their box; but the evening paſſed over with her uſual eaſe,

cheerful vivacity; ſhe neither appeared to overact or underact her part. When they went into the coffee-room to wait for their carriages, they were joined by the Marquis, with that true quality *nonchalance* which men of rank aſſume from an idea of their conſequence; he advanced—bowed to Ellinor, who returned a diſtant courteſy; ſhook the hand of Sir James, *overlooked* Howard, and addreſſed the Dutcheſs, ſaying, "I am happy to ſee your Grace look in ſuch good health;" then continued in a loud whiſper, "I beg leave to inform you the cauſe of quarrel between us no longer exiſts; I therefore flatter myſelf you will recal me from baniſhment; accept my dutiful attentions, and permit me to throw myſelf at your feet to-morrow morning. I have ſomething to propoſe for your conſideration, that I am certain (looking at Ellinor) muſt meet your entire approbation, and I venture to flatter myſelf with your ſupport."

The

The Dutcheſs, after a pauſe, replied, "Well, Sir, I will ſee you, and hear what you have to ſay in extenuation of your paſt faults, and by what criterion I am to judge your future conduct; this not being a very *proper* place to ſettle family diſputes, I ſhall expect you at breakfaſt."

Ellinor, who, as the Marquis intended, perfectly comprehended what was the nature of thoſe propoſals he was preparing to make his mother, that his vanity never permitted him to think could meet a rejection from the love-ſick Ellinor, whatever might be her preſent ſituation; he ſuppoſed her reſentment long ſince evaporated; to her ſtrength of mind, and command over her paſſions, he gave no credit.

The carriages being now announced, the Marquis offered his hand to Ellinor; ſhe turned from him with frigid indifference, and preſented it to Howard, whoſe heart ſwelled with the pride of triumph over his haughty

rival, who meaſured him with looks of ſupercilious ſcorn, as he exultingly placed the beauteous cauſe of contention in her mother's carriage, in which he was invited by Lady Howel to take a ſeat, while the mortified Marquis, handing the Dutcheſs into her chariot, accompanied by Miſs Lavington, drove off.

Humming a part of one of the favourite airs he had heard that evening, he returned to the coffee-room, more vexed than he choſe to allow it poſſible he could be at the conduct of a woman, upon whom he once thought he ſhould have conferred a high honour, by raiſing her to the envied diſtinction of being his miſtreſs. Depreſſed and creſt-fallen, he was met by the Dutcheſs of Matchem, who having juſt diſpoſed of one of her brood of pullets, had brought out another, that ſhe was very deſirous ſhould be Marchioneſs Fearleſs. She ſeized his arm, crying, with one of her *ſoft* exclamations, " What's the matter, my Lord? I hope

hope you are not transfixed, like half the gaping boobies in the pit, who have been ſtar gazing all night, at your mother's late *protégee.* She is ſaid to be a brilliant conſtellation from the *eaſtern* hemiſphere, and I hear has got a *new* name; for my part, I thought that either the girl was dead, or returned to her original nothingneſs, long ſince; (but laughing, ſhe added) moſt certainly her's are the tranſmigrations of Hermes—this laſt is a golden change; ſo ſhe will do now, when men overlook beauty and wit, to ſacrifice themſelves to Plutus.—Old Hudibras was right—

What's the worth of any thing,
But as much money as 'twill bring."

" I think," replied the Marquis, with a moſt ironical ſneer, " of all women exiſting, your Grace has the leaſt right to tax mankind with being mercenary, or to preſuppoſe the ſuperior power of gold over wit; to prove the contrary, we have only to look

at the votaries that *your* family have led to the temple of Hymen."

He then bowed, and left her.

Looking after him, ſhe exclaimed, "Caught, upon my ſoul! (addreſſing her daughter); I wiſh this ſame Miſs,—what's her *new* name? was married, and ſettled in the country, or I ſhall not get you off this winter, and I want to bring out your ſiſter."

"Then, why don't you?" replied Lady Gertrude.

"Becauſe that would be impolitic, child, —one a time, will laſt the longer. I am determined, at all events, to have this ſame Marquis for my ſon;—I ſhall never die in peace, if *one* of my family is not Dutcheſs of Dreadnought."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

THE Marquis failed not to keep the appointment he had made with his mother, when he attempted to exculpate himſelf for his late behaviour, by throwing the whole odium on Lady Fanny Oſwald, who, he avowed, had ſeduced him; he thought the ten thouſand pounds that had been awarded to her huſband, and that he had been obliged to pay, ought to be looked upon as a ſufficient *puniſhment* for his folly; that Lady Fanny had flattered her vanity with the hopes that he would marry her, as ſoon as the divorce between her and Mr. Oſwald had paſſed; but he had informed her, that nothing

was ever further from his thoughts than ſuch an intention. As her Ladyſhip brought no fortune to her huſband, and had run away with him in his minority, ſhe had not a ſettlement, and Mr. Oſwald could not be prevailed upon to allow her more than four hundred pounds a year; that he had offered to double that ſum.

Her rage at finding that he did not intend to make her his *wife*, threw her off her wonted guard; in the paroxyſm of her anger, ſhe avowed that not love, but revenge, had induced her to inveigle him into an intrigue, that ſhe might deſtroy every hope of the deteſted Ellinor, who had, like her *evil* genius, thwarted all her views from the hour in which ſhe firſt beheld her; had gained Campley from *her*, the *only* man ſhe ever loved, and by whom ſhe acknowledged herſelf a mother, ſaying ſhe was three months gone with child, when ſhe married that fooliſh Oſwald, to give it a legal father. She had intended to confer that diſtinction on the

the quality hunting Sir Harry Hurry. Here again this Ellinor had interpoſed, and he alſo was bewitched, by her artifices, to offer her his hand. In conſequence of her *ſucceſsful* plans to rob her of character, all would have gone on well, had you not interpoſed, and rendered her plans abortive, by taking the object of her hate to Bramble-Hall. To this was added the mortification of being diſgracefully diſmiſſed by Sir James Lavington from his houſe; driven to her wits ends, to preſerve her character, ſhe made a viſit to Morton-Abbey, there ſhe ſpread her lures to catch the fooliſh heir, who was eaſily hooked by ſo artful an angler.

" On my return to England, my dear Madam, ſhe ſaw my attachment to Ellinor; and dreading the woman ſhe ſo unjuſtly hated, would be choſen by me for a wife, ſhe laid her nets for me, and I was caught. She poiſoned my mind, by repreſenting her as an artful young wanton, whoſe character was perfectly well *known* to Campley,

Campley, and Sir James Lavington; that ſhe had impoſed upon you by a ſpecious conduct, and meant to draw me into a matrimonial engagement. Thus deceived, and impelled by paſſion, I was induced to affront your fair charge with the offer of making her my miſtreſs; I am obliged to confeſs, with ſhame, this was the real motive that obliged her to leave Park-Lane ſo abruptly.

"My dear mother, I have now confeſſed the whole truth, and you may reſt aſſured that I am moſt ſincerely aſhamed of my paſt conduct. My youth, and the arts of Lady Fanny, will I hope, in ſome meaſure, excuſe my faults, and that you will be prevailed upon to plead my cauſe with Lady Howel, and her charming daughter, to whom I wiſh to make an honourable reparation, by calling her my wife; as ſhe is the only woman I ever did, or ever ſhall love."

"Marquis, I have patiently heard your ſtory to an end, and cannot think your imbecile excuſes for your unpardonable behaviour, any extenuation of your offences; when you

you ungenerouſly availed yourſelf of Miſs Howel's ſituation, whom you ſuppoſed poor and dependant, to inſult her with your libertine propoſals, though ſhe was under the ſanction of your *mother's* protection. Such a conduct as you purſued, and the artful manœuvres you practiſed, to ſteal into the affections of that amiable girl, intending, under the maſk of brotherly love, to rob her of honour, are crimes that will neither admit of palliation nor pardon. I might have forgiven an attempt, made in the ebullition of the moment, the inſtantaneous frenzy of a heated imagination, but the artful plotting of cold premeditated guilt, can expect no mercy, as it admits of no excuſe.

"This is my opinion of your whole conduct; but ſeeing no other chance you have of returning to the paths of rectitude from which you have ſo widely wandered, without your offers are accepted by Ellinor, I wiſh, moſt ardently, ſhe may be induced to receive you as her future huſband; to aid a hope ſo near my heart, I will take upon

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me to aſſure her of your contrition, and the ambition you have to be reſtored to that place in her eſteem you formerly enjoyed. But I warn you, I have no *hopes* of ſucceſs; a woman, poſſeſſed of ſuch a high-ſouled ſenſe of honour, has a mind ſufficiently ſtrong to ſubdue her moſt tender ſenſations, when ſhe found them impelled towards an unworthy object; feeling what ſhe owed herſelf, ſhe would ultimately conquer the weakneſs of which ſhe was aſhamed.

"For theſe reaſons, if I know Ellinor, you may depend upon it, ſhe will refuſe to be the wife of the man who offers her his hand, when ſhe is bleſſed with friends, conſequence, and fortune, that would have meanly debaſed her, to the ignominy of being his miſtreſs, when he thought ſhe had no pretentions to either." Perceiving her ſon going to ſpeak, ſhe added, "Say no more on the ſubject; in whatever point it is viewed, the worſe it appears;—reſt aſſured, that I will ſay and do every think the caſe will admit for my own ſake; as I ſhould feel my higheſt gratification in calling Ellinor daughter."

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The Marquis, effectually ſilenced by his mother's arguments, aſhamed of his conduct, and mortified by the degradations to which he was obliged to ſubmit, after ſtrenuouſly begging the Dutcheſs would ſupport his ſuit with all her influence, took his leave.

She directly repaired to Harley-ſtreet, where finding Lady Howel and her daughter together, immediately opened the cauſe in which ſhe was retained, by repeating all that the Marquis had advanced as a palliation for his behaviour to Ellinor; his earneſt deſire that ſhe would permit him to dedicate his future life to her, whoſe acceptance of his hand could alone render that life deſirable. The Dutcheſs concluded her embaſſy, ſaying, that to ſee her dear Ellinor Marchioneſs Fearleſs, would be the greateſt happineſs ſhe could experience, as it would reſtore her ſon to her affections, by rendering him a worthy member of ſociety; for with ſuch a wife as her beloved friend, all his evil propenſities *muſt* be reformed.

Ellinor,

Ellinor, who, from what had paſſed at the opera between the Marquis and his mother, was prepared to expect the preſent overture for a reconciliation, had therefore made up her mind what anſwer ſhe ſhould give. With a collected voice, and a manner that impreſſed her hearers with the conviction that her reſolutions were not the reſult of caprice, but taken on the moſt mature conſideration, from which no entreaties could make her recede, ſhe thus addreſſed the Dutcheſs:—

"I beg you to believe, that I feel the keeneſt ſenſation of regret, to refuſe any requeſt your Grace can make me; eſpecially one on which you ſo kindly ſay your expectations of happineſs ſo greatly depend. Was it any thing of *leſs* moment than the foundation on which my future hopes of joy or miſery muſt depend, that will eventually give a colour to the remainder of my life, I ſhould think it my duty to comply; but when I declare that to become the wife of the Marquis would, with my preſent ſentiments, make me truly miſerable;

miſerable; after this avowal you are too juſt, too generous to urge me further on the ſubject."

"Forgive me, my dear girl, for placing you in this diſagreeable predicament. Knowing that you once felt a predilection in my ſon's favour, I hoped you might be induced to pardon and receive the penitent again; but I will never mention the ſubject to you more."

"To convince your Grace and my mother, that I am not indignant without juſt reaſon, I will candidly lay open my heart to your inſpection. When I beheld the Marquis, *that heart* admitted a paſſion, that I had long to combat with all the powers of reaſon, before I conquered its tender ſenſations. I was not at *firſt* conſcious that I loved; I thought what my boſom experienced was only gratitude and admiration, for the ſon of my benefactreſs. I have no doubt that verſed in the artifices of his ſex, an adept in worldly knowledge, my enſlaver ſaw and underſtood the conqueſt he had made, long before I ſuſpected I had received into my breaſt ſo dangerous

dangerous an inmate. Your Grace, on our return to Bramble-Hall, obſerving the ever-muſing melancholy I there indulged, gueſſed the nature of my diſeaſe; and like a *real* friend, opened my eyes to the danger of my ſituation. Noble-minded as you have ever been, with an unexampled generoſity, you expreſſed your readineſs to forego that rank and fortune, you had ſo good a right to claim for your ſon, and to conſent that he ſhould marry the humble child of your bounty, without *one* of thoſe requiſites that a parent of a leſs exalted mind, would not have diſpenſed with in his wife.

" I have ſince on reflection, thought you had reaſon to ſuppoſe the intentions of the Marquis reſpecting me, were neither ſo honourable nor ſo diſintereſted as your own. I did not then ſuſpect this; time flew on downy pinions in the ſociety of the man whom I confeſs I loved, with a paſſion fervent, conſtant, pure, and diſintereſted. In his ſociety, and that of his charming mother, who was not leſs dear to me than her danger-

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ous ſon, weeks paſſed away like hours. During this period the Marquis never mentioned *love*, but painted in the moſt ſeductive colours the joys of friendly intercourſe, the brotherly affection, the delicate ſenſations experienced by the diſciples of the *Platonic* ſchool."

"Artful wretch!" exclaimed the Dutcheſs, "his puniſhment cannot be too ſevere: what a treaſure has he loſt to himſelf and me, by his deteſtable plottings! Forgive me, my lovely friend, for interrupting you, but I cannot with any patience hear of his inexcuſable behaviour." Ellinor preſſed her hand and proceeded—

"I was, by the doctrine of *Platoniſm*, lulled into perfect ſecurity; I thought my paſſions were under the controul of reaſon, that I might, with the greateſt ſafety, indulge this intercourſe of *ſouls*, without incurring my own, or even the cenſure of the world. I awoke not from this deluſive dream till the morning I left Park-lane; the Marquis entered the breakfaſt-room ſoon after you

rode from the door; I was low and depreſſed, but he appeared in moſt exulting ſpirits, ſaid he was come to take his *dejeûner* with me. In the courſe of our converſation, he declared his paſſion, that he loved to madneſs, and could not exiſt without me. I ſtill gave him credit for virtues he did not poſſeſs, ſuppoſing his intentions honourable, and that he meant to offer me his hand. Now then, was my time, by refuſing that high honour, to prove myſelf not unworthy being his wife. I did ſo, while my palpitating heart, and ſuppreſſed ſighs, muſt have convinced him of the very great ſacrifice I was making.

" I candidly aſſured him, that in more happy circumſtances, had fortune, family, and rank been mine to beſtow, to be his would have been the pride, glory, and happineſs of my life;—that I loved his fame equally with his perſon; I could not therefore permit him to tarniſh it by uniting himſelf to a woman, whom ſecret enemies, and public cenſure had robbed of all, that

Providence

Providence had left her, the character of virtuous indigence."

Lady Howel preſſed Ellinor to her heart, ſaying that every hour the propriety of her conduct raiſed her higher in her admiration. Returning her mother's embrace, ſhe continued—

"Gueſs, my deareſt friends, what muſt have been the ſenſations of my boſom, worked up by the vivid enthuſiaſm of a generous diſintereſted paſſion, to refuſe the only man with whom my ſoul anxiouſly longed to claim relationſhip; when this ungrateful deceiver, evidently thinking me wrought up by the partiality I had honeſtly avowed, to a point that, like Eloiſa, would induce me to ſay—

"Oh! make me miſtreſs of the man I love!"

He had the temerity to declare that he meant not marriage by what he had juſt ſaid; he even

dared to outrage the feelings of that heart that beat alone for him, with a propoſal of ſettlements, diamonds, carriages, horſes; I know not half what he uttered, or what were my *anſwers*, at thoſe offers ſo diſhonourable for him to make, ſo degrading for me to hear.

That high-wrought affection which filled my whole ſoul for the ingrate, at the inſtant he avowed his baſeneſs, experienced a ſudden revulſion, ſuch as is ſaid to be felt, in great and ſudden bodily ſhocks, when the whole maſs of blood has been inſtantaneouſly *changed*. I tore myſelf from his arms, which he had dared to throw around me, determined never to behold him more, but to ſeek a precarious ſubſiſtence by the labour of my hands, far removed from where he might ſeek me, if that ſhould be his intention. From that hour I only thought of him as a deſpicable object, whoſe conduct had proved him to be unworthy the affections of a woman of honour. Truly aſhamed of my former predilection in his favour, I now repelled with diſguſt every favourable idea of the

Marquis.

Marquis. With theſe ſentiments to a mind decided like mine, I did not find the taſk ſo difficult of conquering a paſſion I was aſhamed ever to have entertained.

In conſequence of this reſolution, I have long ceaſed to think of him with any other ſenſation, than contemptuous indifference. I ſpeak thus plainly, becauſe I know your Grace prefers an unvarniſhed tale, to the deceptions of flattery. I have therefore given a true ſketch of the conduct of the Marquis and myſelf; after which it is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that no inducement can prevail on me, to accept the man who ſeeks my alliance, when baſking in the ſunſhine of a parent's ſmiles, who dared inſult me, by offering to make me his miſtreſs, when he thought I was a poor deſerted orphan, a dependant upon his mother's bounty."

"Charming Ellinor," cried the Dutcheſs; "it is you who are high-ſpirited and *truly noble*; he low-minded and debaſed by his conduct. I have nothing to urge in *favour* of him, but am convinced whatever man you ſhall bleſs with your hand, will be the

moſt enviable of mortals. With ſuch a companion, ſuch a mother for his children, he muſt be happy. I know no one that deſerves *you*, but I am ſure you will make a wiſe and proper choice. Happy Lady Howel! bleſſed by heaven with ſuch a child; long may ſhe be ſpared to comfort the evening of your days, till you go "declining to your grave, and change your pleaſures here for joys above." Saying this, her fine eyes overflowing with tears, the Dutcheſs ruſhed out of the room, and throwing herſelf into the carriage, left Ellinor to receive the embraces and approbation of her mother.

Conſcious that on this delicate occaſion ſhe had acted right, ſhe was rejoiced the trial was paſt, that, from her knowledge of the character of the Marquis, ſhe had long expected. Rich, and appearing of conſequence ſufficient to look up to the honour of being admitted into the family of this ambitious peer, Ellinor ſuppoſed that he would renew his addreſſes; but her determi-

nation had long been taken, if ever he put it in her power, to poſitively refuſe him.

Sir James, when acquainted by Lady Howel with his daughter's very proper and ſpirited anſwer to the propoſal of the Marquis, preſſed her to his throbbing breaſt, called her his excellent child, whom he was prouder of poſſeſſing than he ſhould be of a diadem; adding, "My beloved Ellinor, as you have now diſpatched your noble lover, give me leave to mention an humble ſuitor, who wiſhes once more to throw himſelf on your clemency; though he honeſtly avows he has nothing to plead in his favour, but a heart that has been all your *own* from the firſt moment he beheld you, and which he will devote to his fair enſlaver to the laſt hour of his exiſtence. He has no ducal coronet to lay at your feet, no overweening wealth to offer; a fortune modeſt as his merits, though fully competent to all the real comforts of life, is his to beſtow, of

which he wiſhes you to partake. What ſays my Ellinor? Does her heart whiſper, who is this unaſſuming ſuitor, who claims nothing, but throws himſelf on the mercy of his fair judge?"

"Yes, my dear father, I will not, with unpardonable affectation, pretend I do not underſtand you; the worthy Howard is the man for whom you have undertaken to plead, whoſe long-tried affection, and retiring diffidence, has not been unnoticed by me;—flattering himſelf with no hopes, aſſuming no conſequence for his generous offers when I was poor and miſerable, and venturing his life in defence of my honour; I muſt be the moſt ungrateful creature breathing, if I did not properly appretiate theſe numerous obligations; had not his conduct made a proper impreſſion on my mind, I muſt be the moſt infatuated of human beings. On comparing the *paſt* behaviour of the two gentlemen who have now renewed their addreſſes to me, while I deſpiſe and reject the man that would have taken

taken advantage of my partiality, and deſerted ſtate, to have humbled me to the earth, I feel I ought to reward the merits of him who would generouſly have raiſed me to his own rank in ſociety, by making me his wife.

"If, therefore, my dear Sir, you will bring Mr. Howard in your hand this evening, I will, after impartially hearing what he has to offer, paſs judgment on your client." Sir James embraced Ellinor, almoſt convinced that her verdict would be given in favour of his friend.

Her father went to convey intelligence, that was calculated to give the moſt exquiſite happineſs to the worthy Howard; for though he told him he was not quite ſure that Ellinor intended to accept him, he was convinced that he ſtood high in her favour; that he was certain ſhe had poſitively refuſed the Marquis, though ſtrenuouſly ſolicited by her beloved Dutcheſs.

"Then, my beſt friend," replied Howard, "*me* ſhe can never mean to accept, whoſe pretenſions, in every point of view, are ſo inferiour. No, ſhe only intends, with her uſual goodneſs, to give me my *congé* herſelf, that ſhe may ſoften the ſtroke, conſcious how much the man muſt ſuffer whoſe ſuit ſhe declines. Perhaps ſhe means to renew her offers of friendſhip, perhaps——"

"Come, Howard," interrupted Sir James, "you are at your old ſyſtem, like a true lover conjuring up the phantoms of doubt, diſtruſt, and difficulty, when in all probability you will have none of the realities to combat; if you have, I am much deceived in my opinion of your beloved Ellinor. You ſhall dine with me, and the hour will ſoon arrive that will either confirm your ſuſpicions, or diſſipate them for ever, by making you the moſt enviable of mortals."

"That indeed I muſt be, Sir James, if your ideas are realized; for what ſublunary bliſs

bliſs can equal the poſſeſſion of ſuch a woman. Oh! I ſhould go mad with joy."

"I think," replied Sir James, laughing, "you are ſo already. My horſes are at the door; let us take a ride to cool your fervid imagination, and enable you to receive with propriety the good fortune that awaits your acceptance."

CHAP. XVII.

THE hour of tea arrived, which was thought an age by the doubting, hoping, impatient Howard. Sir James, who felt for the ſenſations by which his viſiter was ſo evidently agonized, departed with him for Harley-ſtreet. When the ſervant ſhewed them into the Drawing-room, they found only Lady Howel, Auguſta, and the fair Ellinor. Howard's trepidation was exceſſive; Sir James, to relieve him, talked of the common occurrences of the day. The tea was now carried round, and he began to loſe ſome of his terrours, as Ellinor appeared all vivacity, conſtantly addreſſing her

converſation to him, accompanied with the moſt bewitching ſmiles;—this behaviour again cauſed hope to preponderate, and he felt re-aſſured.

Sir James, looking at his watch, aſked Auguſta if ſhe meant to return to Groſvenor-ſtreet, as he had an engagement for the evening, and the chariot was waiting; ſhe took the hint, and was about to depart, when Ellinor thus addreſſed them, while a roſy ſuffuſion tinged her cheek:—"I muſt entreat that you will not as yet leave us. In conſequence of a converſation with you, Sir James, I requeſted you would bring Mr. Howard this evening. My acquaintance, obligations, and conſequent eſteem for that gentleman, are no ſecret to the preſent company. I muſt therefore beg you will *all* ſtay, as I hope my conduct will be rewarded by your approbation."

Howard now aroſe, and ſeating himſelf on the ſettee by Ellinor, took her hand, ſaying, "I am conſcious of my temerity when I

dare aſpire to call you mine. I have nothing to plead in extenuation of this preſumption, but my fervent love and admiration from the the firſt moment I beheld you; while I have followed you through the moſt trying ſituations, I have ſeen you riſing ſo ſuperior to your ſex, that my admiration of your perſonal charms, has been forgot in the brighter blaze of your mental endowments. This maſter-paſſion of my ſoul, that I have ſo long foſtered, has become a part of my exiſtence; to paſs my life in your ſociety, is to me the firſt of earthly bleſſings: if you again reject me, all creation will be a blank in future to the wretched Howard." He pauſed, and Ellinor replied:—

" You will recollect, Sir, when firſt you did me the honour to declare a partiality in my favour, I was a poor dependant on the family of Sir James Lavington, knowing not to whom I belonged, or whither I ever ſhould be owned by my parents. You then, with unexampled generoſity, offered to ſhare your fortune with me, and raiſe to conſequence the

the poor Ellinor by making her your wife. I was at that period determined never to marry, till I was acknowledged by the authors of my exiſtence; I then told you ſo; and though I felt gratitude, friendſhip, and eſteem, I did not think I was in *love*."

"True, moſt candid and charming of women; and you now mean to ſay, the *ſame* reaſon ſtill exiſting, I muſt ceaſe to hope."

"Impatient man, do not interrupt me. I confeſs, ſince that time, I have experienced the ſeductive paſſion to which my boſom was then a ſtranger; while it agonized my heart, it taught me to commiſerate the ſenſations by which your's was actuated. But I *loved* an unworthy object, whom I was ſoon fatally convinced it was impoſſible I ſhould *eſteem*. From that moment I determined to conquer this tyrant of the mind, who only appears invulnerable to the imbecile, that yield to his power, becauſe they will not exert themſelves to break his chains. Hard was the conteſt between inclination and reaſon; but

but the latter, aided by pride, was at laſt *victorious!* In the courſe of this ſtruggle, I was led to draw compariſons between *vice* and *virtue*, in the character and conduct of my two lovers; in every retroſpective view, your merit roſe in my eſtimation, till I thought only of your rival with contemptuous indifference, and of you with ſincere eſteem; I determined, if it was ever again in my power, to reject the one, and accept the other. Therefore, Mr. Howard, if, after this *confeſſion*, you ſtill wiſh to unite your fate to mine, I now offer you my hand."

Howard, almoſt frantic with this unexpected happineſs, that he had hardly ever hoped to attain, charmed to ecſtaſy by the candid avowal of her conquered paſſion for the Marquis, and enraptured by the affection ſhe acknowledged feeling for him, which being founded on the firm baſis of *friendſhip*, gave the ſureſt promiſe of laſting connubial happineſs; he flung himſelf at her feet, and kiſſed with rapture the hand ſhe preſented to him;

him; while, in incoherent ſentences, he expreſſed his ardent love, and everlaſting gratitude to his charming Ellinor, for all her wondrous goodneſs; when he was ſtopped by the delighted Sir James, who, proudly appretiating the conduct of his daughter, longed to embrace her, and expreſs his approbation; ſaid, "Pray recollect, Sir, in the ebullitions of your raptures, that there are ſome others in the room, who wiſh to ſhare your joys."

Ellinor was now alternately enfolded in the arms of her parents and Auguſta, while their hearts approved her whole behaviour. From this hour the now happy Howard was received as the affianced huſband of our heroine. It was concluded upon, that on the ſame day Auguſta gave her hand to Sir Harry Hurry, Howard ſhould receive Ellinor's.

Sir James felt amply repaid for all the ſorrows of his early life, in ſeeing both his daughters happily diſpoſed of to men of worth and honour; and in the pleaſing proſpect

that

that he ſhould quietly glide down the vale of years, in the ſociety of the woman of his youthful affections, and in witneſſing the happineſs of his children.

The lawyers had orders to prepare the ſettlements; the weddings were to take place in London, and then the parties were to ſet out for Avon-Place; after paſſing the firſt week with their delighted parents, Sir Harry and his lady were to retire to Leveret-Lodge, where Sir James had promiſed to be their viſiter; while Mr. and Mrs. Howard, accompanied by Lady Howel, proceeded to their ſeat in Hertfordſhire.

This was the plan laid down, to take place early in May. The intermediate time was paſſed, by this truly happy family, in ſocial private parties, and in reaſonably partaking the amuſements of the metropolis; where the exulting Howard was conſtantly ſeen at the ſide of his beauteous Ellinor, envied by all the men of his acquaintance, for having gained ſo deſirable a *prize*; while they

they expreſſed their wonder how ſuch a charming creature, young, handſome, accompliſhed, and rich, could think of chuſing ſuch a curſed *queer boor*, in preference to that exquiſite fellow, Marquis Fearleſs. Ellinor was therefore, in ſpite of all her attractions, voted an *odd body* by the faſhionable clubs, and declared only fit to vegetate in the country, with her *quizzical* helpmate.

The Marquis felt extreme mortification at Ellinor's refuſal, as he had aſſured himſelf he ſhould be received with rapture; but he was more hurt at the rival ſhe had ſhewn the world ſhe preferred to him—an inſignificant, obſcure, private gentleman, whom he ſhould have overlooked, if he had met him in company. Such a man to be accepted by the woman who could proudly refuſe the heir to one of the moſt ancient Dukedoms in the kingdom, it was moſt inſufferably provoking! then he had to endure the ironical pity of his friends for the failure of his ſuit. His mother aſſured him that his diſhonourable conduct

duct merited the puniſhment it met with; that he did not deſerve Ellinor, whom ſhe adored for her proper ſpirit, though ſhe ſhould ever regret the impoſſibility of calling her daughter.

After this diſappointment, the Dutcheſs retired to Bramble-Hall, where its affinity to her friends promiſed her the pleaſure of often enjoying their ſociety. The time now drew near that was to reward our heroine for all her paſt misfortunes, in giving her to the worthy Howard. On the tenth of May, the double ceremony was performed, by a ſpecial licence, at St. George's Church, Hanover-ſquare, at the particular requeſt of Ellinor; who ſaid, ſhe thought the moſt ſacred engagement that we could enter into, when we called upon God to witneſs our vows, ſhould be made at the altar dedicated to his worſhip.

The two ſiſter brides were dreſſed exactly alike, perfectly ſimple, in fine white muſlin robes

robes and petticoats, ſtraw hats, tied down with white ribbands, and point lace veils. Sir James gave the hands of his daughters to their rejoicing huſbands, while the tears of grateful pleaſure ſtood in his eyes, as he preſented to each of his ſons-in-law the ſacred depoſit.

Auguſta appeared much frightened when the carriages drew up to the door, but Ellinor conducted herſelf with that ſteady dignity, that had ever marked her character; taking the hand of her ſiſter, ſhe thus addreſſed her: "My dear Auguſta, recollect yourſelf, and behave on this trying occaſion with ſome firmneſs; we are going to the altar with the men of our choice, to promiſe love, honour, and obedience, for the remainder of our lives. Let us ſhow them, that we do it cheerfully; that we feel no forebodings of the future, no repugnance at the vows we ſhall make, that will ſoon be regiſtered in thoſe archives, from whence there is no appeal. Modeſt attention, and ſerious compoſure is, in my opinion, the

proper

proper behaviour of a bride; tremblings, tears, and faintings, are very indecorous, and are certainly a bad compliment to the man of your choice, becauſe it implies a doubt of his affection whom you have choſen as a partner for life; or of your own capability for performing the covenant into which you are going to enter. If convinced of the former, and firmly determined to adhere to the latter, all theſe tremours are *childiſh*, to which a ſenſible woman ſhould never have recourſe."

"Dear Ellinor, this is all very true, but it appears ſo tremendous to quit our parents, and truſt all our future happineſs to a huſband, who may be quite different to what he appears as a lover, that I cannot help being frightened."

"That matrimony, my ſiſter, is a grand æra in our lives, changing all our relative duties, I allow; from being affectionate daughters and ſiſters, to dutiful wives and tender mothers. Let us ſuppoſe thoſe who have acted well in the firſt relations, will equally ſupport the ſecond; therefore, though we may

may be ſerious, there is no occaſion to be terrified. Let us not appear imbecile, but preſent our hands to thoſe to whom we have before given our hearts, with a *firm* reliance on their affection and honour."

This well-meant ſenſible addreſs had its proper effect on Auguſta, who paid the higheſt deference to the opinion and judgment of Ellinor; therefore exerted herſelf to act at this important criſis, as ſhe had adviſed.

When they entered the church, ſhe gained courage from her ſiſter's behaviour, which was dignified and collected, appearing to be impreſſed with a proper ſenſe of the awful duties ſhe was promiſing to fulfil; repeating the reſponſes after the clergyman with a ſolemn and fervent, though under-tone of voice, as did Howard that ceremony which made him the happy huſband of his adored Ellinor. With ſuch examples, Auguſta and Sir Harry performed their part with much propriety.

propriety. They all returned to Sir James Lavington's, where his happy children flung themſelves at his feet, to aſk that bleſſing this enraptured father gave with a pleaſure only experienced by the philanthropic heart, participating that joy it has aſſiſted to create.

The cavalcade now ſet out for Avon-Place;—Sir Harry and Lady Hurry in their travelling chariot, Mr. and Mrs. Howard in their's, Lady Howel and Sir James Lavington in his poſt-chaiſe; the attendants followed in her Ladyſhip's coach. The white favours of the out-riders announced a wedding; though it was meant to ſhun parade, they could not paſs through the towns, in their way to Hampſhire, where the liveries of Sir James, and Sir Harry, were ſo well known, without a crowd collecting at the doors of the inns as they ſtopped to change horſes. It was ſuppoſed that the *avant courier* had announced the happy occaſion of their preſent journey; for they found the bells ringing merrily at all the

places

places through which they paſſed, and the populace rent the air with loud acclamations, calling down bleſſings on the brides and bridegrooms, who directed that money ſhould be given them to drink their healths, in return for their kind wiſhes.

When they came within the laſt ſtage, near Sir James Lavington's, they were met by his numerous tenants and dependants, by whom he was adored for his kind attention to their wants, and his ſtrict adherence to ſee juſtice done them. He permitted no pride-ſwollen ſteward to rack-rent the induſtrious huſbandman, and cramp the hands of laborious induſtry. On his eſtates the ſmall farms were not concentrated into a mighty maſs, to enable one man to grow rich, by the deſtruction of the many. This conduct he conſtantly reprobated, and never could be perſuaded to adopt, from any ſelfiſh conſideration.

No ſooner therefore was it known that their landlord, benefactor, and friend's daughter was married to Sir Harry Hurry, than they were joined by the farmers on the Baronet's eſtate, to whom he was kind and generous. They, with their wives and children, all dreſſed in their beſt clothes, ſallied forth to meet the party; they would have taken off the horſes from the carriages, and draw them to Avon-Place, but this Sir James peremptorily *forbid*. When they arrived at his ſeat, where they inſiſted upon attending him, he thanked them for their attention, ſaying, he ſhould be happy to have their company the next day, when an entertainment ſhould be provided for their reception. Sir Harry likewiſe ſaid, he ſhould expect a *viſit* when he returned to Leveret-Lodge.

On entering the ſaloon, Mrs. Howard found herſelf in the arms of the Dutcheſs, who, while ſhe bleſſed, and wiſhed her happineſs, tears of regret ſuffuſed her eyes, on reflecting that every *hope* was paſt of calling

ling her by the endearing name of daughter. This ineſtimable woman wiped them away, ſaying, "I never was ſelfiſh at any period of my life, and I ſhall not now begin. You will I know, enjoy more felicity as Mrs. Howard, with a good and worthy huſband, than you might have done as the wife of the puiſſant Duke of Dreadnought. I am," ſhe added with a deep-drawn ſigh, "a living *memento* that high-ſounding titles lead not to mental gratification.—What am I about? making you all melancholy;—I will ceaſe complaining, and in future find my enjoyment in contemplating the pleaſures of thoſe I love, and paſſing my time in the preſent ſociety."

The party ſaid every thing they could to reſtore her uſual animated ſpirits, and had the pleaſure to ſee their endeavours ſucceed.

The ſervants were all joy and gladneſs at beholding their favourite Miſs Harcourt as Mrs. Howard, who did not fail to thank

them by more than words, for their former kindneſs, and preſent congratulations.

We ſhould have acquainted our readers, in its place, that the generous Ellinor was no ſooner made rich and independant, by the munificence of her mother, than her firſt thoughts were to ſhew her gratitude, and reward all thoſe that had treated her with tender attention, when ſhe was depreſſed by poverty. On the affectionate Mrs. Needham, ſhe ſettled an annuity of fifty pounds a year; made a very handſome preſent to her niece, the pretty Mrs. Foſter; nor was her friend, the benevolent Mr. Richardſon, forgot, to whom ſhe encloſed a bank bill in a very polite letter, telling him, that ſhe had now complied with his requeſt, and ſent at the ſame time, the principal and intereſt ſhe was indebted to him; conſcious it was not in the power of *money* to repay him for his humane attentions, for them ſhe ſhould ever eſteem herſelf his debtor.

Our

Our heroine felt the moſt unbounded joy, when acquainted by Howard of the miraculous eſcape of her Iriſh protector, the honeſt O'Connor; for whoſe ſad fate, while at Languinneth, ſhe had frequently ſhed tears of genuine regret. As ſoon as Ellinor heard that he ſtill exiſted, ſhe immediately wrote to acquaint him that ſhe had alſo eſcaped the tempeſtuous billows, ſincerely felicitated him on his preſervation, and ſafe return to his wife and children, and encloſed him a draft for one hundred pounds; begging he would accept it, as a ſmall token of her gratitude for his unprecedented attention to her ſafety, in preference to his own.

With her firſt friend Clara O'Neil, ſhe had kept up a conſtant correſpondence, to whom ſhe ſent a beautiful pair of pearl bracelets. The goodneſs of her heart, like her father's, prompted her to forgive her enemies, and reward thoſe that had been her friends. Mrs. Homely, who had formerly intended her the *greateſt* of injuries, ſtill lived with

the Dutcheſs, was a true penitent for her paſt errors, and now conducted herſelf with great propriety The firſt viſit that Mrs. Howard made to Bramble-Hall, ſhe requeſted to ſee this woman, who appeared before her pale and trembling; but ſhe was ſoon reaſſured by Mrs. Howard's ſaying that ſhe freely forgave her for being the occaſion of the many vexations ſhe had encountered, as it had taught her leſſons of worldly wiſdom, ſhe expected to profit by through life. Homely having experienced her bounty retired, calling down bleſſings on her head.

While the new married couples remained at Avon-Place, all was joy and feſtivity; the whole county came to pay their reſpects, eager to behold Mrs. Howard in her new character. That lady was formed by nature to ſhine equally in every ſituation of life. The two ſiſters, when they received their gueſts, were dreſſed alike in robes of fine muſlin, covered with ſmall ſilver ſpots; turbans of the ſame, with plumes of white oſtrich

oſtrich feathers; oriental pearl ear-rings, necklaces, and bracelets, the latter faſtened with a large ſingle diamond of great value. Theſe dreſſes, with their elegant appendages, were preſented by Lady Howel, who likewiſe gave Mrs. Howard all her jewels, which were in the moſt ſuperb ſtile of eaſtern magnificence. Sir James gave thoſe of Lady Lavington's to Lady Hurry.

Among the viſiters who came with their congratulations to Avon-Place, were the Oſwalds—the younger branches of the family, ſpoiled by the taſte of faſhionable diſſipation, that had been infuſed into their minds by Lady Fanny, the winter they were in London, under her auſpices, could not contentedly retire to the ſober avocations in which they had been formerly accuſtomed to wear away time at Morton-Abbey; irritating the temper, and exhauſting the patience of their mother, by ſulky ſilence, or querulous complaints of the ſtupid monotony they experienced, by dragging on exiſtence through

the whole year, in the old manſion houſe, condemned to hear no ſounds but the cawing of the rooks, who ſince that memorable epocha in their lives, the ill-fated maſquerade, had returned and taken poſſeſſion of their ancient dominions, without fear of future moleſtation.

The young 'Squire, mortified by the miſcarriage of his high-raiſed hopes of pleaſure and conſequence, to be derived from his quality wife, laughed at by his *booriſh* neighbours, for having an heir to his eſtate of which no perſon gave him the credit of being the *real* father, ſeemed not at all inclined to enter again into the honourable eſtate from which he had ſo lately been freed by the laws of his country; comforting himſelf with the reflection that the ten thouſand pounds, awarded him as damages, would help to repair the defalcation that Lady Fanny had made by her gambling and extravagance in his eſtate. He therefore reſided totally at the Abbey, employing his time in hunting, fiſhing,

ing, and ſhooting. The return of his worthy guardian, and friendly good-natured neighbour, Sir Harry Hurry, gave him great pleaſure; as did that of the ladies to the Miſs Oſwalds, who could now ſee faſhions, and have an opportunity of talking about dear London, and all its charming pleaſures, promiſing themſelves much enjoyment in the feſtivities of which they ſhould partake at the celebration of theſe weddings.

CHAP. XVIII.

HAVING brought our heroine's ſorrows to a termination, left our principal perſonages happy in themſelves, and contributing to the pleaſures of all around them, we think it incumbent to give ſome account of the other characters that have appeared in the courſe of this work.

As ſoon as his wounds were healed ſufficiently to enable him to travel, Colonel and Mrs. Campley, with their conſtant attendant, the Reverend David Danglecourt, embarked on their voyage to viſit the luxurious ſhores of Italy; where, when arrived, they revelled in all the

the pleaſures and ſplendours that rank and riches could procure. There Mrs. Campley's plebeian origin was not known; and the want of perſonal charms, that had occaſioned her to be ſo often overlooked in the bright galaxy of Britiſh beauty, was not ſo nicely ſcrutinized at Florence; ſhe being an Engliſh woman, that diſtinction was ſufficient to claim and enſure admiration on the continent. In conſequence, ſhe treated her former favourite Danglecourt, with a degree of coolneſs that ſpeedily terminated in total neglect. She flew at nobler game; her vanity was more flattered by the devoirs of the Marquis Villa Franca, who was her choſen *Ciciſbeo*; and vowed he could not exiſt, but in the preſence of *la bella Signora Ingleſe*.

Of her huſband ſhe thought little; they were become a moſt faſhionably indifferent couple, had their ſeparate ſuite of apartments, and diſtinct amuſements. Campley was no ſooner reſtored to health, and the fear of death ceaſed to terrify him, than he returned

with a double *zeſt* to his vicious purſuits. His amours were numerous and deſtructive to the domeſtic peace of many a noble Tuſcan family; but as all things muſt have an *end*, ſo at *laſt* had his enormities.

He had, for a conſiderable time, been in the habit of making nightly viſits, to the young and beautiful wife of the illuſtrious Duke Orſino, at thoſe times when he was at his villa near Florence, where he uſually ſlept in the *Vindemia*, the ſeaſon of the vintage. Campley was admitted through the garden, by a domeſtic that he had bribed over to his intereſt. The infidelity of the Dutcheſs was ſuſpected by an old major domo, who had ſpent his life in the Duke's family, and felt all the jealouſy of a Neapolitan, for the honour of his lord. He had watched the entrance and the exit of Campley, but he was maſqued, and ſo muffled up, that he could not recognize his perſon. That a *Signor Foreſtiere* had been admitted during the night into the palace, and remained ſome hours with his miſtreſs, he was certain:

he therefore informed the Duke of what he had ſeen, offering to convince him by ocular demonſtration that he had aſſerted the truth. The terms were accepted; the devoted couple, ſecure of the Duke's abſence, kept their uſual aſſignation; Campley came at the appointed hour, the huſband ſaw him enter the garden, and aſcend the flight of ſteps that led to the apartments of his wife, heard the ſignal given, when he was immediately admitted by her *confidante*. Raging with agony and jealous hate, full of revenge for his loſt honour, the Duke flew through the palace to a door that led from thence to the chamber of the Dutcheſs, which, in careleſs ſecurity, was not faſtened. He ruſhed through it to the dreſſing room, where having thrown aſide the Spaniſh cloak with which he was enveloped, he beheld the honourable Colonel in the arms of the Dutcheſs; the very man to whom he had behaved with the moſt flattering attention, invited to his houſe, and treated in the higheſt ſtile of hoſpitality. It was a ſight beyond the ſufferance of a

high-blooded Italian to endure. He had entered the room with his ſword drawn—he plunged it inſtantaneouſly into the body of this midnight aſſaſſin of his peace and honour, who immediately fell, and expired almoſt directly.

Thus died, by the hand of a juſtly offended huſband, the artful, inſinuating, abandoned Edward Campley; from whoſe fate may be ſeen, that though vice triumphs for a time, there is a retributive puniſhment that moſt aſſuredly awaits the artful ſeducer of confiding innocence, who tramples on all laws divine and human, the inhoſpitable aſſaſſin of connubial love.

On ſeeing her *inamorato* fall, the Dutcheſs made her eſcape, and took refuge in a convent; or there was little doubt that her huſband would have immolated her to his juſt reſentment. With the aſſiſtance of his major domo, the Duke wrapped up the body of Campley in his cloak, and carried it to ſome diſtance from his palace, where it was found in the morning, and being known, was

conveyed to his hotel: it was viewed with the greateſt indifference by his *honourable helpmate*, who coolly obſerved, ſhe had always prognoſticated that ſuch muſt inevitably prove the termination of his profligate adventures. No enquiries were made by her after his murderer; ſhe was once more *free*, and little heeded the means by which ſo deſirable an end was obtained. Danglecourt, whom ſhe had proteſted a thouſand times ſhould be the huſband of her choice, if ever ſhe became a widow, now ventured to remind her of thoſe repeated promiſes in his favour; when this modern dame of Epheſus, laughing moſt provokingly in his face, and meaſuring with her eye the figure of her humble ſuppliant, replied:—

"Are you mad, David, to ſuppoſe that I mean to purſue a retrograde motion, and loſe my preſent conſequence, by beſtowing my perſon and fortune on an inſignificant individual like you, with a black coat, and a cropped head? I think I have conferred ſufficient

ſufficient *favours* on you already; have amply ſupplied your purſe, and ſhewn you the world. You may now return to England, and reaſſume your employment of dangling after the great, with more hopes of ſucceſs than formerly. You may adopt two plans to riſe into notice; become bear-leader to ſome quality cub, by winking at whoſe follies and vices you will inſure yourſelf a good church-living; or, according to the preſent rage, publiſh travels through Italy, embelliſhed with your ſapient remarks on the manners of its inhabitants. This will give you celebrity among the *literati*; or, if you have ſufficient *courage* for the undertaking, puſh yourſelf into notice by returning through Paris; profeſs the new philoſophy of that convulſed country, get enrolled as one of its citizens, exclaim vehemently for liberty and equality, write to juſtify the new order of things, but let your expreſſions be couched in thoſe ambiguous terms, that you may leave it as a doubt which party is decidedly to claim you. Ever keep your *intereſt* in view; be

all

all things to all men; bawl againſt miniſters and placemen in clubs and diſputing ſocieties, but when admitted to the tables of the nobility, drink church and ſtate, and deprecate the *grunting* of the *ſwiniſh multitude*. Theſe are the moſt likely means, for an obſcure individual to make himſelf of conſequence. By wary arts like theſe, you will be courted by *both* parties, though valued by *neither*; but it will anſwer your purpoſe; change with the times, and always be Vicar of Bray. To further theſe ſchemes, and enable you to follow my advice, here is an order for one hundred pounds; if you act prudently, my bounty ſhall not ſtop there; but remember I inſiſt on your leaving Florence directly, for if you are ſeen here after to-morrow, or preſume to *talk* about your ſuperiours, you may happen to be ſent a journey to the other world, to inform your late *worthy* patron, that in a week's time his *diſconſolate* widow will become Marchioneſs of Villa Franca."

Poor

Poor Danglecourt would have remonſtrated againſt her treatment and ſatirical advice, but ſhe flung out of the room, leaving him to grow cool at leiſure. Knowing the lady very capable of putting her *threats* againſt his precious life into execution, recollecting how eaſy it might be accompliſhed in Italy, he determined to follow her council, and make a forced march; but having neither mental capability nor ſtrength of nerves to viſit Paris, he returned to England, recommenced his original employment of dangling after the great; and he may ſtill be ſeen in every public place of amuſement, with ignorant garrulity boaſting of the *Munchauſen* adventures, he met in his tour through Europe, which he means to publiſh, and for which he is wonderfully active in ſoliciting ſubſcriptions.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs Villa Franca, quitted Florence ſoon after their marriage took place, on a viſit to Independant-Hall; where Lady Cayenne, half diſtracted with joy at Mary's being a great woman at *laſt*, bored

bored every one to death by talking of her ſon the *Marquiz* of *Will Frank*; ſhe does not underſtand one word he ſays, but endeavours to make him comprehend her by bawling very loud, accompanied by ſuch contortions of countenance, and ludicrous geſticulations, that the poor *illuſtriſſimo* ſhakes his head in pity at his lady, who cannot perſuade him that his mother-in-law is not mad.

Sir Chriſtopher is not quite ſo well pleaſed as his wife, with his daughter's ſecond choice; for like a true Engliſhman, he thinks the money that has been got in his country, ſhould be ſpent in it; beſides, he is doatingly fond of his grandſon little Edward, who had been brought up with him from his birth, and has announced him as the heir to the reſidue of his large fortune; avowing that he thought the fifty thouſand pounds, the donation of Mr. Pepperpod, that would devolve to the Marchioneſs at his death, was money enough to be carried out of the kingdom by a foreigner.

When

When the Marquis was acquainted with this determination, he felt much offended, having been promiſed treble that ſum by his lady, to induce him to marry her. He therefore has avowed his intention of returning to Italy with the remains of that fortune of which the death of Campley had put his wife in poſſeſſion; and inſiſted on her accompanying him, who now ſighed in vain for that freedom ſhe might have enjoyed in England, and grieved that ſhe had not taken the dúctile Danglecourt for a huſband; but her *illuſtrious caro ſpoſo* exerted his authority, and ſhe was obliged to obey.

At the period when Campley was wounded by Howard, and ſuppoſed to be dying, Lord Clanronald wrote to acquaint his brother, the Earl of Fairfield, with his danger; who being the very reverſe in diſpoſition and conduct to the Colonel, as ſoon as he received the intelligence, departed for Ireland; where he remained till Campley was pronounced to be out of danger. In the intercourſe that ſubſiſted between the families, he often ſaw

Miſs

Miſs O'Neil; ſhe was pleaſed with his good ſenſe and urbanity of manners, which gained him an intereſt in her heart:—having obtained Clara's conſent, he made propoſals to Sir Dennis, which were by this deſcendant of kings, joyfully accepted. Soon after our heroine became Mrs. Howard, her friend was married to Lord Fairfield, whoſe family eſtate was ſituated within a few miles of Sycamore-Vale, the ancient and beautiful ſeat of the Howards. Its proximity to her firſt friend and *confidante's* reſidence, gave it additional charms in the eyes of its fair miſtreſs.

At the concluſion of the year of Sir James Lavington's mourning, Lady Howel gave him her *hand*, who had ſo long been in poſſeſſion of her *heart*; and in the ſweet intercourſe of a paſſion ſoftened by time into tender friendſhip, they enjoyed a delicious and calm happineſs, that the ſorrows, misfortunes, and diſappointments of the early part of their lives, had taught them to ſet a juſt value upon,

upon, and to receive with gratitude the preſent bleſſings.

Marquis Fearleſs is now become Duke of Dreadnought by the death of his father, who was ſuffocated by the vapour of charcoal, having fallen aſleep in his laboratory; thus his life was ſacrificed to the ſame purſuits to which he had dedicated the larger portion of his time and fortune. The Duke is not yet married, though his pride was more hurt by Ellinor's refuſal than his affection; he has been hitherto invulnerable to the attacks of his fair country women; but the indefatigable Dutcheſs of Matchem ſtill lives in hopes that ſhe ſhall draw him into an alliance with one of her daughters. As we know much is to be effected by determined perſeverance, we will not ſay but ſhe may ſtill carry this point ſo near her heart, and have no objection to wiſh her ſucceſs; for we are perfectly indifferent to whoſe lot he falls, as long as his diſhonourable behaviour was not rewarded by the poſſeſſion of *our* accompliſhed heroine.

The

The Dutcheſs of Dreadnought, having taſted the joys of ſocial intercourſe, divides her time between her admiring friends. Mrs. Howard ſtill holds the firſt place in her heart, though ſhe finds great pleaſure in nurſing young Harry Hurry, ſaying the world muſt allow her the merit of *conſtancy* in her attachment to the heirs of Leveret-Lodge; as ſhe has retained her love for them to the *third* generation. She ſtill amuſes herſelf with her accuſtomed ſports, as a recreation productive of health, but does not as *formerly* devote her whole time to them.

Emma Oſwald had renewed her acquaintance in London with Captain Littlefear; who being ſent on a recruiting party to the county town, a very pretty novel-like intrigue was carried on between them, through the medium of letters depoſited in a hollow willow. This correſpondence led naturally to a trip to Gretna Green, where their chains were ſoon rivetted by the indefatigable blackſmith. Her elder ſiſter, now of age to chuſe for herſelf,

ſelf, married a young curate, who had exhibited a white hand to much advantage, as he preached at the pariſh church, declaiming moſt emphatically againſt the *ſin* of *celibacy*. The child of Lady Fanny died in cutting its teeth, to the great joy of the Oſwald family, who never looked upon it as belonging to them.

The *ci-devant* Lady Fanny Oſwald, repudiated by her relations, forſaken by her lover, ſhunned by her former acquaintance, and deſpiſed by the world, had no terms to keep with it; no longer obliged to preſerve appearances, ſhe gave an unbounded ſcope to the licentious dictates of a depraved heart, and vicious imagination. Her amours were as numerous as the crimes that were the conſequences of them; theſe ultimately led to poverty and ſickneſs, and ſhe died in obſcurity, a martyr to thoſe propenſities, to whoſe gratification ſhe had ſacrificed health, beauty, fortune, rank, and fame.

The

The heroine of theſe ſheets, ſo unremittingly perſecuted by her envious machinations, lives reſpected, and truly happy, in the tender affection of the beſt of huſbands; the idol of her parents, and the admiration of all her friends; from which this uſeful moral may be inculcated—that our faults and follies ever bring with them their deſerved puniſhment;—that the good, humane, and virtuous, however oppreſſed, will ultimately meet their reward even in this world. Let us remember, when, like Ellinor, we are driven to the edge of the precipice, that the all-pervading eye of Omniſcience, who ſees the ſorrows of the oppreſſed heart, can reſtore us to happineſs;—therefore let us

NEVER DESPAIR.

FINIS.

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Errata.

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Page	27,	line 14,	*for* wrecking,	*read* wreaking
	29,	- - 1,	—— requeſt	—— requeſted
	79,	- - 20,	—— plenty and health	health and plenty
	201,	- - 18,	—— plentitude	—— plenitude
	275,	- - 19,	—— olicitude	—— ſolicitude
	324,	- - 13,	—— one	—— one at
	336,	- - 31	—— dejeuner	—— dejeune